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LOS ANGELES

HAMMOND.

What joy to hear the tempeſt howl in vain,
And claſp a fearful miſtreſs to my breast!

Elegy. VIII.

Drawn by E. F. Burney. *Engraved by P. W. Tomkins.*

Published 1st Jan. 1806, by John Sharpe, Piccadilly

THE

WORKS

OF THE

BRITISH POETS;

INCLUDING THE MOST ESTEEMED

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

The Greek and Roman Authors

COLLATED WITH THE BEST EDITIONS:

BY

THOMAS PARK, F.S.A.

VOL. XX.

CONTAINING

THE POEMS OF HAMMOND, LYTTTELTON, AND MALLET.

LONDON:

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THE POETICAL WORKS OF *JAMES HAMMOND.*

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ENCOMIUMS ON HAMMOND.

FROM THOMSON'S WINTER.

WHERE art thou, HAMMOND! thou the darling [pride,
The friend and lover of the tuneful throng?
Ah why, dear Youth, in all the blooming prime
Of vernal genius, where disclosing fast
Each active worth, each manly virtue, lay;
Why wert thou ravish'd from our hope so soon?
What now avails that noble thirst of fame
Which stung thy fervent breast? that treasur'd store
Of knowledge, early gain'd? that eager zeal
To serve thy country, glowing in the band
Of youthful patriots who sustain her name?
What now, alas! that life-diffusing charm
Of sprightly wit, that rapture for the Muse,
That heart of friendship, and that soul of joy,
Which bade with softest light thy virtues smile?
Ah! only show'd, to check our fond pursuits,
And teach our humbled hopes that life is vain!

TO MISS LUCY FORTESCUE,

WITH

HAMMOND'S ELEGIES.

BY LORD LYTTELTON.

ALL that of Love can be express'd
  In these soft numbers see;
But, Lucy, would you know the rest,
  It must be read in me!

ON

READING HAMMOND'S LOVE ELEGIES,

THE YEAR BEFORE THEY WERE PUBLISHED.

BY MISS TALBOT.

HITHER your wreaths, ye drooping Muses! bring,
The short-liv'd rose, that blooms but to decay,
Love's fragrant myrtles that in Paphos spring,
And deathless Poetry's immortal bay.

And oh! thou gentlest shade! accept the verse,
Mean though it be, yet artlessly sincere,
That pensive thus attends thy silent hearse,
And steals in secret glooms the pious tear.

What heart, by Heav'n with generous softness bless'd,
But in thy lines its native language reads?
Where hapless love, in classic plainness dress'd,
Gracefully mourns, and elegantly bleeds.

But vain, alas! thy fancy, fondly gay,
Trac'd the fair scenes of dear domestic life;
The sportive Loves forsook their wanton play,
To paint for thee the mistress, friend, and wife.

One caught from Delia's lips the winning smile,
One from her eyes his little soul inspir'd;
Then seiz'd thy pen, and smooth'd thy flowing style,
Then wept and trembled, and with sobs admir'd.

O luckless lover! form'd for better days,
For golden years and ages long ago:—
For thee, Persephone, impatient stays;
For thee the willow and the cypress grow.

PREFACE.

BY THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

1743.

THE following Elegies were wrote by a young gentleman lately dead, and justly lamented.

As he had never declared his intentions concerning their publication, a friend of his, into whose hands they fell, determined to publish them, in the persuasion that they would neither be unwelcome to the public, nor injurious to the memory of their Author. The reader must decide whether this determination was the result of just judgment or partial friendship; for the editor feels and avows so much of the latter, that he gives up all pretensions to the former.

The Author composed them ten years ago, before he was two-and-twenty years old; an age when fancy and imagination commonly riot at the expense of judgment and correctness; neither of which seem wanting here. But sincere in his love as in his friendship, he wrote to his mistresses as he spoke to his friends, nothing but the true genuine sentiments of his heart: he sat down to write what he thought, not to think what he should write: it was nature and sentiment only that dictated to a real mistress, not youthful and poetic fancy to an imaginary one. Elegy, therefore, speaks here her own proper native language, the unaffected plain-

tive language of the tender passions: the true elegiac dignity and simplicity are preserved and united; the one without pride, the other without meanness. Tibullus seems to have been the model our Author judiciously preferred to Ovid; the former writing directly from the heart to the heart, the latter too often yielding and addressing himself to the imagination.

The undissipated youth of the Author allowed him time to apply himself to the best masters, the Ancients: and his parts enabled him to make the best use of them: for upon those great models of solid sense and virtue he formed not only his genius but his heart; both well prepared by nature to adopt and adorn the resemblance. He admired that justness, that noble simplicity of thought and expression, which have distinguished and preserved their writings to this day; but he revered that love of their country, that contempt of riches, that sacredness of friendship, and all those heroic and social virtues, which marked them out as the objects of the veneration, though not the imitation, of succeeding ages; and he looked back with a kind of religious awe and delight upon those glorious and happy times of Greece and Rome, when Wisdom, Virtue, and Liberty, formed the only triumvirates; ere Luxury invited Corruption to taint, or Corruption introduced Slavery to destroy, all public and private virtues. In these sentiments he lived, and would have lived even in these times; in these sentiments he died.—But in these times too—'Ut 'non erepta a diis immortalibus vita, sed donata 'mors esse videatur.'

LOVE ELEGIES.

'Virginibus puerisque canto.'

ELEGY I.

ON HIS FALLING IN LOVE WITH NEÆRA.

FAREWELL that liberty our fathers gave;
In vain they gave, their sons receiv'd in vain:
I saw Neæra, and, her instant slave,
Though born a Briton, hugg'd the servile chain.

Her usage well repays my coward heart;
Meanly she triumphs in her lover's shame:
No healing joy relieves his constant smart,
No smile of love rewards the loss of fame.

Oh! that, to feel these killing pangs no more,
On Scythian hills I lay a senseless stone,
Was fix'd a rock amidst the watery roar,
And in the vast Atlantic stood alone.

Adieu, ye Muses! or my passion aid;
Why should I loiter by your idle spring?
My humble voice would move one only maid,
And she contemns the trifles which I sing.

I do not ask the lofty epic strain,
Nor strive to paint the wonders of the sphere;
I only sing one cruel maid to gain;—
Adieu, ye Muses! if she will not hear.

No more in useless innocence I'll pine;
Since guilty presents win the greedy fair,
I'll tear its honours from the broken shrine,
But chiefly thine, O Venus! will I tear.

Deceiv'd by thee, I lov'd a beauteous maid,
Who bends on sordid gold her low desires;
Nor worth nor passion can her heart persuade,
But love must act what avarice requires.

Unwise who first, the charm of nature lost,
With Tyrian purple soil'd the snowy sheep;
Unwiser still who seas and mountains cross'd,
To dig the rock, and search the pearly deep.

These costly toys our silly fair surprise;
The shining follies cheat their feeble sight;
Their hearts, secure in trifles, love despise:
'Tis vain to court them, but more vain to write.

Why did the gods conceal the little mind
And earthly thoughts beneath a heavenly face;
Forget the worth that dignifies mankind,
Yet smooth and polish so each outward grace?

Hence all the blame that Love and Venus bear;
Hence pleasure short, and anguish ever long;
Hence tears and sighs; and hence the peevish fair,
The froward lover—Hence this angry song.

ELEGY II.

UNABLE TO SATISFY THE COVETOUS TEMPER OF NEÆRA, HE INTENDS TO MAKE A CAMPAIGN, AND TRY IF POSSIBLE TO FORGET HER.

ADIEU, ye walls that guard my cruel fair!
No more I'll sit in rosy fetters bound;
My limbs have learn'd the weight of arms to bear;
My rousing spirits feel the trumpet's sound.

Few are the maids that now on merit smile;
On spoil and war is bent this iron age;
Yet pain and death attend on war and spoil,
Unsated vengeance, and remorseless rage.

To purchase spoil ev'n love itself is sold;
Her lover's heart is least Neæra's care;
And I through war must seek detested gold,
Not for myself, but for my venal fair:

That while she bends beneath the weight of dress
The stiffen'd robe may spoil her easy mien;
And art mistaken make her beauty less,
While still it hides some graces better seen.

But if such toys can win her lovely smile,
Her's be the wealth of Tagus' golden sand;
Her's the bright gems that glow in India's soil;
Her's the black sons of Afric's sultry land.

To please her eye let every loom contend;
For her be rifled Ocean's pearly bed:
But where, alas! would idle Fancy tend,
And soothe with dreams a youthful poet's head?

Let others buy the cold unloving maid,
In forc'd embraces act the tyrant's part,
While I their selfish luxury upbraid,
And scorn the person where I doubt the heart.

Thus warm'd by pride I think I love no more,
And hide in threats the weakness of my mind:
In vain—though Reason fly the hated door,
Yet Love, the coward Love! still lags behind.

ELEGY III.

HE UPBRAIDS AND THREATENS THE AVARICE OF NEÆRA, AND RESOLVES TO QUIT HER.

Should Jove descend in floods of liquid ore,
And golden torrents stream from every part,
That craving bosom still would heave for more:
Not all the gods could satisfy thy heart.

But may thy folly, which can thus disdain
My honest love, the mighty wrong repay!
May midnight fire involve thy sordid gain,
And on the shining heaps of rapine prey!

May all the youths, like me, by love deceiv'd,
Not quench the ruin, but applaud the doom!
And when thou dy'st, may not one heart be griev'd,
May not one tear bedew the lonely tomb!

But the deserving, tender, generous, maid,
Whose only care is her poor lover's mind,
Though ruthless Age may bid her beauty fade,
In every friend to love a friend shall find:

And when the lamp of life will burn no more,
When dead she seems as in a gentle sleep;
The pitying neighbour shall her loss deplore,
And round the bier assembled lovers weep.

With flowery garlands each revolving Year
Shall strow the grave where Truth and Softness rest,
Then, home returning, drop the pious tear,
And bid the turf lie easy on her breast.

ELEGY IV.

TO HIS FRIEND, WRITTEN UNDER THE CONFINEMENT OF A LONG INDISPOSITION.

WHILE calm you sit beneath your secret shade,
And lose in pleasing thought the summer-day,
Or tempt the wish of some unpractis'd maid,
Whose heart at once inclines and fears to stray.

The sprightly vigour of my youth is fled;
Lonely and sick, on death is all my thought:
Oh! spare, Persephone! this guiltless head;
Love, too much love, is all thy suppliant's fault.

No virgin's easy faith I e'er betray'd;
My tongue ne'er boasted of a feign'd embrace;
No poisons in the cup have I convey'd,
Nor veil'd destruction with a friendly face.

No secret horrors gnaw this quiet breast;
This pious hand ne'er robb'd the sacred fane;
I ne'er disturb'd the gods' eternal rest
With curses loud—but oft have pray'd in vain!

No stealth of Time has thinn'd my flowing hair,
Nor age yet bent me with his iron hand:
Ah! why so soon the tender blossom tear,
Ere Autumn yet the ripen'd fruit demand?

Ye gods, whoe'er in gloomy shades below
Now slowly tread your melancholy round,
Now wandering view the baleful rivers flow,
And, musing hearken to their solemn sound!

Oh! let me still enjoy the cheerful day,
Till, many years unheeded o'er me roll'd:
Pleas'd in my age I trifle life away,
And tell how much we lov'd, ere I grew old.

But you who, now with festive garlands crown'd,
In chase of pleasure the gay moments spend,
By quick enjoyment heal Love's pleasing wound,
And grieve for nothing but your absent friend.

ELEGY V.

THE LOVER IS AT FIRST INTRODUCED SPEAKING TO HIS SERVANT; HE AFTERWARDS ADDRESSES HIMSELF TO HIS MISTRESS; AND AT LAST THERE IS A SUPPOSED INTERVIEW BETWEEN THEM.

With wine, more wine, deceive thy master's care,
Till creeping slumber soothe his troubled breast;
Let not a whisper stir the silent air,
If hapless Love a-while consent to rest.

Untoward guards beset my Cynthia's doors,
And cruel locks the' imprison'd fair conceal:
May lightnings blast whom Love in vain implores,
And Jove's own thunder rive those bolts of steel!

Ah, gentle door! attend my humble call,
Nor let thy sounding hinge our thefts betray;
So all my curses far from thee shall fall:
We angry lovers mean not half we say.

Remember now the flowery wreaths I gave
When first I told thee of my bold desires;
Nor thou, O Cynthia! fear the watchful slave;
Venus will favour what herself inspires.

She guides the youth who see not where they tread;
She shows the virgin how to turn the door:
Softly to steal from off her silent bed,
And not a step betray her on the floor.

The fearless lover wants no beam of light;
The robber knows him, nor obstructs his way:
Sacred he wanders through the pathless night,
Belongs to Venus, and can never stray.

I scorn the chilling wind and beating rain,
Nor heed cold watchings on the dewy ground,
If all the hardships I for love sustain
With love's victorious joys at last be crown'd.

With sudden step let none our bliss surprise,
Or check the freedom of secure delight—
Rash man, beware! and shut thy curious eyes,
Lest angry Venus snatch their guilty sight.

But should'st thou see, the' important secret hide,
Though question'd by the Powers of earth and heaven;
The prating tongue shall Love's revenge abide,
Still sue for grace, and never be forgiven.

A wizard-dame, the lover's ancient friend,
With magic charm has deaft thy husband's ear;
At her command I saw the stars descend,
And winged lightnings stop in mid career.

I saw her stamp and cleave the solid ground,
While ghastly spectres round us wildly roam;
I saw them hearken to her potent sound,
Till, scar'd at day, they sought their dreary home.

At her command the vigorous Summer pines,
And wintry clouds obscure the hopeful year;
At her strong bidding gloomy Winter shines,
And vernal roses on the snows appear.

She gave these charms which I on thee bestow;
They dim the eye, and dull the jealous mind;
For me they make a husband nothing know:
For me, and only me, they make him blind.

But what did most this faithful heart surprise,
She boasted that her skill could set it free;
This faithful heart the boasted freedom flies;
How could it venture to abandon thee?

ELEGY VI.

HE ADJURES DELIA TO PITY HIM BY THEIR FRIENDSHIP WITH CÆLIA, WHO WAS LATELY DEAD.

THOUSANDS would seek the lasting peace of death,
And in that harbour shun the storm of care;
Officious Hope stills holds the fleeting breath;
She tells them still—To-morrow will be fair.

She tells me, Delia, I shall thee obtain;
But can I listen to her syren song,
Who seven slow months have dragg'd my painful chain,
So long thy lover, and despis'd so long?

By all the joys thy dearest Cælia gave,
Let not her once-lov'd friend unpitied burn;
So may her ashes find a peaceful grave,
And sleep uninjur'd in their sacred urn.

To her I first avow'd my timorous flame;
She nurs'd my hopes, and taught me how to sue:
She still would pity what the wise might blame,
And feel for weakness which she never knew.

Ah! do not grieve the dear lamented shade
That, hovering round us, all my sufferings hears!
She is my saint—to her my prayers are made,
With oft repeated gifts of flowers and tears.

To her sad tomb at midnight I retire,
And lonely sitting by the silent stone,
I tell it all the griefs my wrongs inspire;
The marble image seems to hear my moan.

Thy friend's pale ghost shall vex thy sleepless bed,
And stand before thee all in virgin white;
That ruthless bosom will disturb the dead,
And call forth pity from eternal night:—

'Cease, cruel Man! the mournful theme forbear;
Though much thou suffer, to thyself complain:
Ah! to recal the sad remembrance spare;
One tear from her is more than all thy pain.'

ELEGY VII.

ON DELIA'S BEING IN THE COUNTRY, WHERE HE SUPPOSES SHE STAYS TO SEE THE HARVEST.

Now Delia breathes in woods the fragrant air,
Dull are the hearts that still in Town remain;
Venus herself attends on Delia there,
And Cupid sports amid the silvan train.

Oh! with what joy my Delia to behold,
I'd press the spade, or wield the weighty prong,
Guide the slow ploughshare through the stubborn mould,
And patient goad the loitering ox along!

The scorching heats I'd carelessly despise,
Nor heed the blisters on my tender hand:
The great Apollo wore the same disguise,
Like me subdued to Love's supreme command.

No healing herbs could soothe their master's pain;
The art of physic lost and useless lay;
To Peneus' stream, and Tempe's shady plain,
He drove his herds beneath the noontide ray:

Oft with a bleating lamb in either arm,
His blushing Sister saw him pace along;
Oft would his voice the silent valley charm,
Till lowing oxen broke the tender song.

Where are his triumphs? where his warlike toil?
Where by his darts the crested Python slain!
Where are his Delphi, his delightful isle?
The god himself has grown a cottage-swain.

O, Ceres! in your golden fields no more
With harvest's cheerful pomp my fair detain—
Think what for lost Proserpina you bore,
And in a mother's anguish feel my pain.

Our wiser fathers left their fields unsown;
Their food was acorns, love their sole employ:
They met, they lik'd; they staid but till alone,
And in each valley snatch'd the honest joy.

No wakeful guard, no doors, to stop desire;
Thrice happy times!—But oh! I fondly rave:
Lead me to Delia: all her eyes inspire
I'll do.—I'll plough or dig as Delia's slave.

ELEGY VIII.

HE DESPAIRS THAT HE SHALL EVER POSSESS DELIA.

Ah! what avails thy lover's pious care?
His lavish incense clouds the sky in vain:
Nor wealth nor greatness was his idle pray'r;
For thee alone he pray'd, thee hop'd to gain.

With thee I hop'd to waste the pleasing day,
Till in thy arms an age of joy was past,
Then, old with love, insensibly decay,
And on thy bosom gently breathe my last.

I scorn the Lydian river's golden wave,
And all the vulgar charms of human life;
I only ask to live my Delia's slave,
And when I long have serv'd her, call her wife.

I only ask, of her I love possess'd,
To sink, o'ercome with bliss, in safe repose;
To strain her yielding beauties to my breast,
And kiss her wearied eyelids till they close.

Attend, O Juno! with thy sober ear;
Attend, gay Venus! parent of Desire:
This one fond wish if you refuse to hear,
Oh! let me with this sigh of love expire.

ELEGY IX.

HE HAS LOST DELIA.

He who could first two gentle hearts unbind,
And rob a lover of his weeping fair,
Hard was the man; but harder, in my mind,
The lover still, who died not of despair.

With mean disguise, let others nature hide,
And mimic virtue with the paint of art!
I scorn the cheat of reason's foolish pride,
And boast the graceful weakness of my heart.

The more I think, the more I feel my pain,
And learn the more each heavenly charm to prize;
While fools, too light for passion, safe remain,
And dull sensation keeps the stupid wise.

Sad is my day, and sad my lingering night,
When wrapt in silent grief I weep alone:
Delia is lost, and all my past delight
Is now the source of unavailing moan.

Where is the wit that heighten'd beauty's charms?
Where is the face that fed my longing eyes?
Where is the shape that might have bless'd my arms?
Where all those hopes relentless Fate denies?

When spent with endless grief I die at last,
Delia may come, and see my poor remains—
Oh, Delia! after such an absence past,
Canst thou still love, and not forget my pains?

Wilt thou in tears thy lover's corse attend,
With eyes averted light the solemn pyre,
Till all around the doleful flames ascend,
Then slowly sinking by degrees expire?

To soothe the hovering soul be thine the care,
With plaintive cries to lead the mournful band,
In sable weeds the golden vase to bear,
And cull my ashes with thy trembling hand!

Panchaia's odours be their costly feast,
And all the pride of Asia's fragrant year:
Give them the treasures of the furthest East,
And, what is still more precious, give thy tear.

Dying for thee there is in death a pride:
Let all the world thy hapless lover know;
No silent urn the noble passion hide,
But, deeply graven, thus my sufferings show:

'Here lies a youth borne down with love and care,
He could not long his Delia's loss abide;
Joy left his bosom with the parting fair,
And when he durst no longer hope—he died.'

ELEGY X[1].

ON DELIA'S BIRTH-DAY.

This day, which saw my Delia's beauty rise,
Shall more than all our sacred days be bless'd;
The world, enamour'd of her lovely eyes,
Shall grow as good and gentle as her breast.

By all our guarded sighs and hid desires,
Oh may our guiltless love be still the same!
I burn, and glory in the pleasing fires,
If Delia's bosom share the mutual flame.

Thou happy genius of her natal hour,
Accept her incense, if her thoughts be kind!
But let her court in vain thy angry pow'r,
If all our vows are blotted from her mind.

[1] See the beautiful little Elegy addressed by Sulpicia to Cerinthus, translated from Tibullus, in Lord Lyttelton's Poems.

And thou, O Venus! hear my righteous pray'r,
Or bind the shepherdess, or loose the swain:
Yet rather guard them both with equal care,
And let them die together in thy chain.

What I demand perhaps her heart desires,
But virgin-fears her nicer tongue restrain:
The secret thoughts which blushing Love inspires,
The conscious eye can full as well explain.

ELEGY XI.

AGAINST LOVERS GOING TO WAR; IN WHICH HE PHILOSOPHICALLY PREFERS LOVE AND DELIA TO THE MORE SERIOUS VANITIES OF THE WORLD.

THE man who sharpen'd first the warlike steel,
How fell and deadly was his iron heart!
He gave the wound encountering nations feel,
And death grew stronger by his fatal art.

Yet not from steel debate and battle rose;
'Tis gold o'erturns the even scale of life:
Nature is free to all; and none were foes
Till partial Luxury began the strife.

Let spoil and victory adorn the bold,
While I, inglorious, neither hope nor fear:
Perish the thirst of honour, thirst of gold,
Ere for my absence Delia lose a tear.

Why should the lover quit his pleasing home
In search of danger on some foreign ground,
Far from his weeping fair ungrateful roam,
And risk in every stroke a double wound?

Ah! better far, beneath the spreading shade
With cheerful friends to drain the sprightly bowl,
To sing the beauties of my darling maid,
And on the sweet idea feast my soul:

Then, full of love, to all her charms retire,
And fold her blushing to my eager breast,
Till, quite o'ercome with softness, with desire
Like me she pants, she faints, and sinks to rest.

ELEGY XII.

TO DELIA.

No second love shall e'er my heart surprise;
This solemn league did first our passion bind:
Thou, only thou, canst please thy lover's eyes;
Thy voice alone can soothe his troubled mind.

Oh, that thy charms were only fair to me!
Displease all others, and secure my rest.
No need of envy:—Let me happy be,
I little care that others know me bless'd.

With thee in gloomy deserts let me dwell,
Where never human footstep mark'd the ground.
Thou, light of life! all darkness canst expel,
And seem a world with solitude around.

I say too much—my heedless words restore;
My tongue undoes me in this loving hour:
Thou know'st thy strength, and thence insulting more
Will make me feel the weight of all thy pow'r.

Whate'er I feel, thy slave I will remain,
Nor fly the burden I am form'd to bear:
In chains I'll sit me down at Venus' fane;
She knows my wrongs, and will regard my pray'r.

ELEGY XIII.

HE IMAGINES HIMSELF MARRIED TO DELIA, AND THAT CONTENT WITH EACH OTHER, THEY ARE RETIRED INTO THE COUNTRY.

Let others boast their heaps of shining gold,
And view their fields with waving plenty crown'd,
Whom neighbouring foes in constant terror hold,
And trumpets break their slumbers, never sound:

While, calmly poor, I trifle life away,
Enjoy sweet leisure by my cheerful fire,
No wanton hope my quiet shall betray,
But, cheaply bless'd, I'll scorn each vain desire.

With timely care I'll sow my little field,
And plant my orchard with its master's hand,
Nor blush to spread the hay, the hook to wield,
Or range my sheaves along the sunny land.

If late at dusk, while carelessly I roam,
I meet a strolling kid or bleating lamb,
Under my arm I'll bring the wanderer home,
And not a little chide its thoughtless dam.

What joy to hear the tempest howl in vain,
And clasp a fearful mistress to my breast!
Or lull'd to slumber by the beating rain,
Secure and happy, sink at last to rest!

Or if the sun in flaming Leo ride,
By shady rivers indolently stray,
And with my Delia, walking side by side,
Hear how they murmur as they glide away!

What joy to wind along the cool retreat,
To stop, and gaze on Delia as I go!
To mingle sweet discourse with kisses sweet,
And teach my lovely scholar all I know.

Thus pleas'd at heart, and not with Fancy's dream,
In silent happiness I rest unknown;
Content with what I am, not what I seem:
I live for Delia and myself alone.

Ah, foolish man! who thus of her possess'd
Could float and wander with Ambition's wind?
And, if his outward trappings spoke him bless'd,
Not heed the sickness of his conscious mind.

With her I scorn the idle breath of Praise,
Nor trust to happiness that's not our own:
The smile of Fortune might suspicion raise,
But here I know that I am lov'd alone.

Stanhope [2], in wisdom as in wit divine,
May rise and plead Britannia's glorious cause,
With steady rein his eager wit confine,
While manly sense the deep attention draws:

Let Stanhope speak his listening Country's wrongs,
My humble voice shall please one partial maid;
For her alone I pen my tender songs,
Securely sitting in his friendly shade.

Stanhope shall come and grace his rural friend:
Delia shall wonder at her noble guest,
With blushing awe the riper fruit commend,
And for her husband's patron cull the best.

Her's be the care of all my little train
While I with tender indolence am bless'd,
The favourite subject of her gentle reign,
By love alone distinguish'd from the rest.

For her I'll yoke my oxen to the plough,
In gloomy forests tend my lonely flock;
For her a goat-herd climb the mountain's brow,
And sleep extended on the naked rock.

Ah! what avails to press the stately bed,
And far from her 'mid tasteless grandeur weep;
By marble fountains lay the pensive head,
And while they murmur, strive in vain to sleep?

Delia alone can please and never tire,
Exceed the paint of thought in true delight:
With her enjoyment wakens new desire,
And equal rapture glows through every night.

[2] Earl of Chesterfield.

Beauty and worth in her alike contend
To charm the fancy and to fix the mind;
In her, my wife, my mistress, and my friend,
I taste the joys of sense and reason join'd.

On her I'll gaze when others' loves are o'er,
And dying press her with my clay-cold hand—
Thou weep'st already as I were no more,
Nor can that gentle breast the thought withstand.

Oh! when I die, my latest moments spare,
Nor let thy grief with sharper torments kill:
Wound not thy cheeks, nor hurt that flowing hair,
Though I am dead, my soul shall love thee still.

Oh! quit the room; oh! quit the deathful bed;
Or thou wilt die, so tender is thy heart:
Oh! leave me, Delia! ere thou see me dead;
These weeping friends will do thy mournful part.

Let them, extended on the decent bier,
Convey the corse in melancholy state,
Through all the village spread the tender tear,
While pitying maids our wondrous loves relate.

ELEGY XIV.

TO DELIA.

What scenes of bliss my raptur'd fancy fram'd
In some lone spot with Peace and thee retir'd!
Though reason then my sanguine fondness blam'd,
I still believ'd what flattering Love inspir'd.

But now my wrongs have taught my humbled mind
To dangerous bliss no longer to pretend;
In books a calm but fix'd content to find;
Safe joys! that on ourselves alone depend.

With them the gentle moments I beguile
In learned ease and elegant delight,
Compare the beauties of each different style,
Each various ray of Wit's diffusive light.

Now mark the strength of Milton's sacred lines,
Sense rais'd by genius, fancy rul'd by art,
Where all the glory of the Godhead shines,
And earliest innocence enchants the heart.

Now, fir'd by Pope and Virtue, leave the age
In low pursuit of self-undoing wrong;
And trace the author through his moral page,
Whose blameless life still answers to his song.

If time and books my lingering pain can heal,
And reason fix its empire o'er my heart:
My patriot breast a noble warmth shall feel,
And glow with love, where weakness has no part.

Thy heart, O Lyttelton! shall be my guide;
Its fires shall warm me and its worth improve:
Thy heart! above all envy and all pride,
Firm as man's sense, and soft as woman's love.

And you, O West! with her your partner dear,
Whom social mirth and useful sense commend,
With Learning's feast my drooping mind shall cheer,
Glad to escape from Love to such a friend.

But why so long my weaker heart deceive?
Ah! still I love in pride and reason's spite:
No books, alas! my painful thoughts relieve,
And, while I threat, this Elegy I write.

ELEGY XV.

TO DELIA.

IN THE MANNER OF OVID.

O SAY, thou dear possessor of my breast!
Where's now my boasted liberty and rest?
Where the gay moments which I once have known?
O, where that heart I fondly thought my own?
From place to place I solitary roam,
Abroad uneasy, nor content at home.
I scorn the beauties common eyes adore;
The more I view them, feel thy worth the more:
Unmov'd I hear them speak, or see them fair,
And only think on thee—who art not there.
In vain would books their formal succour lend;
Nor Wit nor Wisdom can relieve their friend:
Wit can't deceive the pain I now endure,
And Wisdom shows the ill without the cure.
When from thy sight I waste the tedious day,
A thousand schemes I form and things to say;
But when thy presence gives the time I seek,
My heart's so full, I wish but cannot speak.
And could I speak with eloquence and ease,
Till now not studious of the art to please,
Could I, at woman who so oft exclaim,
Expose (nor blush) thy triumph and my shame.

Abjure those maxims I so lately priz'd,
And court that sex I foolishly despis'd,
Own thou hast soften'd my obdurate mind,
And thus reveng'd the wrongs of womankind;
Lost were my words, and fruitless all my pain;
In vain to tell thee, all I write in vain:
My humble sighs shall only reach thine ears,
And all my eloquence shall be my tears.
  And now (for more I never must pretend)
Hear me not as thy lover but thy friend:
Thousands will fain thy little heart ensnare,
For, without danger, none like thee are fair;
But wisely choose who best deserves thy flame,
So shall the choice itself become thy fame;
Nor yet despise, though void of winning art,
The plain and honest courtship of the heart:
The skilful tongue in Love's persuasive lore,
Though less it feels, will please and flatter more,
And, meanly learned in that guilty trade,
Can long abuse a fond unthinking maid.
And since their lips, so knowing to deceive,
Thy unexperienc'd youth might soon believe;
And since their tears, in false submission dress'd,
Might thaw the icy coldness of thy breast;
O! shut thine eyes to such deceitful woe:
Caught by the beauty of thy outward show,
Like me they do not love, whate'er they seem;
Like me—with passion founded on esteem.

ANSWER TO ELEGY XV.

BY THE LATE LORD HERVEY.

Too well these lines that fatal truth declare
Which long I've known, yet now I blush to hear.
But say, what hopes thy fond ill-fated love?
What can it hope though mutual it should prove?
This little form is fair in vain for you,
In vain for me thy honest heart is true;
For wouldst thou fix dishonour on my name,
And give me up to penitence and shame?
Or gild my ruin with the name of Wife,
And make me a poor virtuous wretch for life?
Couldst thou submit to wear the marriage-chain,
(Too sure a cure for all thy present pain)
No saffron robe for us the godhead wears,
His torch inverted and his face in tears.
Though every softer wish were amply crown'd,
Love soon would cease to smile where Fortune frown'd:
Then would thy soul my fond consent deplore,
And blame what it solicited before;
Thy own exhausted would reproach my truth,
And say I had undone thy blinded youth;
That I had damp'd Ambition's nobler flame,
Eclips'd thy talents and obscur'd thy fame;
To madrigals and odes that wit confin'd
That would in senates or in courts have shin'd,
Gloriously active in thy country's cause,
Asserting freedom, and enacting laws.
Or say, at best, that negatively kind
You only mourn'd and silently repin'd;

The jealous demons in my own fond breast
Would all these thoughts incessantly suggest,
And all that sense must feel, though pity had suppress'd.
Yet added grief my apprehension fills
(If there can be addition to those ills)
When they shall cry, whose harsh reproof I dread,
' 'Twas thy own deed: thy folly on thy head!'
Age knows not to allow for thoughtless youth,
Nor pities tenderness, nor honours truth;
Holds it romantic to confess a heart,
And says, those virgins act a wiser part
Who hospitals and bedlams would explore
To find the rich, and only dread the poor;
Who, legal prostitutes, for interest-sake
Clodios and Timons to their bosoms take,
And, if avenging Heaven permit increase,
People the world with folly and disease.
Those titles, deeds, and rent-rolls, only wed,
Whilst the best bidder mounts the venal bed;
And the grave aunt and formal sire approve
This nuptial sale, this auction of their love.
But if regard to worth or sense be shown,
That poor degenerate child her friends disown,
Who dares to deviate by a virtuous choice
From her great name's hereditary voice.
  These scenes my prudence ushers to my mind
Of all the storms and quicksands I must find,
If I embark upon this summer-sea
Where Flattery smooths, and Pleasure gilds the way.
Had our ill fate ne'er blown thy dangerous flame
Beyond the limits of a friend's cold name,
I might upon that score thy heart receive,
And with that guiltless name my own deceive.

That commerce now in vain you recommend;
I dread the latent lover in the friend:
Of ignorance I want the poor excuse,
And know I both must take or both refuse.
  Here then the safe, the firm resolve I make,
Ne'er to encourage one I must forsake.
Whilst other maids a shameless path pursue,
Neither to interest nor to honour true,
And, proud to swell the triumph of their eyes,
Exult in love from lovers they despise;
Their maxims all revers'd I mean to prove,
And though I like the lover, quit the love.

ELEGY XVI.

TO MR. GEORGE GRENVILLE.

Oh! form'd alike to serve us and to please;
Polite with honesty and learn'd with ease;
With heart to act, with genius to retire;
Open, yet wise; though gentle, full of fire:
With thee I scorn the low constraint of art,
Nor fear to trust the follies of my heart:
Hear then from what my long despair arose,
The faithful story of a lover's woes.—
When in a sober melancholy hour,
Reduc'd by sickness under reason's power,
I view'd my state, too little weigh'd before,
And Love himself could flatter me no more,
My Delia's hopes I would no more deceive,
But whom my passion hurt through friendship leave.
I chose the coldest words my heart to hide,
And cure her sex's weakness through its pride.

The prudence which I taught I ill pursued;
The charm my reason broke my heart renew'd.
Again submissive to her feet I came,
And prov'd too well my passion by my shame;
While she, secure in coldness or disdain,
Forgot my love, or triumph'd in its pain;
Began with higher views her thoughts to raise,
And scorn'd the humble poet of her praise:
She let each little lie o'er truth prevail,
And strengthen'd by her faith each groundless tale;
Believ'd the grossest arts that Malice tried,
Nor once in thought was on her lover's side.
Oh! where were then the scenes of fancied life?
Oh! where the friend, the mistress, and the wife?
Her years of promis'd love were quickly pass'd;
Not two revolving moons could see them last!—
To Stowe's delightful scenes I now repair,
In Cobham's smile to lose the gloom of care;
Nor fear that he my weakness should despise,
In nature learned, and humanely wise.
There Pitt [1], in manners soft, in friendship warm,
With mild advice my listening grief shall charm:
With sense to counsel and with wit to please;
A Roman's virtue with a courtier's ease.
Nor you, my friend! whose heart is still at rest,
Contemn the human weakness of my breast:
Reason may chide the fault she cannot cure,
And pains which long we scorn'd, we oft endure.
Though wiser cares employ your studious mind,
Form'd with a soul so elegantly kind,
Your breast may lose the calm it long has known,
And learn my woes to pity, by its own.

[1] William Pitt, first Earl of Chatham.

PROLOGUE

TO LILLO'S ELMERIC.

1740.

No labour'd scenes to-night adorn our stage;
Lillo's plain sense would here the heart engage:
He knew no art, no rule; but warmly thought
From passion's force, and as he felt he wrote.
His Barnwell once no critic's test could bear,
Yet from each eye still draws the natural tear.
With generous candour hear his latest strains,
And let kind Pity shelter his remains.
Depress'd by want, afflicted by disease,
Dying he wrote, and dying wish'd to please:—
Oh! may that wish be now humanely paid,
And no harsh critic vex his gentle shade.
'Tis yours his unsupported fame to save,
And bid one laurel grace his humble grave.

MALLET.

In glided Marg'ret's grimly Ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

William & Margaret.

Painted by J. Thomson R.A. *Engraved by P. Simpkins*

THE

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OF

DAVID MALLET.

COLLATED WITH THE BEST EDITIONS:

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TO THE RIGHT HON.

WILLIAM LORD MANSFIELD[1],

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND.

No man, in ancient Rome, my Lord, would have been surprised, I believe, to see a poet inscribe his works either to Cicero or the younger Pliny; not to mention any more among her most celebrated names. They were both, it is true, public magistrates of the first distinction, and had applied themselves severely to the study of the laws, in which both eminently excelled: they were, at the same time, illustrious orators, and employed their eloquence in the service of their clients and their country: but as they had both embellished their other talents by early cultivating the finer arts, and which has spread, we see, a peculiar light and grace over all their productions, no species of polite literature could be foreign to their taste or patronage; and, in effect, we find they were the friends and protectors of the best poets their respective ages produced.

It is from a parity of character, my Lord, and which will occur obviously to every eye, that I am induced to place your name at the head of this Collection, such as it is, of the different things I have written.

Nec Phœbo gratior ulla
Quam sibi quæ Vari præscripsit pagina nomen.

And were I as sure, my Lord, that it is deserving of your regard, as I am that these verses were not

[1] Prefixed to an edition of the Author's works, in 1759.

applied with more propriety at first than they are now, the public would universally justify my ambition in presenting it to you: but of that the public only must and will judge, in the last appeal. There is but one thing, to bespeak their favour and your friendship, that I dare be positive in, without which you are the last person in Britain to whom I should have thought of addressing it; and this any man may affirm of himself without vanity, because it is equally in every man's power: of all that I have written on any occasion, there is not a line which I am afraid to own, either as an honest man, a good subject, or a true lover of my country.

I have thus, my Lord, dedicated some few moments, the first day of this new year, to send you, according to good old custom, a present; an humble one I confess it is, and that can have little other value but what arises from the disposition of the sender. On that account, perhaps, it may not be altogether unacceptable; for it is, indeed, an offering rather of the heart than the head; an effusion of those sentiments which great merit, employed to the best purposes, naturally creates.

May you enjoy, my Lord, through the whole course of this and many more years, that sound health of mind and body which your important labours for the public so much want, and so justly merit; and may you soon have the satisfaction to see, what I know you so ardently wish, this destructive war, however necessary on our part, concluded by a safe and lasting peace. Then, and not till then, all the noble arts, no less useful than ornamental to human life, and that now languish,

may again flourish under the eye and encouragement of those few who think, and feel as you do, for the advantage and honour of Great Britain. I am, with the sincerest attachment,

MY LORD,

Your most faithful humble servant.

Jan. 1, 1759.

TO THE

DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH[2].

YOUR Grace has given leave that these few poems should appear in the world under the patronage of your name; but this leave would have been refused, I know, had you expected to find your own praises, however just, in any part of the present address. I do not say it, my Lord, in the style of compliment: genuine modesty (the companion and the grace of true merit) may be surely distinguished from the affectation of it; as surely as the native glowing of a fine complexion from that artificial colouring which is used, in vain, to supply what Nature had denied, or has resumed.

Yet permit me just to hint, my Lord, while I restrain my pen from all enlargement, that if the fairest public character must be raised upon private virtue, as surely it must; your Grace has laid already the securest foundation of the former in the latter: the eyes of mankind are therefore turned upon you, and from what you are known to have done in one way, they reasonably look for whatever can be expected from a great and good man in the other.

[2] This dedication was prefixed by the Author to a small Collection of his poems, published in 1762.

The Author of these lighter amusements hopes soon to present your Grace with something more solid, more deserving your attention, in the life of the first Duke of Marlborough.

You will then see that superior talents for war have been, though they rarely are, accompanied with equal abilities for negociation; and that the same extensive capacity which could guide all the tumultuous scenes of the camp, knew how to direct, with equal skill, the calmer but more perplexing operations of the cabinet.

In the meanwhile, that you may live to adorn the celebrated and difficult title you wear; that you may be, like him, the defender of your country in days of public danger: and in times of peace, what is perhaps less frequently found, the friend and patron of those useful and ornamental arts by which human nature is exalted, and human society rendered more happy; this, my Lord, is respectfully the wish of,

YOUR GRACE'S

Most obedient humble servant,

DAVID MALLET.

AMYNTOR AND THEODORA.

IN THREE CANTOS.

PREFACE.

THE following Poem was originally intended for the stage, and planned out, several years ago, into a regular tragedy: but the Author found it necessary to change his first design, and to give his work the form it now appears in, for reasons with which it might be impertinent to trouble the public; though, to a man who thinks and feels in a certain manner, those reasons were invincibly strong.

As the scene of the piece is laid in the most remote and unfrequented of all the Hebrides, or Western isles, that surround one part of Great Britain; it may not be improper to inform the reader that he will find a particular account of it in a little treatise, published near half a century ago, under the title of 'A Voyage to St. Kilda.' The Author, who had himself been upon the spot, describes, at length, the situation, extent, and produce, of that solitary island; sketches out the natural history of the birds of season that transmigrate thither annually, and relates the singular customs that still prevailed among the inhabitants; a race of people then the most uncorrupted in their manners, and therefore the least unhappy in their lives, of any perhaps on the face of the whole

earth: to whom might have been applied what an ancient historian says of certain barbarous nations, when he compares them with their more civilized neighbours, *Plus valuit apud hos ignorantia vitiorum, quam apud Græcos omnia philosophorum præcepta.*

They live together, as in the greatest simplicity of heart, so in the most inviolable harmony and union of sentiments. They have neither silver nor gold, but barter among themselves for the few necessaries they may reciprocally want. To strangers they are extremely hospitable, and no less charitable to their own poor; for whose relief each family in the island contributes its share monthly, and at every festival sends them besides a portion of mutton or beef. Both sexes have a genius to poetry, and compose not only songs but pieces of a more elevated turn in their own language, which is very emphatical. One of those islanders having been prevailed with to visit the greatest trading town in North Britain, was infinitely astonished at the length of the voyage, and at the mighty kingdoms, for such he reckoned the larger isles, by which they sailed. He would not venture himself into the streets of that city without being led by the hand. At sight of the great church, he owned that it was indeed a lofty rock, but insisted that, in his native country of St. Kilda, there were others still higher; however the caverns formed in it (so he named the pillars and arches on which it is raised) were hollowed, he said, more commodiously than any he had ever seen there. At the shake occasioned in the steeple, and the horrible din that sounded in his ears upon tolling out the great bells, he appeared under the utmost consternation, be-

lieving the frame of nature was falling to pieces about him. He thought the persons who wore masks, not distinguishing whether they were men or women, had been guilty of some ill thing, for which they did not dare to show their faces. The beauty and stateliness of the trees which he saw then for the first time, (as in his own island there grows not a shrub) equally surprised and delighted him; but he observed, with a kind of terror, that as he passed among their branches, they pulled him back again. He had been persuaded to drink a pretty large dose of strong waters, and upon finding himself drowsy after it, and ready to fall into a slumber, which he fancied was to be his last, he expressed to his companions the great satisfaction he felt in so easy a passage out of this world; for, said he, 'it is attended with no kind of pain.'

Among such sort of men it was, that Aurelius sought refuge from the violence and cruelty of his enemies.

The time appears to have been towards the latter part of the reign of King Charles II. when those who governed Scotland under him, with no less cruelty than impolicy, made the people of that country desperate; and then plundered, imprisoned, or butchered them, for the natural effects of such despair. The best and worthiest men were often the objects of their most unrelenting fury. Under the title of fanatics, or seditious, they affected to herd; and, of course, persecuted whoever wished well to his country, or ventured to stand up in defence of the laws and a legal government. I have now in my hands the copy of a warrant, signed by King Charles himself, for military

execution upon them, without process or conviction; and I know that the original is still kept in the Secretary's office for that part of the united kingdom. Thus much I thought it necessary to say, that the reader may not be misled to look upon the relation given by Aurelius in the second Canto as drawn from the wantonness of imagination, when it hardly arises to strict historical truth.

What reception this Poem may meet with, the Author cannot foresee; and in his humble, but happy retirement, he needs not be over anxious to know. He has endeavoured to make it one regular and consistent whole, to be true to nature in his thoughts, and to the genius of the language in his manner of expressing them. If he has succeeded in these points, but above all in effectually touching the passions; which, as it is the genuine province, so is it the great triumph of poetry; the candour of his more discerning readers will readily overlook mistakes, or failures, in things of less importance.

AMYNTOR AND THEODORA:

OR,

THE HERMIT.

Addressed to the Earl of Chesterfield.

TO MRS. MALLET.

THOU faithful partner of a heart thy own,
Whose pain or pleasure springs from thine alone;
Thou, true as honour, as compassion kind,
That in sweet union harmonize thy mind;
Here, while thy eyes for sad Amyntor's woe
And Theodora's wreck, with tears o'erflow,
O may thy friend's warm wish, to Heav'n prefer'd
For thee, for him, by gracious Heav'n be heard!
So her fair hour of fortune shall be thine
Unmix'd, and all Amyntor's fondness mine:
So through long vernal life, with blended ray,
Shall Love light up and Friendship close our day;
Till, summon'd late this lower heaven to leave,
One sigh shall end us, and one earth receive.

CANTO I.

FAR in the watery waste, where his broad wave
From world to world the vast Atlantic rolls
On from the piny shores of Labrador
To frozen Thulé east, her airy height

Aloft to Heaven remotest Kilda lifts,
Last of the sea-girt Hebrides, that guard,
In filial train, Britannia's parent coast.
Thrice happy land! though freezing on the verge
Of arctic skies, yet blameless still of arts
That polish to deprave each softer clime,
With simple nature, simple virtue, bless'd!
Beyond Ambition's walk, where never War
Uprear'd his sanguine standard, nor unsheath'd,
For wealth or power, the desolating sword;
Where Luxury, soft syren, who around
To thousand nations deals her nectar'd cup
Of pleasing bane, that sooths at once and kills,
Is yet a name unknown: but calm content,
That lives to reason, ancient faith, that binds
The plain community of guileless hearts
In love and union, innocence of ill
Their guardian genius; these the powers that rule
This little world, to all its sons secure
Man's happiest life; the soul serene and sound
From passion's rage, the body from disease:
Red on each cheek behold the rose of health;
Firm in each sinew vigour's pliant spring,
By temperance brac'd to peril and to pain,
Amid the floods they stem, or on the steep
Of upright rocks their straining steps surmount,
For food or pastime: these light up their morn,
And close their eve in slumber sweetly deep,
Beneath the north, within the circling swell
Of ocean's raging sound: but last and best,
What Avarice, what Ambition, shall not know,
True Liberty is theirs, the Heaven-sent guest,
Who in the cave, or on the' uncultur'd wild,
With independence dwells and peace of mind,
In youth, in age, their sun that never sets.

Daughter of Heaven and Nature, deign thy aid,
Spontaneous Muse! O whether from the depth
Of evening forest, brown with broadest shade,
Or from the brow sublime of vernal Alp
As morning dawns, or from the vale at noon,
By some soft stream that slides with liquid foot
Through bowery groves, where Inspiration sits
And listens to thy lore, auspicious come!
O'er these wild waves, o'er this unharbour'd shore,
Thy wing high-hovering spread; and to the gale,
The boreal spirit breathing liberal round
From echoing hill to hill, the lyre attune
With answering cadence free, as best beseems
The tragic theme my plaintive verse unfolds.
Here good Aurelius—and a scene more wild
The world around, or deeper solitude,
Affliction could not find—Aurelius here,
By fate unequal and the crime of war
Expell'd his native home, the sacred vale
That saw him bless'd, now wretched and unknown,
Wore out the slow remains of setting life
In bitterness of thought, and with the surge,
And with the sounding storm, his murmur'd moan
Would often mix—Oft as remembrance sad
The' unhappy past recall'd, a faithful wife,
Whom love first chose, whom reason long endear'd,
His soul's companion and his softer friend;
With one fair daughter, in her rosy prime,
Her dawn of opening charms, defenceless left
Within a tyrant's grasp! his foe profess'd,
By civil madness, by intemperate zeal
For differing rites, imbitter'd into hate,
And cruelty remorseless!—Thus he liv'd,

If this was life; to load the blast with sighs;
Hung o'er its edge, to swell the flood with tears,
At midnight hour; for midnight frequent heard
The lonely mourner, desolate of heart,
Pour all the husband, all the father forth
In unavailing anguish; stretch'd along
The naked beach, or shivering on the cliff,
Smote with the wintry pole in bitter storm,
Hail, snow, and shower, dark-drifting round his head.
Such were his hours, till Time, the wretch's friend,
Life's great physician, skill'd alone to close,
Where sorrow long has wak'd, the weeping eye;
And from the brain, with baleful vapours black,
Each sullen spectre chase; his balm at length,
Lenient of pain, through every fever'd pulse
With gentlest hand infus'd. A pensive calm
Arose, but unassur'd; as, after winds
Of ruffling wing, the sea subsiding slow
Still trembles from the storm. Now Reason first
Her throne resuming, bid Devotion raise
To Heaven his eye, and through the turbid mists,
By sense dark-drawn between, adoring own,
Sole arbiter of fate, one Cause Supreme,
All-just, all-wise; who bids what still is best
In cloud or sunshine, whose severest hand
Wounds but to heal, and chastens to amend.
Thus in his bosom, every weak excess,
The rage of grief, the fellness of revenge,
To healthful measure temper'd and reduc'd
By Virtue's hand, and in her brightening beam
Each error clear'd away, as fen-born fogs
Before the' ascending sun; through faith he lives
Beyond Time's bounded continent, the walks
Of Sin and Death: anticipating Heav'n

In pious hope, he seems already there,
Safe on her sacred shore, and sees beyond,
In radiant view, the world of light and love,
Where Peace delights to dwell, where one fair morn
Still orient smiles; and one diffusive spring,
That fears no storm, and shall no winter know,
The' immortal year empurples. If a sigh
Yet murmurs from the breast, 'tis for the pangs
Those dearest names, a wife, a child, must feel,
Still suffering in his fate; 'tis for a foe
Who, deaf himself to mercy, may of Heav'n
That mercy, when most wanted, ask in vain.
The sun, now station'd with the lucid Twins,
O'er every southern clime had pour'd profuse
The rosy year, and in each pleasing hue
That greens the leaf, or through the blossom glows
With florid light, his fairest month array'd;
While Zephyr, while the silver-footed Dews,
Her soft attendants, wide o'er field and grove
Fresh spirit breathe, and shed perfuming balm.
Nor here, in this chill region, on the brow
Of Winter's waste dominion, is unfelt
The ray ethereal, or unhail'd the rise
Of her mild reign. From warbling vale and hill,
With wild thyme flowering, betony and balm,
Blue lavender and carmel's [1] spicy root,
Song, fragrance, health, ambrosiate every breeze.
But high above the season full exerts
Its vernant force in yonder peopled rocks,
To whose wild solitude, from worlds unknown,

[1] The root of this plant, (otherwise named *argatilis sylvaticus,*) is aromatic, and by the natives reckoned cordial to the stomach. *See Martin's Western Isles of Scotland*

The birds of passage transmigrating come,
Unnumber'd colonies of foreign wing,
At Nature's summons their aërial state
Annual to found, and in bold voyage steer
O'er this wide ocean, through yon pathless sky,
One certain flight to one appointed shore,
By Heaven's directive spirit here to raise
Their temporary realm, and form secure,
Where food awaits them copious from the wave,
And shelter from the rock, their nuptial leagues;
Each tribe apart, and all on tasks of love,
To hatch the pregnant egg, to rear and guard
Their helpless infants, piously intent.
  Led by the day abroad, with lonely step,
And ruminating sweet and bitter thought,
Aurelius, from the western bay, his eye
Now rais'd to this amusive scene in air,
With wonder mark'd; now cast with level ray
Wide o'er the moving wilderness of waves,
From pole to pole through boundless space diffus'd,
Magnificently dreadful! where at large
Leviathan, with each inferior name
Of sea-born kinds, ten thousand thousand tribes,
Finds endless range for pasture and for sport.
Amaz'd he gazes, and, adoring, owns
The hand Almighty, who its channell'd bed
Immeasurable sunk, and pour'd abroad,
Fenc'd with eternal mounds, the fluid sphere,
With every wind to waft large commerce on,
Join pole to pole, consociate sever'd worlds,
And link in bonds of intercourse and love
Earth's universal family. Now rose
Sweet evening's solemn hour: the sun, declin'd,
Hung golden o'er this nether firmament,

Whose broad cerulean mirror, calmly bright,
Gave back his beamy visage to the sky
With splendour undiminish'd; and each cloud,
White, azure, purple, glowing round his throne
In fair aërial landscape Here, alone,
On earth's remotest verge, Aurelius breathed
The healthful gale, and felt the smiling scene
With awe-mix'd pleasure, musing as he hung
In silence o'er the billows hush'd beneath;
When, lo! a sound, amid the wave-worn rocks,
Deaf-murmuring rose, and plaintive roll'd along
From cliff to cavern, as the breath of winds
At twilight hour, remote and hollow heard
Through wintry pines, high waving o'er the steep
Of sky-crown'd Appenine: the sea-pie ceas'd
At once to warble; screaming from his nest
The fulmar soar'd, and shot a westward flight
From shore to sea: on came, before her hour,
Invading Night, and hung the troubled sky
With fearful blackness round[2]: sad Ocean's face
A curling undulation shivery swept
From wave to wave; and now impetuous rose
Thick cloud and storm, and ruin on his wing,
The raging South, and headlong o'er the deep
Fell horrible, with broad-descending blast.
Aloft, and safe beneath a sheltering cliff,
Whose moss-grown summit on the distant flood
Projected frowns, Aurelius stood appall'd;
His stunn'd ear smote with all the thundering main,
His eye with mountains surging to the stars,
Commotion infinite. Where yon last wave
Blends with the sky its foam, a ship in view

[2] See Martin's Voyage to St. Kilda, p. 58.

Shoots sudden forth, steep-falling from the clouds,
Yet distant seen and dim, till onward borne
Before the blast, each growing sail expands,
Each mast aspires, and all the' advancing frame
Bounds on his eye distinct: with sharpen'd ken
Its course he watches, and in awful thought [hear,
That Power invokes whose voice the wild winds
Whose nod the surge reveres, to look from Heav'n,
And save, who else must perish, wretched men,
In this dark hour, amid the dread abyss,
With fears amaz'd, by horrors compass'd round.
But, O! ill-omen'd, death-devoted heads!
For Death bestrides the billow; nor your own,
Nor others' offer'd vows, can stay the flight
Of instant Fate. And, lo! his secret seat,
Where never sun-beam glimmer'd, deep amidst
A cavern's jaws voraginous and vast,
The stormy Genius of the deep forsakes,
And o'er the waves, that roar beneath his frown,
Ascending baleful, bids the tempest spread,
Turbid and terrible with hail and rain,
Its blackest pinion, pour its loudening blasts
In whirlwind forth, and from their lowest depth
Upturn the world of waters. Round and round
The tortur'd ship, at his imperious call,
Is wheel'd in dizzy whirl: her guiding helm
Breaks short; her masts in crashing ruin fall,
And each rent sail flies loose in distant air.
Now, fearful moment! o'er the foundering hull
Half ocean heav'd, in one broad billowy curve
Steep from the clouds with horrid shade impends—
Ah! save them, Heaven!—it bursts in deluge down
With boundless undulation; shore and sky
Rebellow to the roar: at once ingulf'd,

Vessel and crew beneath its torrent-sweep
Are sunk, to rise no more. Aurelius wept;
The tear unbidden dew'd his hoary cheek:
He turn'd his step; he fled the fatal scene,
And brooding in sad silence o'er the sight
To him alone disclos'd, his wounded heart
Pour'd out to Heaven in sighs: 'Thy will be done,
Not mine, Supreme Disposer of events!
But death demands a tear, and man must feel
For human woes: the rest submission checks.'
Not distant far, where this receding bay[3]
Looks northward on the pole, a rocky arch
Expands its self-pois'd concave; as the gate
Ample and broad, and pillar'd massy-proof,
Of some unfolding temple: on its height
Is heard the tread of daily-climbing flocks,
That, o'er the green roof spread, their fragrant food
Untended crop. As through this cavern path,
Involv'd in pensive thought, Aurelius past,
Struck with sad echoes from the sounding vault
Remurmur'd shrill, he stop'd, he rais'd his head,
And saw the' assembled natives in a ring,
With wonder and with pity bending o'er
A shipwreck'd man. All motionless on earth
He lay: the living lustre from his eye,
The vermeil hue extinguish'd from his cheek,
And in their place, on each chill feature spread,
The shadowy cloud and ghastliness of death
With pale suffusion sat. So looks the moon,
So faintly wan, through hovering mists at eve,
Grey Autumn's train. Fast from his hairs distill'd
The briny wave, and close within his grasp

[3] See Martin's Voyage to St. Kilda, p. 20.

Was clench'd a broken oar, as one who long
Had stemm'd the flood with agonizing breast,
And struggled strong for life. Of youthful prime
He seem'd, and built by Nature's noblest hand,
Where bold proportion and where softening grace
Mix'd in each limb, and harmoniz'd his frame.
Aurelius, from the breathless clay, his eye
To Heaven, imploring, rais'd; then (for he knew
That life, within her central cell retir'd,
May lurk unseen, diminish'd but not quench'd,)
He bid transport it speedy through the vale
To his poor cell, that lonely stood and low,
Safe from the north, beneath a sloping hill;
An antique frame, orbicular, and rais'd
On columns rude; its roof with reverend moss
Light-shaded o'er; its front in ivy hid,
That mantling crept aloft. With pious hand
They turn'd, they chaf'd his frozen limbs, and fum'd
The vapoury air with aromatic smells;
Then drops of sovereign efficacy, drawn
From mountain-plants, within his lips infus'd.
Slow from the mortal trance, as men from dreams
Of direful vision, shuddering he awakes;
While life to scarce-felt motion faintly lifts
His fluttering pulse, and gradual o'er his cheek
The rosy current wins its refluent way.
Recovering to new pain, his eyes he turn'd
Severe on Heaven, on the surrounding hills
With twilight dim, and on the crowd unknown,
Dissolv'd in tears around; then clos'd again,
As loathing light and life. At length in sounds
Broken and eager, from his heaving breast
Distraction spoke—'Down, down with every sail!
Mercy, sweet Heaven!—Ha! now whole occa
sweeps

In tempest o'er our heads—My soul's last hope!
We will not part—Help! help! yon wave, behold!
That swells betwixt, has borne her from my sight.
O for a sun to light this black abyss!
Gone—lost—for ever lost!" He ceas'd. Amaze
And trembling on the pale assistants fell,
Whom now with greeting and the words of peace
Aurelius bid depart. A pause ensued,
Mute, mournful, solemn. On the stranger's face
Observant, anxious, hung his fix'd regard:
Watchful, his ear each murmur, every breath,
Attentive seiz'd; now eager to begin
Consoling speech; now doubtful to invade
The sacred silence due to grief supreme:
Then thus at last;—' O from devouring seas
By miracle escap'd! if, with thy life,
Thy sense, return'd, can yet discern the Hand,
All-wonderful, that through yon raging sea,
Yon whirling waste of tempest, led thee safe,
That Hand Divine with grateful awe confess,
With prostrate thanks adore. When thou, alas!
Wast number'd with the dead, and clos'd within
The' unfathom'd gulf; when human hope was fled,
And human help in vain,—the' Almighty Voice
Then bade Destruction spare, and bade the deep
Yield up its prey; that by his mercy sav'd,
That mercy, thy fair life's remaining race,
A monument of wonder as of love,
May justify to all the sons of men,
Thy brethren, ever present in their need.
Such praise delights him most'——
He hears me not.
Some secret anguish, some transcendent woe,
Sits heavy on his heart, and from his eyes,
Through the clos'd lids, now rolls in bitter stream!

'Yet speak thy soul, afflicted as thou art!
For know, by mournful privilege 'tis mine,
Myself most wretched, and in sorrow's ways
Severely train'd, to share in every pang
The wretched feel, to soothe the sad of heart,
To number tear for tear and groan for groan
With every son and daughter of distress.
Speak then, and give thy labouring bosom vent:
My pity is, my friendship shall be, thine,
To calm thy pain, and guide thy virtue back,
Through reason's paths, to happiness and Heav'n!'
The Hermit thus; and, after some sad pause
Of musing wonder, thus the man unknown.
'What have I heard?—On this untravell'd shore,
Nature's last limit, hem'd with oceans round
Howling and harbourless, beyond all faith
A comforter to find, whose language wears
The garb of civil life; a friend whose breast
The gracious meltings of sweet pity move!
Amazement all! my grief to silence charm'd
Is lost in wonder—But, thou good unknown!
If woes for ever wedded to despair,
That wish no cure, are thine, behold in me
A meet companion; one whom earth and Heav'n
Combine to curse; whom never future morn
Shall light to joy, nor evening with repose
Descending shade—O, son of this wild world!
From social converse though for ever barr'd,
Though chill'd with endless winter from the pole,
Yet warm'd by goodness, form'd to tender sense
Of human woes beyond what milder climes,
By fairer suns attemper'd, courtly boast;
O say, did e'er thy breast, in youthful life,
Touch'd by a beam from beauty all divine,
Did e'er thy bosom her sweet influence own,

In pleasing tumult pour'd through every vein,
And panting at the heart, when first our eye
Receives impression? then, as passion grew,
Did Heaven consenting to thy wish indulge
That bliss no wealth can bribe, no power bestow,
That bliss of angels, love by love repaid?
Heart streaming full to heart, in mutual flow
Of faith and friendship, tenderness and truth—
If these thy fate distinguish'd, thou wilt then,
My joys conceiving, image my despair,
How total! how extreme! for this, all this,
Late my fair fortune, wreck'd on yonder flood,
Lies lost and buried there—O, awful Heav'n!
Who to the wind and to the whelming wave
Her blameless head devoted, thou alone
Canst tell what I have lost—O, ill-starr'd Maid!
O most undone Amyntor!'—Sighs and tears,
And heart-heav'd groans, at this his voice suppress'd:
The rest was agony and dumb despair. [gloom
Now o'er their heads damp Night her stormy
Spread, ere the glimmering twilight was expir'd,
With huge and heavy horror closing round
In doubling clouds on clouds. The mournful scene,
The moving tale, Aurelius deeply felt;
And thus replied, as one in nature skill'd,
With soft-assenting sorrow in his look,
And words to soothe, not combat hopeless love.
'Amyntor, by that Heaven who sees thy tears,
By faith and friendship's sympathy divine,
Could I the sorrows heal I more than share,
This bosom, trust me, should from thine transfer
Its sharpest grief. Such grief, alas! how just!
How long in silent anguish to descend,
When reason and when fondness o'er the tomb

Are fellow-mourners! He who can resign
Has never lov'd; and wert thou to the sense,
The sacred feeling of a loss like thine,
Cold and insensible, thy breast were then
No mansion for humanity, or thought
Of noble aim. Their dwelling is with love
And tender pity, whose kind tear adorns
The clouded cheek, and sanctifies the soul
They soften, not subdue. We both will mix
(For her thy virtue lov'd, thy truth laments,)
Our social sighs; and still as Morn unveils
The brightening hill, or Evening's misty shade
Its brow obscures, her gracefulness of form,
Her mind all lovely, each ennobling each,
Shall be our frequent theme: then shalt thou hear
From me, in sad return, a tale of woes
So terrible—Amyntor! thy pain'd heart,
Amid its own, will shudder at the ills
That mine has bled with.—But behold! the dark
And drowsy hour steals fast upon our talk:—
Here break we off; and thou, sad mourner! try
Thy weary limbs, thy wounded mind, to balm
With timely sleep: each gracious wing from Heav'n,
Of those that minister to erring man,
Near-hovering, hush thy passions into calm;
Serene thy slumbers with presented scenes
Of brightest vision; whisper to thy heart
That holy peace which goodness ever shares,
And to us both be friendly as we need!"

CANTO II.

Now midnight rose, and o'er the general scene,
Air, ocean, earth, drew broad her blackest veil,
Vapour and cloud. Around the' unsleeping isle
Yet howl'd the whirlwind, yet the billow groan'd,
And in mix'd horror to Amyntor's ear [pall'd.
Borne through the gloom, his shrinking sense ap-
Shook by each blast, and swept by every wave,
Again pale Memory labours in the storm;
Again from her is torn, whom more than life
His fondness lov'd. And now another show'r
Of sorrow o'er the dear unhappy maid
Effusive stream'd, till late, through every pow'r
The soul subdued sunk sad to slow repose;
And all her darkening scenes, by dim degrees,
Were quench'd in total night:—a pause from pain
Not long to last; for Fancy, oft awake
While Reason sleeps, from her illusive cell
Call'd up wild shapes of visionary fear,
Of visionary bliss; the hour of rest
To mock with mimic shows. And, lo! the deeps
In airy tumult swell: beneath a hill
Amyntor heaves off overwhelming seas,
Or rides, with dizzy dread, from cloud to cloud,
The billow's back: anon, the shadowy world
Shifts to some boundless continent unknown,
Where solitary, o'er the starless void, [length,
Dumb Silence broods. Through heaths of dreary
Slow on he drags his staggering step, infirm
With breathless toil; hears torrent-floods afar
Roar through the wild, and, plung'd in central caves,
Falls headlong many a fathom into night.

Yet there, at once, in all her living charms,
And brightening with their glow the brown abyss,
Rose Theodora. Smiling, in her eye
Sat, without cloud, the soft-consenting soul,
That, guilt unknowing, had no wish to hide;
A spring of sudden myrtles flowering round,
Their walk embower'd; while nightingales beneath
Sung spousals, as along the enamell'd turf
They seem'd to fly, and interchang'd their souls,
Melting in mutual softness. Thrice his arms
The fair encircled; thrice she fled his grasp,
And fading into darkness mix'd with air—
'O, turn! O, stay thy flight!'—so loud he cried,
Sleep and its train of humid vapours fled.
He groan'd, he gaz'd around; his inward sense
Yet glowing with the vision's vivid beam,
Still on his eye the hovering shadow blaz'd;
Her voice still murmur'd in his tinkling ear,
Grateful deception! till returning thought
Left broad awake, amid the' incumbent lour
Of mute and mournful night, again he felt
His grief inflam'd throb fresh in every vein.
To frenzy stung, upstarting from his couch,
The vale, the shore, with darkling step he roam'd,
Like some drear spectre from the grave unbound;
Then scaling yonder cliff, prone o'er its brow
He hung, in act to plunge amid the flood, [voice,
Scarce from that height discern'd. Nor Reason's
Nor owed submission to the will of Heav'n,
Restrains him; but as passion whirls his thought,
Fond expectation, that perchance escap'd,
Though passing all belief, the frailer skiff,
To which himself had borne the' unhappy fair,
May yet be seen. Around o'er sea and shore

He roll'd his ardent eye, but nought around
On land or wave within his ken appears,
Nor skiff, nor floating corse, on which to shed
The last sad tear, and lay the covering mold.
  And now, wide open'd by the wakeful Hours
Heaven's orient gate, forth on her progress comes
Aurora smiling, and her purple lamp
Lifts high o'er earth and sea; while, all unveil'd,
The vast horizon on Amyntor's eye
Pours full its scenes of wonder, wildly great,
Magnificently various. From this steep
Diffus'd immense in rolling prospect lay
The northern deep: amidst, from space to space,
Her numerous isles, rich gems of Albion's crown,
As slow the' ascending mists disperse in air,
Shoot gradual from her bosom; and beyond,
Like distant clouds blue-floating on the verge
Of evening skies, break forth the dawning hills.
A thousand landscapes, barren some and bare,
Rock pil'd on rock, amazing, up to Heav'n,
Of horrid grandeur; some with sounding ash,
Or oak broad-shadowing, or the spiry growth
Of waving pine high-plum'd; and all beheld
More lovely in the sun's adorning beam,
Who now, fair rising o'er yon eastern cliff,
The vernal verdure tinctures gay with gold.
  Meanwhile Aurelius, wak'd from sweet repose,
Repose that Temperance sheds in timely dews
On all who live to her, his mournful guest
Came forth to hail, as hospitable rites
And Virtue's rule enjoin; but first to him,
Spring of all charity, who gave the heart
With kindly sense to glow, his matin song,
Superior duty, thus the sage address'd:—

'Fountain of light! from whom you orient sun
First drew his splendour: Source of life and love!
Whose smile now wakes o'er earth's rekindling face
The boundless blush of spring; O, First and Best!
Thy essence though from human sight and search,
Though from the climb of all created thought
Ineffably remov'd; yet man himself,
Thy lowest child of reason, man may read
Unbounded power, intelligence supreme,
The Maker's hand, on all his works impress'd,
In characters coëval with the sun,
And with the sun to last; from world to world,
From age to age, in every clime, disclos'd;
Sole revelation, through all time the same.
Hail, universal Goodness! with full stream
For ever flowing, from beneath the throne,
Through earth, air, sea, to all things that have life;
From all that live on earth, in air, and sea,
The great community of Nature's sons,
To thee, first Father, ceaseless praise ascend!
And in the reverent hymn my grateful voice
Be duly heard, among thy works not least,
Nor lowest, with intelligence inform'd,
To know thee and adore; with free-will crown'd,
Where Virtue leads to follow and be bless'd.
O, whether by thy prime decree ordain'd
To days of future life; or whether now
The mortal hour is instant, still vouchsafe,
Parent and friend! to guide me blameless on
Through this dark scene of error and of ill,
Thy truth to light me, and thy peace to cheer:
All else, of me unask'd, thy will supreme
Withhold or grant, and let that will be done!'
This from the soul in silence breathed sincere,

The hill's steep side with firm elastic step
He lightly scal'd; such health the frugal board,
The morn's fresh breath that exercise respires
In mountain-walks, and conscience free from blame,
Our life's best cordial, can through age prolong.
There, lost in thought, and self-abandon'd, lay
The man unknown; nor heard approach his host,
Nor rais'd his drooping head. Aurelius, mov'd
By soft compassion, which the savage scene,
Shut up and barr'd amid surrounding seas
From human commerce, quicken'd into sense
Of sharper sorrow, thus apart began:
' O sight, that from the eye of Wealth or Pride,
Ev'n in their hour of vainest thought, might draw
A feeling tear! whom yesterday beheld
By love and fortune crown'd, of all possess'd
That fancy, tranc'd in fairest vision, dreams;
Now lost to all, each hope that softens life, [spread,
Each bliss that cheers; there on the damp earth
Beneath a heaven unknown, behold him now!
And let the gay, the fortunate, the great,
The proud, be taught what now the wretched feel,
The happy have to fear. O man forlorn!
Too plain I read thy heart, by fondness drawn
To this sad scene, to sights that but inflame
Its tender anguish——'
' Hear me, Heaven! (exclaim'd
The frantic mourner) could that anguish rise
To madness and to mortal agony,
I yet would bless my fate; by one kind pang,
From what I feel, the keener pangs of thought,
For ever freed. To me the sun is lost;
To me the future flight of days and years
Is darkness, is despair.—But who complains

Forgets that he can die. O sainted Maid!
For such in Heaven thou art; if from thy seat
Of holy rest, beyond these changeful skies,
If names on earth most sacred once and dear,
A lover and a friend, if yet these names
Can wake thy pity, dart one guiding ray
To light me where, in cave or creek, are thrown
Thy lifeless limbs, that I—O grief supreme!
O fate remorseless! was thy lover sav'd
For such a task?—that I those dear remains,
With maiden rites adorn'd, at last may lodge
Beneath the hallow'd vault, and, weeping there
O'er thy cold urn, await the hour to close
These eyes in peace, and mix this dust with thine!'

'Such, and so dire; (replied the cordial friend,
In Pity's look and language) such, alas!
Were late my thoughts: whate'er the human heart
Can most afflict, grief, agony, despair,
Have all been mine, and with alternate war
This bosom ravag'd. Hearken then, good Youth!
My story mark, and from another's fate,
Pre-eminently wretched, learn thy own,
Sad as it seems, to balance and to bear.

'In me a man behold, whose morn serene,
Whose noon of better life, with honour spent,
In virtuous purpose or in honest act,
Drew fair distinction on my public name
From those among mankind, the nobler few,
Whose praise is fame; but there, in that true source
Whence happiness with purest stream descends,
In home-found peace and love, supremely bless'd!
Union of hearts, consent of wedded wills,
By friendship knit, by mutual faith secur'd,
Our hopes and fears, our earth and Heaven, the same!

At last, Amyntor, in my failing age
Fall'n from such height, and with the felon-herd,
Robbers and outlaws, number'd—thought that still
Stings deep the heart, and clothes the cheek with
shame!—
Then doom'd to feel what Guilt alone should fear,
The hand of public vengeance; arm'd by rage,
Not justice; rais'd to injure, not redress;
To rob, not guard; to ruin, not defend:
And all, O sovereign Reason! all deriv'd
From power that claims thy warrant to do wrong!
A right divine to violate unblam'd
Each law, each rule, that, by himself observ'd,
The God prescribes whose sanction kings pretend!
'O Charles! O monarch! in long exile train'd,
Whole hopeless years the' oppressor's hand to know
How hateful and how hard; thyself reliev'd,
Now hear thy people, groaning under wrongs
Of equal load, adjure thee by those days
Of want and woe, of danger and despair,
As Heaven has thine, to pity their distress!
'Yet from the plain good meaning of my heart
Be far the' unhallow'd licence of abuse;
Be far the bitterness of saintly zeal,
That impious hid behind the patriot's name
Masks hate and malice to the legal throne
In justice founded, circumscrib'd by laws,
The prince to guard—but guard the people too;
Chief one prime good to guard inviolate,
Soul of all worth, and sum of human bliss,
Fair freedom! birthright of all thinking kinds,
Reason's great charter, from no king deriv'd,
By none to be reclaim'd, man's right divine,
Which God, who gave, indelible pronounc'd.

'But if, disclaiming this his heaven-own'd right,
This first best tenure by which monarchs rule;
If, meant the blessing, he becomes the bane,
The wolf, not shepherd, of his subject-flock,
To grind and tear, not shelter and protect,
Wide-wasting where he reigns—to such a prince
Allegiance kept were treason to mankind,
And loyalty revolt from virtue's law:
For say, Amyntor! does just Heaven enjoin
That we should homage hell? or bend the knee
To earthquake or volcano when they rage,
Rend earth's firm frame, and in one boundless grave
Ingulf their thousands? Yet, O grief to tell!
Yet such, of late, o'er this devoted land
Was public rule. Our servile stripes and chains,
Our sighs and groans resounding from the steep
Of wintry hill, or waste untravell'd heath,
Last refuge of our wretchedness, not guilt,
Proclaim'd it loud to Heaven: the arm of pow'r
Extended fatal, but to crush the head
It ought to screen, or with a parent's love
Reclaim from error; not with deadly hate,
The tyrant's law, exterminate who err.

'In this wide ruin were my fortunes sunk;
Myself, as one contagious to his kind,
Whom nature, whom the social life, renounc'd,
Unsummon'd, unimpleaded, was to death,
To shameful death! adjudg'd; against my head
The price of blood proclaim'd, and at my heels
Let loose the murderous cry of human hounds:
And this blind fury of commission'd rage,
Of party-vengeance, to a fatal foe,
Known and abhor'd for deeds of direst name,
Was given in charge; a foe whom blood-stain'd zeal

For what—(O hear it not, all-righteous Heav'n!
Lest thy rous'd thunder burst)—for what was deem'd
Religion's cause, had savag'd to a brute
More deadly fell, than hunger ever stung
To prowl in wood or wild. His band he arm'd,
Sons of perdition, miscreants with all guilt
Familiar, and in each dire art of death
Train'd ruthless up: as tigers on their prey
On my defenceless lands those fiercer beasts
Devouring fell; nor that sequester'd shade,
That sweet recess, where Love and Virtue long
In happy league had dwelt, which War itself
Beheld with reverence, could their fury 'scape;
Despoil'd, defac'd, and wrapt in wasteful flames;
For flame and rapine their consuming march
From hill to vale by daily ruin mark'd.
So, borne by winds along, in baleful cloud,
Embodied locusts from the wing descend
On herb, fruit, flow'r, and kill the ripening year;
While, waste behind, destruction on their track
And ghastly famine wait. My wife and child
He dragg'd, the ruffian dragg'd—O Heav'n! do I,
A man, survive to tell it?—At the hour
Sacred to rest, amid the sighs and tears
Of all who saw and curs'd his coward rage,
He forc'd, unpitying, from their midnight-bed,
By menace, or by torture, from their fears
My last retreat to learn, and still detains
Beneath his roof accurs'd, that best of wives,
Emilia! and our only pledge of love,
My blooming Theodora!—Manhood there
And nature bleed—Ah! let not busy thought
Search thither, but avoid the fatal coast:
Discovery there once more my peace of mind

Might wreck, once more to desperation sink
My hopes in Heaven.' He said; but, O sad Muse!
Can all thy moving energy of pow'r
To shake the heart, to freeze the' arrested blood,
With words that weep and strains that agonize;
Can all this mournful magic of thy voice
Tell what Amyntor feels? 'O Heaven! art thou—
What have I heard?—Aurelius! art thou he?—
Confusion! horror!—that most wrong'd of men!
And, O most wretched too! alas! no more,
No more a father—on that fatal flood
Thy Theodora'—At these words he fell;
A deadly cold ran freezing through his veins,
And life was on the wing her loath'd abode
For ever to forsake. As on his way
The traveller, from Heaven by lightning struck,
Is fix'd at once immovable, his eye
With terror glaring wild, his stiffening limbs
In sudden marble bound; so stood, so look'd,
The heart-smote parent at this tale of death,
Half-utter'd, yet too plain. No sigh to rise,
No tear had force to flow; his senses all,
Through all their powers, suspended, and subdued
To chill amazement. Silence for a space—
(Such dismal silence saddens earth and sky
Ere first the thunder breaks)—on either side
Fill'd up this interval severe. At last,
As from some vision that to frenzy fires
The sleeper's brain, Amyntor waking wild,
A poniard, hid beneath his various robe,
Drew furious forth—'Me, me, (he cry'd) on me
Let all thy wrongs be visited, and thus
My horrors end'—then madly would have plung'd
The weapon's hostile point.—His lifted arm

Aurelius, though with deep dismay and dread,
And anguish shook, yet his superior soul
Collecting, and resuming all himself,
Seiz'd sudden; then perusing with strict eye
And beating heart Amyntor's blooming form,
Nor from his air or feature gathering aught
To wake remembrance, thus at length bespoke:
'O dire attempt! whoe'er thou art, yet stay
Thy hand self-violent, nor thus to guilt,
If guilt is thine, accumulating add
A crime that nature shrinks from, and to which
Heaven has indulg'd no mercy. Sovereign Judge!
Shall man first violate the law divine,
That plac'd him here dependent on thy nod,
Resign'd, unmurmuring, to' await his hour
Of fair dismission hence; shall man do this,
Then dare thy presence, rush into thy sight,
Red with the sin and recent from the stain
Of unrepented blood?—Call home thy sense;
Know what thou art, and own His hand most just,
Rewarding or afflicting—But say on;
My soul, yet trembling at thy frantic deed,
Recals thy words, recals their dire import:
They urge me on, they bid me ask no more—
What would I ask? my Theodora's fate,
Ah me! is known too plain. Have I then sinn'd,
Good Heaven! beyond all grace—But shall I blame
His rage of grief, and in myself admit
Its wild excess? Heaven gave her to my wish;
That gift Heaven has resum'd; righteous in both:
For both his providence be ever bless'd!'
By shame repress'd, with rising wonder fill'd,
Amyntor slow-recovering into thought,
Submissive on his knee the good man's hand

Grasp'd close, and bore with ardour to his lips:
His eye, where fear, confusion, reverence, spoke,
Through swelling tears, what language cannot tell,
Now rose to meet, now shun'd the Hermit's glance,
Shot awful at him, till the various swell
Of passion ebbing, thus he faltering spoke:
'What hast thou done? why sav'd a wretch unknown?
Whom knowing ev'n thy goodness must abhor.
Mistaken man! the honour of thy name,
Thy love, truth, duty, all must be my foes.
I am—Aurelius! turn that look aside,
That brow of terror, while this wretch can say,
Abhorrent say, he is—Forgive me, Heav'n!
Forgive me, Virtue! if I would renounce
Whom nature bids me reverence—by her bond
Rolando's son; by your more sacred ties,
As to his crimes an alien to his blood;
For crimes like his——'
'Rolando's son! Just Heav'n!
Ha! here? and in my power? a war of thoughts,
All terrible arising, shakes my frame
With doubtful conflict. By one stroke to reach
The father's heart, though seas are spread between,
Were great revenge!—Away! revenge? on whom?
Alas! on my own soul; by rage betray'd
Ev'n to the crime my reason most condemns
In him who ruin'd me.'—Deep-mov'd he spoke,
And his own poniard o'er the prostrate youth
Suspended held: but as the welcome blow,
With arms display'd, Amyntor seem'd to court,
Behold in sudden confluence gathering round
The natives stood, whom kindness hither drew;
The man unknown with each relieving aid

Of love and care, as ancient rites ordain,
To succour and to serve. Before them came
Montano, venerable sage! whose head
The hand of Time with twenty winters' snow
Had shower'd, and to whose intellectual eye
Futurity, behind her cloudy veil,
Stands in fair light disclos'd. Him, after pause,
Aurelius drew apart, and in his care
Amyntor plac'd, to lodge him and secure;
To save him from himself, as one with grief
Tempestuous, and with rage, distemper'd deep:—
This done, nor waiting for reply, alone
He sought the vale, and his calm cottage gain'd.

CANTO III.

WHERE Kilda's southern hills their summit lift
With triple fork to Heaven, the mounted sun
Full, from the midmost, shot in dazzling stream
His noon-tide ray: and now, in lowing train,
Were seen slow-pacing westward o'er the vale
The milky mothers, foot pursuing foot,
And nodding as they move; their oozy meal,
The bitter healthful herbage of the shore,
Around its rocks to graze[4]; for, strange to tell!
The hour of ebb, though ever varying found,

[4] The cows often feed on the *alga marina*, and they can distinguish exactly the tide of ebb from the tide of flood, though, at the same time, they are not within view of the shore. When the tide has ebbed about two hours, then they steer their course directly to the nearest shore, in their usual order, one after another. I had occasion to make this observation thirteen times in one week. Martin's Western Isles of Scotland, p. 156.

As yon pale planet wheels from day to day
Her course inconstant, their sure instinct feels,
Intelligent of times; by Heaven's own hand,
To all its creatures equal in its care,
Unerring mov'd. These signs observ'd, that guide
To labour and repose a simple race,
These native signs to due repast at noon,
Frugal and plain, had warn'd the temperate isle,
All but Aurelius: he, unhappy man!
By Nature's voice solicited in vain,
Nor hour observ'd, nor due repast partook.
The child no more! the mother's fate untold!
Both in black prospect rising to his eye—
'Twas anguish there; 'twas here distracting doubt!
Yet after long and painful conflict borne,
Where nature, reason, oft the doubtful scale
Inclin'd alternate, summoning each aid
That virtue lends, and o'er each thought infirm
Superior rising, in the might of Him
Who strength from weakness, as from darkness light,
Omnipotent can draw, again resign'd,
Again he sacrific'd to Heaven's high will
Each soothing weakness of a parent's breast,
The sigh soft memory prompts, the tender tear,
That streaming o'er an object lov'd and lost,
With mournful magic tortures and delights;
Relieves us, while its sweet oppression loads,
And by admitting, blunts the sting of woe.
As reason thus the mental storm seren'd,
And through the darkness shot her sun-bright ray
That strengthens while it cheers, behold from far
Amyntor slow approaching! on his front
O'er each sunk feature sorrow had diffus'd
Attraction sweetly sad: his noble port,

Majestic in distress, Aurelius mark'd,
And, unresisting, felt his bosom flow
With social softness. Straight before the door
Of his moss-silver'd cell they sat them down
In counterview; and thus the youth began:—
'With patient ear, with calm attention, mark
Amyntor's story; then, as Justice sees,
On either hand her equal balance weigh,
Absolve him or condemn—But, oh! may I
A father's name, when truth forbids to praise,
Unblam'd pronounce? that name to every son
By Heaven made sacred, and by Nature's hand,
With honour, duty, love, her triple pale,
Fenc'd strongly round, to bar the rude approach
Of each irreverent thought.—These eyes, alas!
The curs'd effects of sanguinary zeal
Too near beheld, its madness how extreme,
How blind its fury, by the prompting priest,
Each tyrant's ready instrument of ill,
Train'd on to holy mischief: scene abhor'd!
Fell Cruelty, let loose in Mercy's name;
Intolerance, while o'er the free-born mind
Her heaviest chains were cast, her iron-scourge
Severest hung; yet daring to appeal
That Power whose law is meekness, and for deeds
That outrage Heaven belying Heaven's command.
'Flexile of will, misjudging, though sincere,
Rolando caught the spread infection, plung'd
Implicit into guilt, and headlong urg'd
His course unjust to violence and rage;
Unmanly rage! when nor the charm divine
Of beauty, nor the matron's sacred age,
Secure from wrongs could innocence secure,
Found reverence or distinction: yet sustain'd

By conscious worth within, the matchless pair
Their threatening fate, imprisonment, and scorn
And death denounc'd, unshrinking, unsubdued
To murmur or complaint, superior bore,
What patient hope, with fortitude resign'd,
Not built on pride, not courting vain applause;
But calmly constant, without effort great,
What reason dictates, and what Heaven approves.
'But how proceed, Aurelius?—in what sounds
Of gracious cadence, of assuasive pow'r,
My further story clothe? O could I steal
From Harmony her softest-warbled strain
Of melting air, or Zephyr's vernal voice,
Or Philomela's song, when love dissolves
To liquid blandishment his evening-lay,
All nature smiling round! then might I speak;
Then might Amyntor, unoffending, tell
How unperceiv'd and secret through his breast,
As morning rises o'er the midnight-shade,
What first was ow'd humanity to both,
Assisting piety and tender thought,
Grew swift and silent into love for one;
My sole offence—if love can then offend,
When virtue lights and reverence guards its flame.
'O Theodora! who thy world of charms,
That soul of sweetness, that soft glow of youth,
Warm on thy cheek, and beaming from thine eye,
Unmov'd could see? that dignity of ease,
That grace of air, by happy nature thine!
For all in thee was native; from within
Spontaneous flowing, as some equal stream
From its unfailing source! and then, too, seen
In milder lights; by Sorrow's shading hand
Touch'd into power more exquisitely soft,

By tears adorn'd, intender'd by distress.
O sweetness without name! when Love looks on
With Pity's melting eye, that to the soul
Endears, ennobles, her whom Fate afflicts,
Or Fortune leaves unhappy! passion then
Refines to virtue; then a purer train
Of Heaven-inspir'd emotions, undebas'd
By self-regard, or thought of due return,
The breast expanding, all its powers exalt
To emulate what reason best conceives
Of love celestial, whose prevenient aid
Forbids approaching ill, or gracious draws,
When the lone heart with anguish inly bleeds,
From pain its sting, its bitterness from woe!
'By this plain courtship of the honest heart
To pity mov'd, at length my pleaded vows
The gentle maid with unreluctant ear
Would oft admit; would oft endearing crown
With smiles of kind assent; with looks that spoke,
In blushing softness, her chaste bosom touch'd
To mutual love. O Fortune's fairest hour!
O seen, but not enjoy'd; just hail'd and lost
Its flattering brightness! Theodora's form,
Event unfear'd! had caught Rolando's eye;
And Love, if wild Desire, of Fancy born,
By furious passions nurs'd, that sacred name
Profanes not; Love, his stubborn breast dissolv'd
To transient goodness.—But my thought shrinks
Reluctant to proceed; and filial awe, [back,
With pious hand, would o'er a parent's crime
The veil of silence and oblivious night
Permitted throw. His impious suit repell'd,
Awed from her eye, and from her lip severe
Dash'd with indignant scorn each harbour'd thought

Of soft emotion or of social sense,
Love, pity, kindness, alien to a soul
That bigot-rage imbosoms, fled at once,
And all the savage reassum'd his breast.
" 'Tis just, (he cried) who thus invites disdain,
Deserves repulse; he who, by slave-like arts,
Would meanly steal what force may nobler take,
And, greatly daring, dignify the deed.
When next we meet, our mutual blush to spare,
Thine from dissembling, from base flattery mine,
Shall be my care."—This threat, by brutal scorn
Keen'd and imbitter'd, terrible to both,
To one prov'd fatal. Silent-wasting grief,
The mortal worm that on Emilia's frame
Had prey'd unseen, now deep through all her pow'rs
Its poison spread, and kill'd their vital growth.
Sickening, she sunk beneath this double weight
Of shame and horror.—Dare I yet proceed?—
Aurelius! O most injur'd of mankind!
Shall yet my tale, exasperating, add
To woe new anguish? and to grief despair——
She is no more——'
' O Providence severe!'
Aurelius smote his breast, and groaning cried;
But curb'd a second groan, repell'd the voice
Of froward grief, and to the Will Supreme,
In justice awful, lowly bending his,
Nor sigh, nor murmur, nor repining plaint,
By all the war of nature though assail'd,
Escap'd his lips—' What! shall we from Heaven's [grace
With life receiving happiness, our share
Of ill refuse? and are afflictions aught
But mercies in disguise? the' alternate cup,
Medicinal though bitter, and prepar'd

By Love's own hand for salutary ends.
But, were they ills indeed, can fond Complaint
Arrest the wing of Time? Can Grief command
This noon-day sun to roll his flaming orb
Back to yon eastern coast, and bring again
The hours of yesterday? or from the womb
Of that unsounded deep, the buried corse
To light and life restore? Bless'd pair! farewell!
Yet, yet a few short days of erring grief,
Of human fondness sighing in the breast,
And sorrow is no more.—Now, gentle youth!
And let me call thee Son, (for, O! that name
Thy faith, thy friendship, thy true portion borne
Of pains for me too sadly have deserv'd)
On with thy tale: 'tis mine, when Heaven afflicts,
To hearken and adore.'—The patient man
Thus spoke; Amyntor thus his story clos'd:
'As dumb with anguish round the bed of death
Weeping we knelt, to mine she faintly rais'd
Her closing eyes, then fixing, in cold gaze,
On Theodora's face—" O save my child!"
She said; and, shrinking from her pillow, slept
Without a groan, a pang. In hallow'd earth
I saw her shrouded; bade eternal peace
Her shade receive; and with the truest tears
Affection ever wept, her dust bedew'd.
'What then remain'd for honour or for love?
What, but that scene of violence to fly,
With guilt profan'd, and terrible with death,
Rolando's fatal roof. Late at the hour,
When shade and silence o'er this nether orb
With drowsiest influence reign, the waning moon
Ascending mournful in the midnight sphere,
On that drear spot within whose cavern'd womb
Emilia sleeps, and by the turf that veils

Her honour'd clay, alone and kneeling there
I found my Theodora! thrill'd with awe,
With sacred terror, which the time, the place,
Pour'd on us, sadly-solemn, I too bent
My trembling knee, and lock'd in her's my hand,
Across her parent's grave :—" By this dread scene!
By night's pale regent! by yon glorious train
Of ever-moving fires that round her burn!
By Death's dark empire! by the sheeted dust
That once was man, now mouldering here below!
But chief by her's, at whose nocturnal tomb
Reverent we kneel! and by her nobler part,
The' unbody'd spirit hovering near, perhaps
As witness to our vows! nor time, nor chance,
Nor aught but Death's inevitable hand,
Shall e'er divide our loves."—I led her thence,
To where, safe station'd in a secret bay,
Rough of descent, and brown with pendent pines
That murmur'd to the gale, our bark was moor'd.
We sail'd—But. O my father! can I speak
What yet remains? yon ocean, black with storm!
Its useless sails rent from the groaning pine!
The speechless crew aghast! and that lost Fair!
Still, still I see her! feel her heart pant thick!
And hear her voice, in ardent vows to Heav'n
For me alone prefer'd; as on my arm
Expiring, sinking, with her fears she hung!
I kiss'd her pale cold cheek! with tears adjur'd,
And won at last, with sums of proffer'd gold,
The boldest mariners this precious charge
Instant to save, and in the skiff secur'd,
Their oars across the foamy flood to ply
With unremitting arm. I then prepar'd
To follow her.—That moment from the deck
A sea swell'd o'er, and plung'd me in the gulf;

Nor me alone; its broad and billowing sweep
Must have involv'd her too. Mysterious Heav'n!
My fatal love on her devoted head
Drew down—it must be so!—the judgment due
To me and mine; or was Amyntor sav'd
For its whole quiver of remaining wrath?
For storms more fierce? for pains of sharper sting?
And years of death to come?'—Nor further voice
Nor flowing tear his high-wrought grief supplied;
With arms outspread, with eyes in hopeless gaze
To Heaven uplifted, motionless and mute
He stood, the mournful semblance of Despair.
The lamp of day, though from mid-noon declin'd,
Still flaming with full ardour, shot on earth
Oppressive brightness round, till in soft steam,
From Ocean's bosom his light vapours drawn,
With grateful intervention o'er the sky
Their veil diffusive spread, the scene abroad
Soft-shadowing vale and plain and dazzling hill.
Aurelius with his guest the western cliff
Ascending slow, beneath its marble roof,
From whence in double stream a lucid source
Roll'd sounding forth, and where with dewy wing
Fresh breezes play'd, sought refuge and repose,
Till cooler hours arise. The subject-isle
Her village-capital, where Health and Peace
Are tutelary gods, her small domain
Of arable and pasture, vein'd with streams
That branching bear refreshful moisture on
To field and mead; her straw-roof'd temple rude,
Where Piety, not Pride, adoring kneels,
Lay full in view: from scene to scene around
Aurelius gaz'd, and, sighing, thus began:—

'Not we alone; alas! in every clime
The human race are sons of sorrow born;
Heirs of transmitted labour and disease,
Of pain and grief, from sire to son deriv'd,
All have their mournful portion; all must bear
The' impos'd condition of their mortal state,
Vicissitude of suffering! Cast thine eye
Where yonder vale, Amyntor, sloping spreads
Full to the noon-tide beam its primrose lap,
From hence due east.' Amyntor look'd, and saw,
Not without wonder at a sight so strange,
Where thrice three females, earnest each and arm'd
With rural instruments, the soil prepar'd
For future harvest. These the trenchant spade,
To turn the mould and break the' adhesive clods,
Employ'd assiduous; those, with equal pace,
And arm alternate, strew'd its fresh lap white
With fruitful Ceres; while, in train behind,
Three more the' incumbent harrow heavy on
O'er-labour'd drew, and clos'd the toilsome task.
'Behold! (Aurelius thus his speech renew'd)
From that soft sex, too delicately fram'd
For toils like these, the task of rougher man,
What yet necessity demands severe.
Twelve suns have purpled these encircling hills
With orient beams, as many nights along
Their dewy summits drawn the' alternate veil
Of darkness, since, in unpropitious hour,
The husbands of those widow'd mates, who now
For both must labour, launch'd, in quest of food,
Their island-skiff adventurous on the deep:
Them, while the sweeping net secure they plung'd
The finny race to snare, whose foodful shoals

Each creek and bay innumerable crowd,
As annual on from shore to shore they move
In watry caravan; them, thus intent,
Dark from the south a gust of furious wind,
Upspringing, drove to sea, and left in tears
This little world of brothers and of friends!
But when, at evening-hour, disjointed planks,
Borne on the surging tide, and broken oars,
To sight, with fatal certainty, reveal'd
The wreck before surmis'd, one general groan
To Heaven ascending, spoke the general breast
With sharpest anguish pierc'd. Their ceaseless plaint,
Through these hoarse rocks on this resounding shore,
At morn was heard; at midnight, too, were seen;
Disconsolate on each chill mountain's height
The mourners spread, exploring land and sea
With eager gaze—till from yon lesser isle,
Yon round of moss-clad hills, Borera nam'd—
Full north, behold! above the soaring lark
Its dizzy cliffs aspire, hung round and white
With curling mists:—at last from yon hoar hills,
Inflaming the brown air with sudden blaze
And ruddy undulation, thrice three fires,
Like meteors waving in a moonless sky,
(Our eyes, yet unbelieving, saw distinct,)
Successive kindled, and from night to night
Renew'd continuous. Joy, with wild excess,
Took her gay turn to reign; and Nature now
From rapture wept; yet ever and anon
By sad conjecture damp'd, and anxious thought
How from yon rocky prison to release
Whom the deep sea immures (their only boat
Destroy'd) and whom the' inevitable siege
Of hunger must assault. But hope sustains

The human heart; and now their faithful wives,
With love-taught skill and vigour not their own,
On yonder field the' autumnal year prepare [5].'
  Amyntor, who the tale distressful heard
With sympathizing sorrow, on himself,
On his severer fate, now pondering deep,
Rapt by sad thought, the hill unheeding left,
And reach'd, with swerving step, the distant strand.
Above, around, in cloudy circles wheel'd,
Or sailing level on the polar gale
That cool with evening rose, a thousand wings,
The summer nations of these pregnant cliffs,
Play'd sportive round, and to the sun outspread
Their various plumage, or in wild notes hail'd
His parent-beam that animates and cheers
All living kinds: he, glorious from amidst
A pomp of golden clouds, the' Atlantic flood
Beheld oblique, and o'er its azure breast
Wav'd one unbounded blush; a scene to strike
Both ear and eye with wonder and delight!
But, lost to outward sense, Amyntor pass'd
Regardless on, through other walks convey'd
Of baleful prospect, which pale Fancy rais'd
Incessant to herself, and sabled o'er
With darkest night, meet region for despair!
Till northward, where the rock its sea-wash'd base
Projects athwart and shuts the bounded scene,
Rounding its point, he rais'd his eyes and saw,
At distance saw, descending on the shore,
Forth from their anchor'd boat, of men unknown

[5] The Author who relates this story adds, that the produce of grain that season was the most plentiful they had seen for many years before. Vide Martin's Description of the Western Isles of Scotland, p. 286.

A double band, who by their gestures strange
There fix'd him wondering; for at once they knelt,
With hands upheld; at once to Heaven, as seem'd,
One general hymn pour'd forth of vocal praise;
Then slowly rising, forward mov'd their steps:
Slow as they mov'd, behold! amid the train,
On either side supported, onward came
Pale, and of piteous look, a pensive maid,
As one by wasting sickness sore assail'd,
Or plung'd in grief profound—'Oh! all ye Powers!'
Amyntor, startling, cried; and shot his soul
In rapid glance before him on her face:
'Illusion! no—it cannot be. My blood
Runs chill; my feet are rooted here—and, see!
To mock my hopes, it wears her gracious form.
The spirits who this ocean waste and wild
Still hover round, or walk these isles unseen,
Presenting oft in pictur'd vision strange
The dead or absent, have yon shape adorn'd,
So like my love, of unsubstantial air,
Embodied, featur'd, it with all her charms—
And, lo! behold! its eyes are fix'd on mine
With gaze transported—Ha! she faints, she falls!'
He ran, he flew: his clasping arms receiv'd
Her sinking weight—'O earth, and air, and sea!
'Tis she! 'tis Theodora! Power divine,
Whose goodness knows no bound, thy hand is here,
Omnipotent in mercy!'—As he spoke,
Adown his cheek, through shivering joy and doubt,
The tear fast-falling stream'd. 'My love! my life!
Soul of my wishes! sav'd beyond all faith!
Return to life and me. O fly, my friends,
Fly, and from yon translucent fountain bring
The living stream. Thou dearer to my soul

Than all the sumless wealth this sea entombs,
My Theodora! yet awake: 'tis I,
'Tis poor Amyntor calls thee!'—At that name,
That potent name, her spirit from the verge
Of death recall'd, she, trembling, rais'd her eyes;
Trembling, his neck with eager grasp entwin'd,
And murmur'd out his name, then sunk again;
Then swoon'd upon his bosom through excess
Of bliss unhop'd, too mighty for her frame.
The rosebud thus, that to the beam serene
Of morning, glad unfolds her tender charms,
Shrinks and expires beneath the noon-day blaze.
Moments of dread suspense—but soon to cease!
For now, while on her face these men unknown
The stream, with cool aspersion, busy cast,
His eyes beheld, with wonder and amaze,
Beheld in them—his friends! the' adventrous few,
Who bore her to the skiff! whose daring skill
Had sav'd her from the deep! As o'er her cheek
Rekindling life, like morn, its light diffus'd
In dawning purple, from their lips he learn'd
How to yon isle, yon round of moss-clad hills,
Borera nam'd, before the tempest borne,
These islanders, thrice three, then prison'd there,
(So Heaven ordain'd) with utmost peril run,
With toil invincible, from shelve and rock
Their boat preserv'd, and to this happy coast
Its prow directed safe—He heard no more;
The rest already known, his every sense,
His full-collected soul, on her alone
Was fix'd, was hung enraptur'd, while these sounds,
This voice, as of an angel, pierc'd his ear:
'Amyntor! O my life's recover'd hope!
My soul's despair and rapture!—can this be?

Am I on earth? and do these arms indeed
Thy real form infold? Thou dreadful deep!
Ye shores unknown! ye wild-impending hills!
Dare I yet trust my sense?—O yes, 'tis He!
'Tis he himself! My eyes, my bounding heart,
Confess their living lord!—What shall I say?
How vent the boundless transport that expands
My labouring thought? the' unutterable bliss,
Joy, wonder, gratitude, that pain to death
The breast they charm?—Amyntor, O support
This swimming brain; I would not now be torn
Again from life and thee, nor cause thy heart
A second pang.'—At this dilated high
The swell of joy, most fatal where its force
Is felt most exquisite, a timely vent
Now found, and broke in tender dews away
Of heart-relieving tears. As o'er its charge,
With sheltering wing, solicitously good,
The guardian-genius hovers; so the youth,
On her lov'd face assiduous and alarm'd,
In silent fondness dwelt, while all his soul
With trembling tenderness of hope and fear
Pleasingly pain'd, was all employ'd for her;
The rous'd emotions warring in her breast,
Attempering, to compose, and gradual fit
For further joy her soft impressive frame.

'O happy! though as yet thou know'st not half
The bliss that waits thee! but, thou gentlest mind,
Whose sigh is pity, and whose smile is love,
For all who joy or sorrow; arm thy breast
With that best temperance, which from fond excess,
When rapture lifts to dangerous height its pow'rs,
Reflective guards. Know then—and let calm thought

On wonder wait—safe refug'd in this isle,
Thy godlike father lives! and, lo!—but curb,
Repress the transport that o'erheaves thy heart;
'Tis he—look yonder—he, whose reverend steps
The mountain's side descend!'—Abrupt from his
Her hand she drew, and, as on wings upborne,
Shot o'er the space between. He saw, he knew,
Astonish'd knew, before him, on her knee,
His Theodora! To his arms he rais'd
The lost lov'd fair, and in his bosom press'd.
'My father!'—'O my child!' at once they cried:
Nor more: the rest ecstatic silence spoke,
And Nature from her inmost seat of sense
Beyond all utterance mov'd. On this bless'd scene,
Where emulous in either bosom strove
Adoring gratitude, earth, ocean, air,
Around with softening aspect seem'd to smile,
And Heaven, approving, look'd delighted down.
Nor theirs alone this blissful hour; the joy,
With instant flow, from shore to shore along
Diffusive ran, and all the' exulting isle
About the new-arriv'd was pour'd abroad,
To hope long lost, by miracle regain'd!
In each plain bosom Love and Nature wept;
While each a sire, a husband, or a friend,
Embracing held and kiss'd.
Now, while the song,
The choral hymn, in wildly-warbled notes,
What Nature dictates when the full heart prompts,
Best harmony, their grateful souls effus'd
Aloud to Heaven! Montano, reverend seer,
(Whose eye prophetic far through time's abyss
Could shoot its beam, and there the births of Fate,
Yet immature and in their causes hid,

Illumin'd see) a space abstracted stood;
His frame with shivery horror stirr'd, his eyes
From outward vision held, and all the man
Entranc'd in wonder at the' unfolding scene,
On fluid air, as in a mirror seen,
And glowing radiant, to his mental sight.
'They fly! (he cried) they melt in air away,
The clouds that long fair Albion's heaven o'ercast!
With tempest delug'd, or with flame devour'd,
Her drooping plains; while, dawning rosy round,
A purer morning lights up all her skies!
He comes, behold! the great deliverer comes!
Immortal William! borne triumphant on,
From yonder orient, o'er propitious seas,
White with the sails of his unnumber'd fleet,
A floating forest, stretch'd from shore to shore!
See! with spread wing Britannia's genius flies
Before his prow, commands the speeding gales
To waft him on, and o'er the hero's head,
Inwreath'd with olive, bears the laurel-crown;
Bless'd emblem, peace with liberty restor'd!
And hark! from either strand, which nations hide,
To welcome in true freedom's day renew'd,
What thunders of acclaim!—Aurelius! man
By Heaven belov'd, thou, too, that sacred sun
Shalt live to hail; shalt warm thee in his shrine!
I see thee on the flowery lap diffus'd
Of thy lov'd vale, amid a smiling race
From this bless'd pair to spring; whom equal faith,
And equal fondness, in soft league shall hold
From youth to reverend age, the calmer hours
Of thy last day to sweeten and adorn,
Through life thy comfort, and in death thy crown!

WILLIAM AND MARGARET.

'Twas at the silent solemn hour
When night and morning meet,
In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

Her face was like an April-morn
Clad in a wintry cloud,
And clay-cold was her lily hand
That held her sable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear,
When youth and years are flown;
Such is the robe that kings must wear,
When Death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flow'r
That sips the silver dew;
The rose was budded in her cheek,
Just opening to the view.

But Love had, like the canker-worm,
Consum'd her early prime:
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek;
She died before her time.

'Awake! (she cried) thy true love calls,
Come from her midnight grave;
Now let thy pity hear the maid
Thy love refus'd to save.

'This is the dumb and dreary hour
When injur'd ghosts complain,
When yawning graves give up their dead
To haunt the faithless swain.

'Bethink thee, William! of thy fault,
Thy pledge and broken oath;
And give me back my maiden-vow,
And give me back my troth.

'Why did you promise love to me,
And not that promise keep?
Why did you swear my eyes were bright,
Yet leave those eyes to weep?

'How could you say my face was fair,
And yet that face forsake?
How could you win my virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break?

'Why did you say my lip was sweet,
And made the scarlet pale?
And why did I, young witless maid!
Believe the flattering tale?

'That face, alas! no more is fair,
Those lips no longer red:
Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,
And every charm is fled.

'The hungry worm my sister is;
This winding-sheet I wear;
And cold and weary lasts our night,
Till that last morn appear.

'But, hark! the cock has warn'd me hence;
A long and late adieu!—
Come see, false man! how low she lies
Who died for love of you.'

The lark sung loud, the morning smil'd
With beams of rosy red;
Pale William quak'd in every limb,
And, raving, left his bed.

He hied him to the fatal place
Where Margaret's body lay,
And stretch'd him on the green-grass turf
That wrapt her breathless clay.

And thrice he call'd on Margaret's name,
And thrice he wept full sore;
Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,
And word spoke never more[1]!

[1] In a comedy of Fletcher, called 'The Knight of the Burning Pestle,' old Merrythought enters, repeating the following verses:

When it was grown to dark midnight,
And all were fast asleep,
In came Margaret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

This was, probably, the beginning of some ballad commonly known at the time when that author wrote: and is all of it, I believe, that is any where to be met with. These lines, naked of ornament, and simple as they are, struck my fancy; and, bringing fresh into my mind an unhappy adventure much talked of formerly, gave birth to the foregoing Poem. MALLET.

EDWIN AND EMMA[1].

Mark it, Cesario, it is true and plain;
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
Do use to chant it: it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age. SHAKSP. *Twelfth Night.*

FAR in the windings of a vale,
Fast by a sheltering wood,
The safe retreat of Health and Peace,
An humble cottage stood:

[1] *Extract of a letter from the Curate of Bowes, in Yorkshire, on the subject of this poem, to Mr. Copperthwaite, at Marrick.*

'Worthy Sir,

'As to the affair mentioned in your's, it happened long before my time: I have therefore been obliged to consult my clerk, and another person in the neighbourhood, for the truth of that melancholy event. The history of it is as follows.—The family-name of the young man was Wrightson, of the young maiden Railton. They were both much of the same age, that is, growing up to twenty. In their birth was no disparity; but in fortune, alas! she was his inferior. His father, a hard old man, who had by his toil acquired a handsome competency, expected and required that his son should marry suitably; but as *amor vincit omnia*, his heart was unalterably fixed on the pretty young creature already named. Their courtship, which was all by stealth, unknown to the family, continued about a year: when it was found out, old Wrightson, his wife, and particularly their crooked daughter Hannah, flouted at the maiden, and treated her with notable contempt, for they held it as a maxim, and a rustic one it is, 'that blood was nothing without groats.' The young lover sickened, and took to his bed about Shrove-

There beauteous Emma flourish'd fair
Beneath a mother's eye,
Whose only wish on earth was now
To see her bless'd and die.

The softest blush that Nature spreads,
Gave colour to her cheek;
Such orient colour smiles through Heav'n
When vernal mornings break.

Nor let the pride of great ones scorn
This charmer of the plains;
That sun which bids their diamond blaze,
To paint our lily deigns.

Long had she fill'd each youth with love,
Each maiden with despair,
And though by all a wonder own'd,
Yet knew not she was fair;

Tuesday, and died the Sunday se'nnight after. On the last day of his illness he desired to see his mistress: she was civilly received by the mother, who bid her welcome—when is was too late: but her daughter Hannah lay at his back, to cut them off from all opportunity of exchanging their thoughts. At her return home, on hearing the bell toll out for his departure, she screamed aloud that her heart was burst, and expired some moments after. The then curate of Bowes* inserted it in his register that they both died of love, and were buried in the same grave, March 15, 1714.

'I am,
'Dear Sir,
'Your's,' &c.

* Bowes is a small village in Yorkshire, where, in former times, the Earls of Richmond had a castle. It stands on the edge of tha vast and mountainous tract named by the neighbouring people *Stanemore*, which is always exposed to wind and weather, desolate and solitary throughout. CAMD. BRIT.

Till Edwin came, the pride of swains!
A soul devoid of art,
And from whose eyes, serenely mild,
Shone forth the feeling heart.

A mutual flame was quickly caught,
Was quickly too reveal'd;
For neither bosom lodg'd a wish,
That virtue keeps conceal'd.

What happy hours of home-felt bliss
Did love on both bestow!
But bliss too mighty long to last,
Where Fortune proves a foe.

His sister, who, like Envy form'd,
Like her in mischief joy'd,
To work them harm, with wicked skill
Each darker art employ'd:

The father too, a sordid man!
Who love nor pity knew,
Was all-unfeeling as the clod
From whence his riches grew.

Long had he seen their secret flame,
And seen it long unmov'd,
Then, with a father's frown, at last
Had sternly disapprov'd.

In Edwin's gentle heart a war
Of differing passions strove;
His heart, that durst not disobey,
Yet could not cease to love.

Denied her sight, he oft behind
The spreading hawthorn crept,
To snatch a glance, to mark the spot
Where Emma walk'd and wept.

Oft, too, on Stanemore's wintry's waste,
Beneath the moonlight-shade,
In sighs to pour his soften'd soul,
The midnight mourner stray'd.

His cheek, where health with beauty glow'd,
A deadly pale o'ercast;
So fades the fresh rose in its prime,
Before the northern blast.

The parents now, with late remorse,
Hung o'er his dying bed,
And wearied Heaven with fruitless vows,
And fruitless sorrow shed.

'Tis past, (he cried)—but if your souls
Sweet mercy yet can move,
Let these dim eyes once more behold
What they must ever love.'

She came; his cold hand softly touch'd,
And bathed with many a tear:
Fast falling o'er the primrose pale
So morning dews appear.

But oh! his sister's jealous care,
A cruel sister she!
Forbade what Emma came to say,—
'My Edwin! live for me.'

Now homeward as she hopeless wept
The church-yard path along,
The blast blew cold, the dark owl scream'd
Her lover's funeral song.

Amid the falling gloom of night
Her startling fancy found
In every bush his hovering shade,
His groan in every sound.

Alone, appall'd, thus had she pass'd
The visionary vale—
When, lo! the death-bell smote her ear,
Sad sounding in the gale.

Just then she reach'd, with trembling step,
Her aged mother's door—
'He's gone! (she cried) and I shall see
That angel-face no more!

'I feel, I feel this breaking heart
Beat high against my side—'
From her white arm down sunk her head;
She shivering sigh'd, and died.

THE EXCURSION[1].

IN TWO CANTOS.

CONTENTS.

CANTO I.

Invocation, addressed to Fancy. Subject proposed. A short excursive survey of the earth and heavens, The poem opens with a description of the face of Nature in the different scenes of morning, sun-rise, noon, with a thunder-storm, evening, night, and a particular night piece, with the character of a friend deceased. With the return of morning, Fancy continues her excursion; first northward—a view of the Arctic continent and the deserts of Tartary—from thence southward, a general prospect of the globe, followed by another of the midland part of Europe, suppose Italy. A city there upon the point of being swallowed up by an earthquake: signs that usher it in: described in its causes and effects, at length—Eruption of a burning mountain, happening at the same time and from the same causes, likewise described.

CANTO II.

Contains, on the same plan, a survey of the solar system and of the fixed stars.

CANTO I.

COMPANION of the Muse, creative power,
Imagination! at whose great command

[1] This Poem is among the Author's earliest performances. Whether the writing may, in some degree, atone for the irregularity of the composition, (which he confesses, and does not even attempt to excuse,) is submitted entirely to the candour of the reader.

Arise unnumber'd images of things,
Thy hourly offspring; thou who canst at will
People with air-born shapes the silent wood
And solitary vale, thy own domain,
Where Contemplation haunts; oh! come, invok'd,
To waft me on thy many-tinctur'd wing
O'er earth's extended space; and thence, on high,
Spread to superior worlds thy bolder flight,
Excursive, unconfin'd: hence from the haunts
Of vice and folly, vanity and man.—
To yon expanse of plains where Truth delights,
Simple of heart, and hand in hand with her
Where blameless Virtue walks. Now parting Spring,
Parent of beauty and of song, has left
His mantle, flower-embroider'd, on the ground,
While Summer laughing comes, and bids the Months
Crown his prime season with their choicest stores,
Fresh roses opening to the solar ray,
And fruits slow-swelling on the loaded bough.
Here let me frequent roam, preventing morn,
Attentive to the cock, whose early throat,
Heard from the distant village in the vale,
Crows cheerly out, far-sounding through the gloom:
Night hears from where, wide-hovering in mid-sky,
She rules the sable hour, and calls her train
Of visionary fears, the shrouded ghost,
The dream distressful, and the' incumbent hag,
That rise to Fancy's eye in horrid forms,
While Reason slumbering lies: at once they fly,
As shadows pass, nor is their path beheld.
And now, pale-glimmering on the verge of heaven,
From east to north, in doubtful twilight seen,
A whitening lustre shoots its tender beam,
While shade and silence yet involve the ball:

Now sacred Morn, ascending, smiles serene
A dewy radiance, brightening o'er the world:
Gay daughter of the Air, for ever young,
For ever pleasing, lo! she onward comes,
In fluid gold and azure loose-array'd,
Sun-tinctur'd, changeful hues: at her approach,
The western grey of yonder breaking clouds
Slow-reddens into flame; the rising mists,
From off the mountain's brow, roll blue away
In curling spires, and open all his woods,
High waving in the sky; the' uncolour'd stream
Beneath her glowing ray translucent shines:
Glad Nature feels her through her boundless realm
Of life and sense, and calls forth all her sweets,
Fragrance and song: from each unfolding flower
Transpires the balm of life that Zephyr wafts,
Delicious, on his rosy wing: each bird,
Or high in air or secret in the shade,
Rejoicing, warbles wild his matin hymn;
While beasts of chase, by secret instinct mov'd,
Scud o'er the lawns, and, plunging into night,
In brake or cavern slumber out the day.
  Invited by the cheerful Morn abroad,
See, from his humble roof the good man comes
To taste her freshness, and improve her rise
In holy musing: rapture in his eye
And kneeling wonder speak his silent soul
With gratitude o'erflowing, and with praise.
  Now Industry is up: the village pours
Her useful sons abroad to various toil;
The labourer here with every instrument
Of future plenty arm'd; and there the swain,
A rural king amid his subject flocks,
Whose bleatings wake the vocal hills afar.

The traveller, too, pursues his early road
Among the dews of morn. Aurora calls,
And all the living landscape moves around.
  But see, the flush'd horizon flames intense
With vivid red, in rich profusion stream'd
O'er Heaven's pure arch. At once the clouds assume
Their gayest liveries; these with silvery beams
Fring'd lovely, splendid those in liquid gold, [hold!
And speak their sovereign's state. He comes; be-
Fountain of light and colour, warmth and life!
The king of Glory!—round his head divine
Diffusive showers of radiance circling flow,
As o'er the Indian wave up rising fair,
He looks abroad on Nature; and invests,
Where'er his universal eye surveys,
Her ample bosom, earth, air, sea and sky,
In one bright robe with heavenly tinctures gay.
  From this hoar hill, that climbs above the plain
Half-way up Heaven ambitious, br wn with woods
Of broadest shade, and terrac'd round with walks
Winding and wild, that deep embowering rise,
Maze above maze, through all its shelter'd height;
From hence the' aërial concave without cloud,
Translucent, and in purest azure dress'd;
The boundless scene beneath hill, dale, and plain;
The precipice abrupt; the distant deep,
Whose shores remurmur to the sounding surge;
The nearest forest in wide circuit spread;
Solemn recess! whose solitary walks
Fair Truth and Wisdom love. the bordering lawn,
With flocks and herds enrich'd; the daisied vale;
The river's crystal, and the meadow's green—
Grateful diversity! allure the eye
Abroad, to rove amid ten thousand charms.

These scenes, where every Virtue, every Muse,
Delighted range, serene the soul; and lift,
Borne on Devotion's wing, beyond the pole,
To highest Heaven, her thought; to Nature's GOD,
First source of all things lovely, all things good,
Eternal, infinite! before whose throne
Sits sovereign Bounty, and through Heaven and earth
Careless diffuses plenitude of bliss:
Him all things own; he speaks, and it is day:
Obedient to his nod, alternate Night
Obscures the world: the Seasons at his call
Succeed in train, and lead the Year around.
While reason thus and rapture fill the heart,
Friends of mankind, good angels, hovering near,
Their holy influence, deep-infusing, lend;
And in still whispers, soft as Zephyr's breath
When scarce the green leaf trembles, through her [pow'rs
Inspire new vigour, purer light supply,
And kindle every virtue into flame.
Celestial intercourse! superior bliss,
Which Vice ne'er knew! health of the' enliven'd soul,
And Heaven on earth begun! Thus, ever fix'd
In solitude, may I, obscurely safe,
Deceive mankind, and steal through life along,
As slides the foot of Time, unmark'd, unknown.
Exalted to his noon the fervent sun,
Full-blazing o'er the blue immense, burns out
With fierce effulgence. Now the' embowering maze
Of vale sequester'd, or the fir-crown'd side
Of airy mountain, whence with lucid lapse
Falls many a dew-fed stream, invites the step
Of musing poet, and secures repose
To weary pilgrim. In the flood of day,
Oppressive brightness deluging the world,

Sick Nature pants; and from the cleaving earth
Light vapours, undulating through the air,
Contagious fly, engendering dire disease,
Red plague and fever, or in fogs aloft
Condensing, show a ruffling tempest nigh.
And see, exhaling from the' Atlantic surge,
Wild world of waters! distant clouds ascend
In vapoury confluence, deepening cloud on cloud,
Then rolling dust along to east and north,
As the blast bears them on his humid wing,
Draw total night and tempest o'er the noon.
Lo! bird and beast, impress'd by Nature's hand,
In homeward-warnings through each feeling nerve
Haste, from the hour of terror and of storm.
The Thunder now, from forth his cloudy shrine,
Amid conflicting elements, where Dread
And Death attend, the servants of his nod,
First in deaf murmurs sounds the deep alarm,
Heard from afar, awakening awful thought.
Dumb sadness fills this nether world; the gloom
With double blackness lours; the tempest swells,
And expectation shakes the heart of man.
Where yonder clouds in dusky depth extend
Broad o'er the south, fermenting in their womb,
Pregnant with fate, the fiery tempest swells,
Sulphureous steam and nitrous, late exhal'd
From mine or unctuous soil; and, lo! at once,
Forth darted in slant stream, the ruddy flash,
Quick glancing, spreads a moment's horrid day.
Again it flames expansive, sheets the sky,
Wide and more wide, with mournful light around,
On all sides burning; now the face of things
Disclosing, swallow'd now in tenfold night.
Again the Thunder's voice, with pealing roar,

From cloud to cloud continuous roll'd along,
Amazing bursts! Air, sea, and shore, resound:
Horror sits shuddering in the felon-breast,
And feels the deathful flash before it flies:
Each sleeping sin, excited, starts to view,
And all is storm within. The murderer, pale
With conscious guilt, though hid in deepest shade,
Hears and flies wild, pursued by all his fears,
And sees the bleeding shadow of the slain
Rise hideous, glaring on him through the gloom.
Hark! through the' aërial vault the storm, inflam'd,
Comes nearer, hoarsely loud, abrupt and fierce,
Peal hurl'd on peal incessant, burst on burst;
Torn from its base, as if the general frame
Were tumbling into chaos—There it fell,
With whirlwind wing, in red diffusion flash'd:
Destruction marks its path. Yon riven oak
Is hid in smouldering fires; surpris'd beneath,
The traveller ill-omen'd prostrate falls,
A livid corse. Yon cottage flames to Heav'n,
And in its farthest cell, to which the hour,
All horrible, had sped their steps, behold!
The parent breathless lies, her orphan babes
Shuddering and speechless round—O Power divine!
Whose will, unerring, points the bolt of Fate,
Thy hand though terrible, shall man decide
If punishment or mercy dealt the blow?
Appeas'd at last, the tumult of the skies
Subsides, the thunder's falling roar is hush'd;
At once the clouds fly scattering, and the sun
Breaks out with boundless splendour o'er the world.
Parent of light and joy! to all things he
New life restores, and from each drooping field
Draws the redundant rain, in climbing mists

Fast-rising to his ray, till every flower
Lift up its head, and Nature smiles, reviv'd.
  At first 'tis awful silence over all,
From sense of late-felt danger; till confirm'd,
In grateful chorus mixing, beast and bird
Rejoice aloud to Heaven: on either hand
The woodlands warble, and the vallies lowe.
So pass the songful hours. And now the sun,
Declin'd, hangs verging on the western main,
Whose fluctuating bosom, blushing red,
The space of many seas beneath his eye,
Heaves in soft swellings murmuring to the shore:
A circling glory glows around his disk
Of milder beams; part, streaming o'er the sky,
Inflame the distant azure; part below
In level lines shoot through the waving wood,
Clad half in light and half in pleasing shade,
That lengthens o'er the lawn. Yon evening-clouds,
Lucid or dusk, with flamy purple edg'd,
Float in gay pomp the blue horizon round,
Amusive, changeful, shifting into shapes
Of visionary beauty, antique towers
With shadowy domes and pinnacles adorn'd,
Or hills of white extent, that rise and sink
As sportful Fancy lists; till late, the sun
From human eye behind earth's shading orb
Total withdrawn, the' aërial landscape fades.
  Distinction fails, and in the darkening west
The last light, quivering, dimly dies away.
And now the' illusive flame, oft seen at eve
Upborne and blazing on the light-wing'd gale,
Glides o'er the lawn, betokening Night's approach:
Arising awful o'er the eastern sky,
Onward she comes with silent step and slow.

In her brown mantle wrapt, and brings along
The still, the mild, the melancholy hour,
And Meditation, with his eye on Heaven!
  Musing, in sober mood, of time and life,
That fly with unreturning wing away
To that dark world, untravell'd and unknown,
Eternity! through desert ways I walk;
Or to the cypress-grove, at twilight shunn'd
By passing swains. The chill breeze murmurs low,
And the boughs rustle round me where I stand,
With fancy all arous'd.—Far on the left
Shoots up a shapeless rock of dusky height,
The raven's haunt; and down its woody steep
A dashing flood in headlong torrent hurls
His sounding waters; white on every cliff [gloom.
Hangs the light foam, and sparkles through the
  Behind me rises huge a reverend pile,
Sole on this blasted heath, a place of tombs,
Waste, desolate, where Ruin dreary dwells:
Brooding o'er sightless sculls and crumbling bones
Ghastful he sits, and eyes with stedfast glare
(Sad trophies of his power, where ivy twines
Its fatal green around) the falling roof,
The time-shook arch, the column grey with moss,
The leaning wall, the sculptur'd stone defac'd,
Whose monumental flattery, mix'd with dust,
Now hides the name it vainly meant to raise.
All is dread silence here, and undisturb'd;
Save what the wind sighs, and the wailing owl
Screams solitary to the mournful moon,
Glimmering her western ray through yonder aisle,
Where the sad spirit walks with shadowy foot
His wonted round, or lingers o'er his grave.
  Hail, midnight shades! hail, venerable dome!

By age more venerable; sacred shore,
Beyond Time's troubled sea, where never wave,
Where never wind of passion or of guilt,
Of suffering or of sorrow, shall invade
The calm sound night of those who rest below.
The weary are at peace; the small and great,
Life's voyage ended, meet and mingle here:
Here sleeps the prisoner safe, nor feels his chain,
Nor hears the' oppressor's voice. The poor and old,
With all the sons of Mourning, fearless now
Of want or woe, find unalarm'd repose.
Proud greatness, too, the tyranny of power,
The grace of beauty, and the force of youth,
And name and place, are here—for ever lost!
But, at near distance on the mouldering wall
Behold a monument, with emblem grac'd
And fair inscription, where with head declin'd,
And folded arms, the Virtues weeping round,
Lean o'er a beauteous youth who dies below.
Thyrsis—'tis he! the wisest and the best!
Lamented shade! whom every gift of Heav'n
Profusely bless'd; all learning was his own;
Pleasing his speech, by Nature taught to flow,
Persuasive sense and strong, sincere and clear:
His manners greatly plain: a noble grace,
Self-taught, beyond the reach of mimic Art,
Adorn'd him his calm temper winning mild;
Nor Pity softer, nor was Truth more bright:
Constant in doing well, he neither sought
Nor shun'd applause. No bashful merit sigh'd
Near him neglected; sympathizing, he
Wip'd off the tear from Sorrow's clouded eye
With kindly hand, and taught her heart to smile.
'Tis morning, and the Sun his welcome light
Swift, from beyond dark ocean's orient stream,

Casts through the air, renewing Nature's face
With heaven-born beauty: o'er her ample breast,
O'er sea and shore, light Fancy speeds along,
Quick as the darted beam from pole to pole,
Excursive traveller. Now beneath the north,
Alone with Winter in his inmost realm,
Region of horrors! here amid the roar
Of winds and waves, the drifted turbulence
Of hail-mix'd snows, resides the' ungenial pow'r,
For ever silent, shivering and forlorn!
From Zembla's cliffs on to the streights surmis'd
Of Anian eastward, where both worlds oppose
Their shores contiguous, lies the polar sea,
One glittering waste of ice, and on the morn
Casts cold a cheerless light. Lo! hills of snow,
Hill behind hill, and alp on alp, ascend,
Pil'd up from eldest age, and to the sun
Impenetrable; rising from afar
In misty prospect dim, as if on air
Each floating hill, an azure range of clouds:
Yet here, ev'n here, in this disastrous clime,
Horrid and harbourless, where all life dies,
Adventurous mortals, urg'd by thirst of gain,
Through floating isles of ice and fighting storms,
Roam the wild waves in search of doubtful shores,
By west or east, a path yet unexplor'd!
  Hence eastward to the Tartar's cruel coast,
By utmost ocean wash'd, on whose last wave
The blue Sky leans her breast, diffus'd immense
In solitary length the Desert lies,
Where Desolation keeps his empty court:
No bloom of spring o'er all the thirsty vast,
Nor spiry grass, is found; but sands instead
In sterile hills, and rough rocks rising grey.
  A land of fears! where visionary forms

Of grisly spectres from air, flood, and fire,
Swarm, and before them speechless Horror stalks!
Here, night by night, beneath the starless dusk,
The secret hag and sorcerer unbless'd
Their sabbath hold, and potent spells compose,
Spoils of the violated grave: and now,
Late at the hour that severs night from morn,
When sleep has silenc'd every thought of man,
They to their revels fall, infernal throng!
And as they mix in circling dance, or turn
To the four winds of heaven with haggard gaze,
Shot streaming from the bosom of the north,
Opening the hollow gloom, red meteors blaze,
To lend them light, and distant thunders roll,
Heard in low murmurs through the lowering sky.
From these sad scenes, the waste abodes of Death,
With devious wing, to fairer climes remote
Southward I stray, where Caucasus in view,
Bulwark of nations! in broad eminence
Upheaves from realm to realm a hundred hills,
On from the Caspian to the Euxine stretch'd,
Pale-glittering with eternal snows to Heaven.
From this chill steep, which midnight's highest shades
Scarce climb to darken, rough with murmuring woods,
Imagination travels with quick eye
Unbounded o'er the globe, and wondering views
Her rolling seas and intermingled isles,
Her mighty continents, outstretch'd immense,
Where Europe, Asia, Afric, of old fame,
Their regions numberless extend; and where,
To farthest point of west, Columbus late
Through untried oceans borne to shores unknown
Moor'd his first keel adventurous, and beheld

A new, a fair, a fertile, world arise!
But nearer scenes of happy rural view,
Green dale, and level down, and bloomy hill,
The Muse's walk, on which the Sun's bright eye
Propitious looks, invite her willing step.
Here see, around me smiling, myrtle groves,
And mountains crown'd with aromatic woods
Of vegetable gold, with vales amidst,
Lavish of flowers and fragrance, where soft Spring,
Lord of the year! indulges to each field
The fanning breeze, live spring, and sheltering grove.
  In these bless'd plains a spacious city spreads
Her round extent magnificent, and seems
The seat of empire: dazzling in the sky,
With far-seen blaze, her towery structures shine,
Elaborate works of art! each opening gate
Sends forth its thousands: peace and plenty round
Environ her. In each frequented school
Learning exalts his head, and Commerce pours
Into her arms a thousand foreign realms.
How fair and fortunate! how worthy all
Of lasting bliss secure: yet all must fail,
O'erturn'd and lost—nor shall their place be found.
  A sullen calm unusual, dark and dead,
Arises inauspicious o'er the heavens.
The beamless sun looks wan; a sighing cold
Winters the shadow'd air; the birds on high,
Shrieking, give sign of fearful change at hand:
And now, within the bosom of the globe,
Where sulphur stor'd and nitre peaceful slept,
For ages, in their subterranean bed,
Ferments the' approaching tempest. Vapoury steams,
Inflammable, perhaps by winds sublim'd,

Their deadly breath apply. The' enkindled mass,
Mine fir'd by mine in train, with boundless rage,
With horror unconceiv'd, disploded bursts
Its central prison—Shook from shore to shore
Reels the broad continent with all its load,
Hills, forests, cities. The lone desert quakes;
Her savage sons howl to the thunder's groan,
And lightning's ruddy glare; while, from beneath,
Deaf distant roarings, through the wide profound
Rueful are heard, as when Despair complains.
  Gather'd in air, o'er that proud capital
Frowns an involving cloud of gloomy depth,
Casting dun night and terror o'er the heads
Of her inhabitants. Aghast they stand,
Sad gazing on the mournful skies around,
A moment's dreadful silence! then loud screams
And eager supplications rend the skies.
Lo! crowds on crowds, in hurried stream along,
From street to street, from gate to gate, roll'd on,
This, that way, burst in waves, by horror wing'd
To distant hill or cave; while half the globe,
Her frame convulsive rocking to and fro,
Trembles with second agony. Upheav'd
In surges, her vex'd surface rolls a sea:
Ruin ensues; towers, temples, palaces,
Flung from their deep foundations, roof on roof
Crush'd horrible, and pile on pile o'erturn'd,
Fall total—In that universal groan,
Sounding to Heaven, expir'd a thousand lives,
O'erwhelm'd at once, one undistinguish'd wreck!
  Sight, full of fate! up from the centre torn
The ground yawns horrible a hundred mouths,
Flashing pale flames—down through the gulfs profound,

Screaming, whole crowds of every age and rank,
With hands to Heaven rais'd high, imploring aid,
Prone to the' abyss descend, and o'er their heads
Earth shuts her pondrous jaws. Part lost in night
Return no more; part on the wafting wave,
Borne through the darkness of the' infernal world,
Far distant rise, emerging with the flood,
Pale as ascending ghosts cast back to day,
A shuddering band; distraction in each eye
Stares wildly motionless; they pant, they catch
A gulp of air, and grasp with dying aim
The wreck that drives along, to gain from Fate,
Short interval! a moment's doubtful life:
For now earth's solid sphere asunder rent
With final dissolution, the huge mass
Fails undermin'd—Down, down the' extensive seat
Of this fair city, down her buildings sink!
Sinks the full pride her ample walls inclos'd,
In one wild havock crash'd, with burst beyond
Heaven's loudest thunder! Uproar unconceiv'd!
Image of Nature's general frame destroy'd!
  How greatly terrible, how dark and deep
The purposes of Heaven! At once o'erthrown
White age and youth, the guilty and the just;
O seemingly severe, promiscuous fall!
Reason, whose daring eye in vain explores
The fearful providence, confus'd, subdued
To silence and amazement, with due praise
Acknowledges the' Almighty, and adores
His Will unerring, wisest, justest, best!
  The country mourns around with alter'd look:
Fields, where but late the many-colour'd Spring
Sat gaily dress'd amid the vernal breath
Of roses, and the song of nightingales

Soft-warbled, silent languish now and die:
Rivers ingulf'd their ample channels leave
A sandy tract; and goodly mountains, hurl'd
In whirlwind from their seat, obstruct the plain
With rough encumbrance, or through depths of earth
Fall ruinous, with all their woods immers'd.
  Sulphureous damps, of dark and deadly pow'r,
Steam'd from the' abyss, fly secret overhead,
Wounding the healthful air, whence foul disease,
Murrain and rot, in tainted herds and flocks;
In man sore sickness, and the lamp of life
Dimm'd and diminish'd; or more fatal ill
Of mind, unsettling reason overturn'd:
Here into madness work'd and boiling o'er
Outrageous fancies, like the troubled sea
Foaming out mud and filth; here downward sunk
To folly, and in idle musing rapt,
Now chasing with fond aim the flying cloud,
Now numbering up the drops of falling rain.
  A while the fiery spirit in its cell
Insidious slumbers, till some chance unknown,
Perhaps some rocky fragment from the roof
Detach'd, and roll'd with rough collision down
Its echoing vault, strikes out the fatal spark
That blows it into rage. Shakes earth again,
Wide through her entrails torn. To all sides flash'd,
The flames bear downward on the central deep,
Immeasurable source! whence ocean fills
His numerous seas, and pours them round the globe.
The liquid orb, through all its dark expanse
In dire commotion boils, and bursting way
Up through the' unsounded bottoms of the main,
Where never tempest ruffled, lifts the deeps,
At once, in billowy mountains to the sky,

With raving violence: and now their shores,
Rebellowing to the surge, they swallow fierce,
O'erswelling mound and cliff; now swift and strange,
With refluent wave retreating, leave the beach
A naked waste of sands—Meantime, behold!
  Yon neighbouring mountain rising bleak and bare,
Its double top in sterile ashes hid,
But green around its base with oil and wine,
Gives sign of storm and desolation near;
Storehouse of Fate! from whose infernal womb,
With fiery minerals and metallic ore
Pernicious fraught, ascends eternal smoke;
Now wavering loose in air, now borne on high,
A dusky column heightening to the sun!
Imagination's eye looks down dismay'd
The steepy gulf, pale-flaming and profound,
With hourly tumult vex'd, but now incens'd
To sevenfold fury. First discordant sounds,
As of a clamouring multitude enrag'd,
The dash of floods, and hollow howl of winds,
Through wintry woods or cavern'd ruins heard,
Rise from the distant depth, where Uproar reigns:
Anon, with black eruption, from its jaws
A night of smoke, thick-driving, wave on wave,
In stormy flow, and cloud involving cloud,
Rolls surging forth, extinguishing the day,
With vollied sparkles mix'd, and whirling drifts
Of stones and cinders rattling up the air:
Instant in one broad burst a stream of fire
Red-issuing, floods the hemisphere around.
Nor pause nor rest; again the mountain groans,
Amazing, from its inmost caverns shook;
Again with loudening rage, intensely fierce,
Disgorges pyramids of quivering flame,

Spire after spire enormous, and torn rocks,
Flung out in thundering ruins to the sky.
  But see! in second pangs the roaring hill
From forth its depth a cloudy pillar shoots,
Gradual and vast, in one ascending trunk,
Of length immense, heav'd by the force of fire,
On its own base direct, aloft in air,
Beyond the soaring eagle's sunward flight.
Still as it swells, through all the dark extent,
With wonder seen, ten thousand lightnings play
In flash'd vibrations, and from height to height
Incessant thunders roar. No longer now
Protruded by the' explosive breath below,
At once the shadowy summit breaks away
To all sides round, in billows broad and black,
As of a turbid ocean stirr'd by winds,
A vapoury deluge hiding earth and heaven.
  Thus all day long; and now the beamless sun
Sets as in blood: a dreadful pause ensues,
Deceitful calm, portending fiercer storm.
Sad night at once, with all her deep-dy'd shades,
Falls back and boundless o'er the scene: suspense
And terror rule the hour. Behold! from far,
Imploring Heaven with supplicating hands
And streaming eyes, in mute amazement fix'd,
Yon peopled city stands, each sadden'd face
Turn'd toward the hill of fears; and hark! once more
The rising tempest shakes its sounding vaults,
Now faint in distant murmurs, now more near
Rebounding horrible, with all the roar
Of winds and seas, or engines big with death,
That, planted by the murderous hand of War
To shake the round of some proud capital,
At once disploded, in one bursting peal

Their mortal thunders mix. Along the sky,
From east to south, a ruddy hill of smoke
Extends its ridge, with dismal light inflam'd.
Meanwhile, the fluid lake that works below,
Bitumen, sulphur, salt, and iron-scum,
Heaves up its boiling tide: the labouring mount
Is torn with agonizing throes—at once,
Forth from its side disparted, blazing pours
A mighty river, burning in prone waves,
That glimmer through the night to yonder plain:
Divided there, a hundred torrent-streams,
Each ploughing up its bed, roll dreadful on,
Resistless: villages, and woods, and rocks,
Fall flat before their sweep. The region round,
Where myrtle-walks and groves of golden fruit
Rose fair, where harvest wav'd in all its pride,
And where the vineyard spread her purple store,
Maturing into nectar, now despoil'd
Of herb, leaf, fruit, and flower, from end to end
Lies buried under fire, a glowing sea!

Thus roaming with adventurous wing the globe,
From scene to scene excursive, I behold
In all her workings, beauteous, great, or new,
Fair Nature, and in all with wonder trace
The Sovereign Maker! first, supreme, and best,
Who actuates the whole; at whose command,
Obedient, fire and flood tremendous rise,
His ministers of vengeance, to reprove
And scourge the nations. Holy are his ways;
His works unnumber'd, and to all proclaim
Unfathom'd wisdom, goodness unconfin'd!

CANTO II.

Endless the wonders of creating Power
On earth, but chief on high through Heaven display'd;
There shines the full magnificence unveil'd
Of Majesty Divine: refulgent there
Ten thousand suns blaze forth, with each his train
Of worlds dependent, all beneath the eye
And equal rule of one eternal Lord!
To those bright climes, awakening all her pow'rs,
And spreading her unbounded wing, the Muse
Ascending soars on through the fluid space,
The buoyant atmosphere, whose vivid breath,
Soul of all sublunary life, pervades
The realms of Nature, to her inmost depths
Diffus'd with quickening energy. Now still,
From pole to pole the' aërial ocean sleeps,
One limpid vacancy; now rous'd to rage
By blustering meteors, wind, hail, rain, or cloud,
With thunderous fury charg'd, its billows rise,
And shake the nether orb. Still as I mount,
A path the vulture's eye hath not observ'd
Nor foot of eagle trod, the' ethereal sphere
Receding, flies approach; its circling arch
Alike remote, translucent, and serene:
Glorious expansion! by the' Almighty spread!—
Whose limits who hath seen? or who with him
Hath walk'd the sun-pav'd circuit from old time,
And visited the host of Heaven around?
Gleaming a borrow'd light, from whence how small
The speck of earth, and dim air circumfus'd!
Mutable region, vex'd with hourly change.
But here unruffled Calm her even reign

Maintains external; here the lord of day,
The neighbouring Sun, shines out in all his strength,
Noon without night. Attracted by his beam
I thither bend my flight, tracing the source [streams
Where morning springs; whence her innumerous
Flow lucid forth, and roll through trackless ways
Their white waves o'er the sky. The fountain Orb,
Dilating as I rise, beyond the ken
Of mortal eye, to which earth, ocean, air,
Are but a central point, expands immense,
A shoreless sea of fluctuating fire,
That deluges all ether with its tide.
What power is that which to its circle bounds
The violence of flame? in rapid whirls
Conflicting, floods with floods, as if to leave
Their place, and bursting, overwhelm the world!
Motion incredible! to which the rage
Of oceans, when whole winter blows at once
In hurricane, is peace. But who shall tell
That radiance beyond measure on the Sun
Pour'd out transcendent; those keen-flashing rays
Thrown round his state, and to yon worlds afar
Supplying days and seasons, life and joy!
Such virtue he, the Majesty of Heav'n,
Brightness original! all-bounteous king!
Hath to his creature lent, and crown'd his sphere
With matchless glory. Yet not all alike
Resplendent: in these liquid regions pure,
Thick mists, condensing, darken into spots,
And dim the day; whence that malignant light,
When Cæsar bled, which sadden'd all the year
With long eclipse. Some at the centre rise
In shady circles, like the moon beheld
From earth, when she her unenlighten'd face

Turns thitherward opaque; a space they brood
In congregated clouds, then breaking float
To all sides round: dilated some and dense,
Broad as earth's surface each, by slow degrees
Spread from the confines of the light along,
Usurping half the sphere, and swim obscure
On to its adverse coast; till there they set,
Or vanish scatter'd, measuring thus the time
That round its axle whirls the radiant Orb.
  Fairest of beings! first-created Light!
Prime cause of beauty! for from thee alone
The sparkling gem, the vegetable race, [charms,
The nobler worlds that live and breathe, their
The lovely hues peculiar to each tribe,
From thy unfailing source of splendour draw!
In thy pure shine with transport I survey
This firmament, and these her rolling worlds,
Their magnitudes and motions: those how vast!
How rapid these! with swiftness unconceiv'd,
From west to east in solemn pomp revolv'd,
Unerring, undisturb'd, the sun's bright train,
Progressive through the sky's light fluent borne
Around their centre. Mercury the first,
Near bordering on the day, with speedy wheel
Flies swiftest on, inflaming where he comes,
With sevenfold splendour, all his azure road.
  Next Venus to the westward of the sun,
Full orb'd her face, a golden plain of light,
Circles her larger round. Fair morning-star!
That leads on dawning day to yonder world,
The seat of man, hung in the heavens remote,
Whose northern hemisphere, descending, sees
The sun arise, as through the zodiac roll'd;
Full in the middle path oblique she winds

Her annual orb; and by her side the Moon,
Companion of her flight, whose solemn beams,
Nocturnal, to her darken'd globe supply
A softer daylight, whose attractive power
Swells all her seas and oceans into tides,
From the mid-deeps o'erflowing to their shores.
  Beyond the sphere of Mars, in distant skies,
Revolves the mighty magnitude of Jove,
With kingly state, the rival of the Sun;
About him round four planetary moons,
On earth with wonder all night long beheld,
Moon above moon, his fair attendants, dance.
These in the horizon slow ascending climb
The steep of heaven, and, mingling in soft flow
Their silver radiance, brighten as they rise.
Those opposite roll downward from their noon
To where the shade of Jove, outstretch'd in length
A dusky cone immense, darkens the sky
Through many a region. To these bounds arriv'd,
A gradual pale creeps dim o'er each sad orb,
Fading their lustre, till they sink involv'd
In total night, and disappear eclips'd.
By this the sage who, studious of the skies,
Heedful explores these late-discover'd worlds,
By this observ'd the rapid progress finds
Of light itself; how swift the headlong ray
Shoots from the Sun's height through unbounded space,
At once enlightening air, and earth, and Heav'n.
  Last, utmost Saturn walks his frontier-round,
The boundary of worlds, with his pale moons
Faint-glimmering through the darkness Night has thrown,
Deep-dy'd and dead, o'er this chill globe forlorn;

An endless desert, where extreme of cold
Eternal sits, as in his native seat,
On wintry hills of never-thawing ice!
Such Saturn's earth; and yet ev'n here the sight
Amid these doleful scenes new matter finds
Of wonder and delight! a mighty ring,
On each side rising from the' horizon's verge,
Self-pois'd in air, with its bright circle round
Encompasseth his orb. As night comes on
Saturn's broad shade, cast on its eastern arch,
Climbs slowly to its height, and at the' approach
Of morn returning, with like stealthy pace
Draws westward off, till through the lucid round
In distant view the' illumin'd skies are seen.
Beauteous appearance! by the' Almighty's hand
Peculiar fashion'd.—Thine these noble works,
Great universal Ruler! earth and Heaven
Are thine, spontaneous offspring of thy will,
Seen with transcendent ravishment sublime,
That lifts the soul to thee! a holy joy,
By reason prompted, and by reason swell'd
Beyond all height—for thou art infinite!
Thy virtual energy the frame of things
Pervading actuates; as at first thy hand
Diffus'd through endless space this limpid sky.
Vast ocean without storm, where these huge globes
Sail undisturb'd, a rounding voyage each,
Observant all of one unchanging law.
Simplicity divine! by this sole rule,
The Maker's great establishment, these worlds
Revolve harmonious, world attracting world
With mutual love, and to their central sun
All gravitating; now with quicken'd pace
Descending toward the primal orb, and now
Receding slow, excursive from his bounds.

This spring of motion, this hid power infus'd
Through universal nature, first was known
To thee, great Newton! Britain's justest pride,
The boast of human race: whose towering thought
In her amazing progress unconfin'd,
From truth to truth ascending, gain'd the height
Of science, whither mankind from afar
Gaze up, astonish'd. Now beyond that height,
By death from frail mortality set free,
A pure intelligence, he wings his way
Through wondrous scenes, new-open'd in the world
Invisible, amid the general quire
Of saints and angels, rapt with joy divine,
Which fills, o'erflows, and ravishes, the soul!
His mind's clear vision from all darkness purg'd,
For God himself shines forth immediate there,
Through those eternal climes, the frame of things,
In its ideal harmony, to him
Stands all reveal'd.——
But how shall mortal wing
Attempt this blue profundity of Heaven,
Unfathomable, endless of extent!
Where unknown suns to unknown systems rise,
Whose numbers who shall tell? stupendous host!
In flaming millions through the vacant hung,
Sun beyond sun, and world to world unseen,
Measureless distance, unconceiv'd by thought!
Awful their order; each the central fire
Of his surrounding stars, whose whirling speed,
Solemn and silent, through the pathless void
Nor change nor error knows. But who their ways
By Reason, bold adventurer, unexplor'd,
Instructed can declare? What search shall find
Their times and seasons? their appointed laws,
Peculiar? their inhabitants of life,

And of intelligence, from scale to scale
Harmonious rising, and in fix'd degree,
Numberless orders, each resembling each,
Yet all diverse!—Tremendous depth and height
Of wisdom and of power, that this great whole
Fram'd inexpressible, and still preserves,
An infinite of wonders!—Thou! Supreme,
First independent Cause, whose presence fills
Nature's vast circle, and whose pleasure moves;
Father of human-kind! the Muse's wing
Sustaining guide, while to the heights of Heaven
Roaming the' interminable vast of space,
She rises, tracing thy Almighty hand
In its dread operations. Where is now
The seat of mankind, earth? where her great scenes
Of wars and triumphs? empires fam'd of old,
Assyrian, Roman? or of later name,
Peruvian, Mexican, in that new world,
Beyond the wide Atlantic, late disclos'd?
Where is their place?—Let proud Ambition pause,
And sicken at the vanity that prompts
His little deeds:—with earth, those nearer orbs,
Surrounding planets, late so glorious seen,
And each a world, are now for sight too small,
Are almost lost to thought. The Sun himself,
Ocean of flame, but twinkles from afar,
A glimmering star amid the train of night!
While in these deep abysses of the sky,
Spaces incomprehensible, new suns,
Crown'd with unborrow'd beams, illustrious shine;
Arcturus here, and here the Pleiades,
Amid the northern host; nor with less state,
At sumless distance, huge Orion's orbs
Each in his sphere refulgent, and the noon
Of Syrius, burning through the south of Heaven.

Myriads beyond, with blended rays, inflame
The Milky-Way, whose stream of vivid light,
Pour'd from innumerable fountains round,
Flows trembling, wave on wave, from sun to sun,
And whitens the long path to Heaven's extreme;
Distinguish'd tract! but as with upward flight
Soaring I gain the' immeasurable steep,
Contiguous stars, in bright profusion sown
Through these wide fields, all broaden into suns,
Amazing, sever'd each by gulfs of air,
In circuit ample as the solar heavens.

From this dread eminence, where endless day,
Day without cloud abides, alone, and fill'd
With holy horror, trembling I survey
Now downward through the universal sphere
Already past; now up to the' heights untried,
And of the' enlarging prospect find no bound!
About me on each hand new wonders rise
In long succession; here pure scenes of light
Dazzling the view, here nameless worlds afar,
Yet undiscover'd; there a dying Sun
Grown dim with age, whose orb of flame extinct,
Incredible to tell! thick vapoury mists
From every shore exhaling, mix obscure
Innumerable clouds, dispreading slow,
And deepening shade on shade, till the faint globe,
Mournful of aspect, calls in all his beams!
Millions of lives, that live but in his light,
With horror see, from distant spheres around,
The source of day expire, and all his worlds
At once involv'd in everlasting night!

Such this dread revolution: Heaven itself,
Subject to change, so feels the waste of years:
So this cerulean round, the work divine

Of God's own hand, shall fade, and empty night
Reign solitary, where these stars now roll
From west to east their periods; where the train
Of comets wander their eccentric ways,
With infinite excursion, through the' immense
Of ether, traversing from sky to sky
Ten thousand regions in their winding road,
Whose length to trace imagination fails!
Various their paths, without resistance all
Through these free spaces borne; of various face,
Enkindled this with beams of angry light,
Shot circling from its orb in sanguine showers;
That, through the shade of night, projecting huge,
In horrid trail, a spire of dusky flame,
Embodied mists and vapours, whose fir'd mass
Keen vibrates, streaming a red length of air;
While distant orbs with wonder and amaze
Mark its approach, and night by night alarm'd,
Its dreaded progress watch, as of a foe
Whose march is ever fatal; in whose train
Famine, and War, and desolating Plague,
Each on his pale horse rides; the ministers
Of angry Heaven, to scourge offending worlds!
But, lo! where one from some far world return'd,
Shines out with sudden glare through yonder sky,
Region of darkness, where a sun's lost globe,
Deep-overwhelm'd with night, extinguish'd lies,
By some hid power attracted from his path;
Fearful commotion! into that dusk tract,
The devious comet, steep descending falls
With all his flames, rekindling into life
The' exhausted orb; and swift a flood of light
Breaks forth diffusive through the gloom, and spreads
In orient streams to his fair train afar

Of moving fires, from night's dominion won,
And wondering at the morn's unhop'd return.
In still amazement lost, the' awaken'd mind
Contemplates this great view, a sun restor'd
With all his worlds! while thus at large her flight
Ranges these untrac'd scenes, progressive borne
Far through ethereal ground, the boundless walk
Of spirits, daily travellers from Heaven,
Who pass the mystic gulf to journey here,
Searching the' Almighty Maker in his works
From worlds to worlds, and in triumphant quire
Of voice and harp extolling his high praise.
Immortal natures! clothed with brightness round
Empyreal, from the source of light effus'd,
More orient than the noon-day's stainless beam;
Their will unerring, their affections pure,
And glowing fervent warmth of love divine,
Whose object God alone; for all things else,
Created beauty, and created good,
Illusive all, can charm the soul no more:
Sublime their intellect, and without spot,
Enlarg'd to draw truth's endless prospect in,
Ineffable, eternity and time:
The train of beings, all by gradual scale
Descending, sumless orders and degrees;
The' unsounded depth, which mortals dare not try,
Of God's perfectons; how these heavens first sprung
From unprolific night; how mov'd and rul'd
In number, weight, and measure; what hid laws,
Inexplicable, guide the moral world.
Active as flame, with prompt obedience all
The will of Heaven fulfil: some his fierce wrath
Bear through the nations, pestilence and war;
His copious goodness some, life, light, and bliss,

To thousands: some the fate of empires rule,
Commission'd, sheltering with their guardian-wings
The pious monarch and the legal throne.
Nor is the sovereign nor the' illustrious great
Alone their care: to every lessening rank
Of worth propitious, these bless'd minds embrace
With universal love the just and good,
Wherever found; unpriz'd, perhaps unknown,
Depress'd by fortune, and with hate pursued,
Or insult, from the proud oppressor's brow,
Yet dear to Heaven, and meriting the watch
Of angels o'er his unambitious walk,
At morn or eve, when Nature's fairest face,
Calmly magnificent, inspires the soul
With virtuous raptures, prompting to forsake
The sin-born vanities and low pursuits
That busy human-kind; to view their ways
With pity; to repay for numerous wrongs
Meekness and charity: or, rais'd aloft,
Fir'd with ethereal ardour, to survey
The circuit of creation; all these suns, [height,
With all their worlds: and still from height to
By things created rising, last ascend
To that First Cause who made, who governs, all;
Fountain of being! self-existent Power!
All-wise, all-good! who from eternal age
Endures, and fills the' immensity of space;
That infinite diffusion, where the mind
Conceives no limits: undistinguish'd void,
Invariable, where no landmarks are,
No paths to guide imagination's flight.

MISCELLANIES.

VERSES

PRESENTED TO THE PRINCE OF ORANGE,

On his visiting Oxford, in the year 1734.

RECEIVE, lov'd Prince! the tribute of our praise,
This hasty welcome in unfinish'd lays.
At best, the pomp of song, the paint of art
Display the genius, but not speak the heart;
And oft, as ornament must truth supply,
Are but the splendid colouring of a lie.
These need not here; for to a soul like thine
Truth plain and simple will more lovely shine.
The truly good but wish the verse sincere;
They court no flattery who no censure fear.
  Such Nassau is; the fairest, gentlest mind;
In blooming youth the Titus of mankind!
Crowds, who to hail thy wish'd appearance ran,
Forgot the prince, to praise and love the man.
Such sense with sweetness, grandeur mix'd with [ease,
Our nobler youth will learn of thee to please:
Thy bright example shall our world adorn,
And charm, in gracious princes, yet unborn.
  Nor deem this verse from venal art proceeds,
That vice of courts, the soil for baneful weeds.
Here candour dwells, here honest truths are taught,
To guide and govern, not disguise the thought.

See these enlighten'd sages who preside
O'er Learning's empire; see the youth they guide!
Behold all faces are in transport drest!
But those most wonder who discern thee best.
At sight of thee, each free-born heart receives
A joy the sight of princes rarely gives,
From tyrants sprung, and oft themselves design'd
By Fate, the future Neros of their kind.
But though thy blood, we know, transmitted springs
From laurell'd heroes and from warrior kings;
Through that high series we, delighted, trace
The friends of liberty and human race!
  Oh! born to glad and animate our Isle!
For thee our heavens look pleas'd, our seasons smile;
For thee, late object of our tender fears,
When thy life droop'd, and Britain was in tears,
All-cheering Health, the goddess rosy-fair,
Attended by soft suns and vernal air, [hour,
Sought those fam'd springs[1] where, each afflictive
Disease, and age, and pain, invoke her pow'r:
She came, and while to thee the current flows,
Pour'd all herself, and in thy cup arose;
Hence to thy cheek that instant bloom deriv'd!
Hence with thy health the weeping world reviv'd!
  Proceed to emulate thy race divine;
A life of action and of praise be thine!
Assert the titles genuine to thy blood,
By nature daring, but by reason good.
So great, so glorious thy forefathers shone,
No son of theirs must hope to live unknown:
Their deeds will place thy virtue full in sight,
Thy vice, if vice thou hast, in stronger light.

[1] Bath.

If to thy fair beginnings nobly true,
Think what the world may claim, and thou must do:
The honours that already grace thy name
Have fix'd thy choice, and force thee into fame:
Ev'n she, bright Anna! whom thy worth has won,
Inspires thee what to seek and what to shun:
Rich in all outward grace, the' exalted Fair
Makes the soul's beauty her peculiar care.
O! be your nuptials crown'd with glad increase
Of sons in war renown'd, and great in peace;
Of daughters fair and faithful, to supply
The patriot-race, till Nature's self shall die!

ON DR. FRAZER'S

REBUILDING PART OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ABERDEEN.

In times long past, ere Wealth was Learning's foe,
And dar'd despise the worth he would not know;
Ere mitred Pride, which arts alone had rais'd,
Those very arts in others saw unprais'd;
Friend to mankind [1], a prelate good and great
The Muses courted to this safe retreat;
Fix'd each fair virgin, decent, in her cell,
With learned Leisure and with Peace to dwell.
The fabric finish'd, to the sovereign's fame [2],
His own neglecting, he transferr'd his claim:
Here by successive worthies well was taught
Whate'er enlightens or exalts the thought:
With labour planted, and improv'd with care,
The various tree of knowledge flourish'd fair;

[1] Bishop Elphinston.
[2] Calling it King's College, in compliment to James IV.

Soft and serene the kindly seasons roll'd,
And Science long enjoy'd her age of gold.
  Now, dire reverse! impair'd by lapse of years,
A falling waste the Muses' seat appears.
O'er her grey roofs, with baneful ivy bound,
Time, sure destroyer, walks his hostile round:
Silent and slow, and ceaseless in his toil,
He mines each wall, he moulders every pile!
Ruin hangs hovering o'er the fated place,
And dumb Oblivion comes with mended pace.
  Sad Learning's genius, with a father's fear,
Beheld the total desolation near;
Beheld the Muses stretch the wing to fly,
And fix'd on Heaven his sorrow-streaming eye!
  From Heaven, in that dark hour, commission'd
    came
Mild Charity, ev'n there the foremost name:
Sweet Pity flew before her, softly bright,
At whose felt influence Nature smil'd with light.
  'Hear, and rejoice!—(the gracious Power begun)
Already fir'd by me, thy favourite son
This ruin'd scene remarks with filial eyes,
And from its fall bids fairer fabrics rise.
Ev'n now, behold! where crumbling fragments grey,
In dust deep-bury'd, lost to memory, lay;
The column swells, the well-knit arches bend,
The round dome widens, and the roofs ascend!
  'Nor ends the bounty thus:—by him bestow'd,
Here Science shall her richest stores unload:
Whate'er long-hid Philosophy has found,
Or the Muse sung, with living laurel crown'd;
Or History descry'd, far-looking sage!
In the dark doubtfulness of distant age; [bind,
These, thy best wealth, with curious choice com-
Now treasur'd here, shall form the studious mind;

To wits unborn the wanted succours give,
And fire the Bard whom Genius means to live.
'But teach thy sons the gentle laws of peace;
Let low self-love and pedant discord cease:
Their object truth, utility their aim,
One social spirit reign, in all the same:
Thus aided, arts shall with fresh vigour shoot,
Their cultur'd blossoms ripen into fruit,
Thy faded star dispense a brighter ray,
And each glad Muse renew her noblest lay.'

A FRAGMENT.

* * * *

Fair Morn ascends; soft Zephyr's wing
O'er hill and vale renews the Spring;
Where sown profusely, herb and flower
Of balmy smell, of healing power,
Their souls in fragrant dews exhale,
And breathe fresh life in every gale.
Here spreads a green expanse of plains,
Where sweetly-pensive Silence reigns;
And there, at utmost stretch of eye,
A mountain fades into the sky;
While winding round, diffus'd and deep,
A river rolls with sounding sweep.
Of human art no traces near,
I seem alone with Nature here!
Here are thy walks, O sacred Health!
The monarch's bliss, the beggar's wealth,
The seasoning of all good below!
The sovereign friend, in joy or woe!

O thou! most courted, most despis'd,
And but in absence duly priz'd!
Power of the soft and rosy face,
The vivid pulse, the vermeil grace;
The spirits when they gayest shine,
Youth, beauty, pleasure, all are thine!
O sum of life! whose heavenly ray
Lights up and cheers our various day,
The turbulence of hopes and fears,
The storm of fate, the cloud of years,
Till Nature, with thy parting light,
Reposes late in Death's calm night:
Fled from the trophied roofs of state,
Abodes of splendid pain and hate;
Fled from the couch, where in sweet sleep
Hot Riot would his anguish steep,
But tosses through the midnight shade,
Of death, of life, alike afraid;
For ever fled to shady cell,
Where Temperance, where the Muses dwell;
Thou oft art seen, at early dawn,
Slow-pacing o'er the breezy lawn;
Or on the brow of mountain high,
In silence feasting ear and eye
With song and prospect, which abound
From birds, and woods, and waters round.
  But when the Sun, with noontide ray,
Flames forth intolerable day;
While Heat sits fervent on the plain,
With Thirst and Languor in his train,
All Nature sickening in the blaze,
Thou, in the wild and woody maze
That clouds the vale with umbrage deep,
Impendent from the neighbouring steep,

Wilt find betimes a calm retreat,
Where breathing Coolness has her seat.
  There plung'd amid the shadows brown,
Imagination lays him down,
Attentive, in his airy mood,
To every murmur of the wood:
The bee in yonder flowery nook,
The chidings of the headlong brook,
The green leaf shivering in the gale,
The warbling hill, the lowing vale,
The distant woodman's echoing stroke,
The thunder of the falling oak:
From thought to thought in vision led,
He holds high converse with the dead,
Sages or poets. See! they rise,
And shadowy skim before his eyes.
Hark! Orpheus strikes the lyre again,
That soften'd savages to men:
Lo, Socrates! the sent of Heav'n,
To whom its moral will was giv'n:
Fathers and friends of human-kind,
They form'd the nations, or refin'd;
With all that mends the head and heart,
Enlightening truth, adorning art.
  While thus I mus'd beneath the shade,
At once the sounding breeze was laid,
And Nature, by the unknown law,
Shook deep with reverential awe.
Dumb silence grew upon the hour,
A browner night involv'd the bow'r;
When, issuing from the inmost wood,
Appear'd fair Freedom's genius good.
O Freedom! sovereign boon of Heav'n,
Great charter with our being giv'n,

For which the patriot and the sage
Have plann'd, have bled, through every age!
High privilege of human race,
Beyond a mortal monarch's grace,
Who could not give, nor can reclaim,
What but from God immediate came!

* * * *

CUPID AND HYMEN;

OR,

THE WEDDING-DAY.

THE rising morn, serenely still,
Had brightening spread o'er vale and hill;
Not those loose beams that wanton play
To light the mirth of giddy May,
Nor such red heats as burn the plain
In ardent Summer's feverish reign,
But rays all equal, soft, and sober,
To suit the second of October,
To suit the pair whose Wedding-day
This sun now gilds with annual ray.
  Just then where our good-natur'd Thames is
Some four short miles above St. James's,
And deigns with silver-streaming wave
The' abodes of earth-born Pride to lave;
Aloft in air two gods were soaring,
While Putney-cits beneath lay snoring,
Plung'd deep in dreams of ten *per cent*
On sums to their dear country lent;
Two gods of no inferior fame,
Whom ancient wits with reverence name,

Though wiser moderns much disparage——
I mean the gods of Love and Marriage.
  But Cupid first, his wit to show,
Assuming a mere modern beau,
Whose utmost aim is idle mirth,
Look'd—just as coxcombs look on earth,
Then rais'd his chin, then cock'd his hat,
To grace this common-place chit-chat.
  'How! on the wing by break of dawn,
Dear brother!—(there he forc'd a yawn)—
To tell men, sunk in sleep profound,
They must ere night be gagg'd and bound;
Who having once put on thy chain,
'Tis odds may ne'er sleep sound again.
So say the wits; but wiser folks
Still marry, and contemn their jokes:
They know each better bliss is thine,
Pure nectar, genuine from the vine;
And Love's own hand that nectar pours,
Which never fails nor ever sours!
Well, be it so: yet there are fools
Who dare demur to formal rules;
Who laugh profanely at their betters,
And find no freedom plac'd in fetters;
But, well or ill, jog on through life
Without that sovereign bliss—a wife!
Leave these at least, these sad dogs, free
To stroll with Bacchus and with me,
And sup in Middlesex or Surrey
On coarse cold beef and Fanny Murray.'
  Thus Cupid—and with such a leer,
You would have sworn 'twas Ligonier;
While Hymen soberly replied,
Yet with an air of conscious pride:

'Just come from yonder wretched scene,
Where all is venal, false, and mean,
(Looking on London as he spoke)
I marvel not at thy dull joke;
Nor in such cant to hear thee vapour,
Thy quiver lin'd with South-sea paper;
Thine arrows feather'd, at the tail,
With India bonds for hearts on sale;
Their other ends too, as is meet,
Tipp'd with gold points from Lombard-street:
But couldst thou for a moment quit
These airs of fashionable wit,
And reassume thy nobler name—
Look that way, where I turn my flame—'
He said, and held his torch inclin'd,
Which, pointed so, still brighter shin'd—
'Behold yon couple, arm in arm,
Whom I, eight years, have known to charm,
And while they wear my willing chains,
A god dares swear that neither feigns.
This morn, that bound their mutual vow,
That bless'd them first, and blesses now,
They grateful hail; and from the soul
Wish thousands o'er both heads may roll,
Till from life's banquet either guest,
Embracing, may retire to rest.
Come then, all raillery laid aside,
Let this their day serenely glide;
With mine thy serious aim unite,
And both some proper guests invite,
That not one minute's running sand
May find their pleasures at a stand.'
At this severe and sad rebuke,
Enough to make a coxcomb puke,

Poor Cupid, blushing, shrugg'd and winc'd
Not yet consenting, though convinc'd;
For 'tis your witling's greatest terror,
Ev'n when he feels, to own his error;
Yet with a look of arch grimace
He took his penitential face;
Said, ' 'Twas perhaps the surer play
To give your grave good souls their way;
That as true humour was grown scarce,
He chose to see a sober farce;
For of all cattle and all fowl
Your solemn-looking ass and owl
Rais'd much more mirth, he durst aver it,
Than those jack-puddings, pug and parrot.'
He said, and eastward spread his wing,
From London some few friends to bring.
His brother too, with sober cheer,
For the same end did westward steer;
But first a pensive love forlorn,
Who three long weeping years has borne
His torch revers'd, and all around,
Where once it flam'd, with cypress bound,
Sent off to call a neighbouring friend,
On whom the mournful train attend;
And bid him, this one day, at least,
For such a pair, at such a feast,
Strip off the sable veil, and wear
His once-gay look and happier air.
But Hymen, speeding forward still,
Observ'd a man on Richmond-hill [1],
Who now first tries a country life,
Perhaps to fit him for a wife:

[1] A. Mitchell, Esq. minister at the court of Prussia.

But though not much on this he reckon'd,
The passing god look'd in and beckon'd:
He knows him rich in social merit,
With independent taste and spirit;
Though he will laugh with men of whim,
For fear such men should laugh at him.
  But, lo! already on his way,
In due observance of the day,
A friend and favourite of the Nine,
Who can, but seldom cares to shine,
And one sole virtue would arrive at—
To keep his many virtues private;
Who tends, well pleas'd, yet as by stealth,
His lov'd companions, Ease and Health;
Or in his garden, barring out
The noise of every neighbouring rout,
At pensive hour of eve and prime
Marks how the various hand of Time
Now feeds and rears, now starves and slaughters,
His vegetable sons and daughters.
  While these are on their way, behold!
Dan Cupid, from his London-fold
First seeks and sends his new Lord-Warden [2]
Of all the nymphs in Covent-Garden;
Brave as the sword he wears in fight,
Sincere, and briefly in the right;
Whom never minister or king
Saw meanly cringing in their ring.
  A second see! of special note,
Plump Comus [3] in a col'nel's coat,

[2] The late General Skelton. He had just then purchased a house in Henrietta-street.

[3] The late Colonel Caroline Scott, who, though extremely corpulent, was uncommonly active; and who, to much skill,

Whom we this day expect from far,
A jolly first-rate man of war,
On whom we boldly dare repose,
To meet our friends or meet our foes.
  Or comes a brother in his stead?
Strong-bodied too, and strong of head;
Who, in whatever path he goes,
Still looks right on before his nose,
And holds it little less than treason
To balk his stomach or his reason:
True to his mistress and his meat,
He eats to love, and loves to eat.
  Last comes a virgin—pray admire her!
Cupid himself attends to 'squire her:
A welcome guest! we much had miss'd her,
For 'tis our Kitty, or his sister.
But, Cupid, let no knave or fool
Snap up this lamb to shear her wool;
No Teague of that unblushing band
Just landed, or about to land;
Thieves from the womb, and train'd at nurse
To steal an heiress, or a purse:
No scraping, saving, saucy cit,
Sworn foe of breeding, worth, and wit;
No half-form'd insect of a peer,
With neither land nor conscience clear,
Who if he can, 'tis all he can do,
Just spell the motto on his landau:
From all, from each of these, defend her,
But thou and Hymen both befriend her

spirit, and bravery, as an officer, joined the greatest gentleness of manners as a companion and friend. He died a sacrifice to the public, in the service of the East India Company, at Bengal, in the year 1755.

With truth, taste, honour, in a mate,
And much good sense, and some estate.
  But now, suppose the' assembly met,
And round the table cordial set,
While in fair order, to their wish,
Plain Neatness sends up every dish,
And Pleasure at the sideboard stands,
A nectar'd goblet in his hands,
To pour libations, in due measure,
As Reason wills when join'd with Pleasure.—
Let these white moments all be gay,
Without one cloud of dim allay;
In every face let joy be seen,
As Truth sincere, as Hope serene;
Let Friendship, Love, and Wit, combine
To flavour both the meat and wine
With that rich relish to each sense,
Which they, and they alone, dispense;
Let Music, too, their mirth prolong,
With warbled air and festive song;
Then when at eve the Star of Love
Glows with soft radiance from above,
And each companionable guest
Withdraws replenish'd, not opprest,
Let each, well-pleas'd, at parting say—
'My life be such a Wedding-day!'

TRUTH IN RHYME.

ADDRESSED TO

A CERTAIN NOBLE LORD.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The following extract from his Majesty's Speech to both Houses of Parliament, which by every man in his dominions would be thought the noblest introduction to a poem of the first merit, is peculiarly suitable to introduce this; however unequal these verses may be to the subject they attempt to adorn, this singular advantage will be readily allowed them; it will at the same time be the fullest and best explanation of the Author's meaning on a theme so interesting and uncommon. The words are these:

March 3, 1761.

' * * * In consequence of the act passed in the reign of my late glorious predecessor, King William III. for settling the succession to the crown in my family, the commissions of the judges have been made during their good behaviour; but notwithstanding that wise provision, their offices have determined upon the demise of the crown or at the expiration of six months afterwards, in every instance of that nature which has happened.

' I look upon the independency and uprightness of the judges of the land as essential to the impartial administration of justice, as one of the best securities of the rights and liberties of my loving subjects, and as most conducive to the honour of the crown: and I come now to recommend this interesting object to the consideration of Parliament, in order that such farther provision, as shall be most expedient, may be made, for securing the judges in the enjoyment of their offices during their good behaviour, notwithstanding any such demise.'

TO THE AUTHOR

OF THE FOLLOWING POEM.

It has no faults, or I no faults can spy:
It is all beauty, or all blindness I.

Imprimatur, meo periculo.

CHESTERFIELD.

ASTREA, eldest born of Jove,
Whom all the gods revere and love,

Was sent, while man deserv'd their care,
On earth to dwell, and govern there,
Till finding earth by Heav'n unaw'd,
Till sick of violence and fraud,
Abandoning the guilty crew,
Back to her native sky she flew;
There, station'd in the Virgin-sign,
She long has ceas'd on earth to shine;
Or if at times she deigns a smile,
'Tis chief o'er Britain's favour'd isle.
  For there—her eye with wonder fix'd,
That wonder too with pleasure mix'd,
She now beheld, in blooming youth,
The patron of all worth and truth;
Not where the Virtues most resort,
On peaceful plains, but in a Court!
Not in a Cottage, all-unknown;
She found him seated on a Throne!
What fables paint, what poets sing,—
She found, in fact—a patriot-King!
  But as a sight so nobly new
Deserv'd, she thought, a nearer view;
To where, by silver-streaming Thames,
Ascends the palace of St. James,
Swift through surrounding shades of night
The goddess shot her beamy flight:
She stopp'd; and the revealing ray
Blaz'd round her favourite where he lay
In sweet repose; o'er all his face
Repose shed softer bloom and grace;
But fearful lest her sun-bright glare
Too soon might wake him into care,
(For splendid toils and weary state
Are every monarch's envied fate)

The stream of circling rays to shroud,
She drew an interposing cloud.
  In all the silence of surprise,
She gaz'd him o'er; she saw arise
(For gods can read the human breast)
Her own idea there imprest;
And that his plan to bless mankind,
The plan now brightening in his mind,
May story's whitest page adorn,
May shine through nations yet unborn,
She calls Urania to her aid:—
  At once the fair ethereal maid,
Daughter of Memory and Jove,
Descending, quits her laurell'd grove;
Loose to the gale her azure robe,
Borne in her left a starry globe,
Where each superior son of fame
Will find inscrib'd his deathless name;
Her right sustains the' immortal lyre,
To praise true merit, or inspire.
  'Behold—(Astrea thus began)——
The friend of virtue and of man;
Calm reason see, in early youth!
See in a prince—the soul of truth!
With love of justice, tender sense,
For suffering worth and innocence,
Who means to build his happy reign
On this best maxim, wise and plain——
Though plain, how seldom understood,
That to be great he must be good!
His breast is open to your eye;
Approach, Urania! mark, and try:
This bosom needs no thought to hide;
This virtue dares our search abide.

'The sacred fountains to secure
Of Justice, undisturb'd and pure
From hopes or fears, from fraud or force,
To ruffle or to stain their course;
That these may flow serene and free,
The Law must independent be;
Her ministers, as in my sight,
And mine alone, dispensing right;
Of piercing eye, of judgment clear,
As honour just, as truth sincere,
With temper firm, with spirit sage,
The Mansfields of each future age.
'And this prime blessing is to spring
From youth in purple! from a king!
Who, true to his imperial trust,
His greatness founds in being just;
Prepares, like yon ascending sun,
His glorious race with joy to run,
And where his gracious eye appears,
To bless the world he lights and cheers!
'Such worth with equal voice to sing,
Urania! strike thy boldest string;
And Truth, whose voice alone is praise,
That here inspires, shall guide the lays.
Begin! awake his gentle ear
With sounds that monarchs rarely hear:
He merits, let him know our love,
And you record what I approve.'
She ended; and the Heaven-born maid
With soft surprise his form survey'd:
She saw what chastity of thought
Within his stainless bosom wrought,
Then fix'd on earth her sober eye,
And, pausing, offer'd this reply:

'Nor pomp of song, nor paint of art,
Such truths should to the world impart:
My task is but in simple verse
These promis'd wonders to rehearse;
And when on these our verse we raise,
The plainest is the noblest praise!

'Yet more:—a virtuous doubt remains;
Would such a prince permit my strains?
Deserving, but still shunning fame,
The homage due he might disclaim.
A prince who rules to save mankind,
His praise would in their virtue find;
Would deem their strict regard to laws;
Their faith and worth, his best applause:
Then, Britons! your just tribute bring
In deeds, to emulate your king;
In virtues, to redeem your age
From venal views and party rage.
On his example safely rest;
He calls, he courts you to be blest;
As friends, as brethren, to unite
In one firm league of just and right.

'My part is last; if Britain yet
A lover boasts of truth and wit,
To him these grateful lays to send,
The monarch's and the Muse's friend,
And whose fair name, in sacred rhymes,
My voice may give to latest times.'

She said; and after thinking o'er
The men in place near half a score,
To strike at once all scandal mute,
The goddess found and fix'd on Bute.

THE REWARD;

OR,

APOLLO'S ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

TO CHARLES STANHOPE.

Written in 1757.

APOLLO, from the southern sky,
O'er London lately glanc'd his eye:
Just such a glance our courtiers throw
At suitors whom they shun to know;
Or have you mark'd the' averted mien,
The chest erect, the freezing look
Of Bumbo, when a bard is seen
Charg'd with his Dedication-book?
  But gods are never in the wrong:
What then displeas'd the power of Song?
  The case was this:—Where noble arts
Once flourish'd, as our fathers tell us,
He now can find, for men of parts,
None but rich blockheads and mere fellows;
Since drums, and dice, and dissipation,
Have chas'd all taste from all the nation:
For is there now one table spread
Where Sense and Science may be fed?
Where, with a smile on every face,
Invited Merit takes his place?
These thoughts put Phœbus in the spleen,
(For gods, like men, can feel chagrin)
And left him on the point to shroud
His head in one eternal cloud;
When, lo! his all-discerning eye
Chanc'd one remaining friend to spy,

Just crept abroad, as is his way,
To bask him in the noon-tide ray.
  This Phœbus noting, call'd aloud
To every interposing cloud,
And bade their gather'd mists ascend,
That he might warm his good old friend;
Then, as his chariot roll'd along,
Tun'd to his lyre this grateful song:
  'With talents, such as God has given
To common mortals, six in seven,
Who yet have titles, ribbons, pay,
And govern whom they should obey;
With no more frailties than are found
In thousand others, count them round;
With much good will, instead of parts,
Express'd for artists and for arts;
Who smiles if you have smartly spoke,
Or nods applause to his own joke;
This bearded child, this grey-hair'd boy,
Still plays with life as with a toy;
Still keeps amusement full in view:—
Wise? Now and then—but oft'ner new;
His coach, this hour, at Watson's door,
The next—in waiting on a whore.
  'Whene'er the welcome tidings ran
Of monster strange, or stranger man,
A Selkirk from his desert isle,
Or alligator from the Nile;
He saw the monster in its shrine,
And had the man next day to dine:
Or was it an Hermaphrodite?
You found him in a two-fold hurry,
Neglecting for this he-she sight
The single charms of Fanny Murray.

Gathering from suburb and from city
Who were, who would be, wise or witty;
The full-wigg'd sons of pills and potions,
The bags of maggot and new notions;
The sage, of microscopic eye,
Who reads him lectures on a fly;
Grave antiquaries with their flams,
And poets squirting epigrams;
With some few lords—of those that think,
And dip, at times, their pen in ink;
Nay, ladies too, of diverse fame,
Who are and are not of the game:
For he has look'd the world around,
And pleasure in each quarter found.
Now young, now old, now grave, now gay,
He sinks from life by soft decay,
And sees at hand, without affright,
The' inevitable hour of night.'
  But here some pillar of the state,
Whose life is one long dull debate;
Some pedant of the sable gown,
Who spares no failings but his own,
Set up at once their deep-mouth'd hollow;—
Is this a subject for Apollo?
What! can the god of Wit and Verse
Such trifles in our ears rehearse?
  'Know, Puppies! this man's easy life,
Serene from cares, unvex'd with strife,
Was oft employ'd in doing good,
A science you ne'er understood;
And charity, ye sons of Pride!
A multitude of faults will hide.
I at his board more sense have found
Than at a hundred dinners round:

Taste, learning, mirth, my western eye
Could often there collected spy;
And I have gone well-pleas'd to bed,
Revolving what was sung or said.
'And he, who entertain'd them all
With much good liquor, strong and small,
With food in plenty, and a welcome,
Which would become my Lord of Melcombe [1].
Whose soups and sauces duly season'd,
Whose wit well-tim'd, and sense well reason'd,
Give Burgundy a brighter stain,
And add new flavour to Champaign—
Shall this man to the grave descend
Unown'd, unhonour'd, as my friend?—
No; by my deity I swear,
Nor shall the vow be lost in air;
While you, and millions such as you,
Are sunk for ever from my view,
And lost in kindred darkness lie,
This good old man shall never die:
No matter where I place his name,
His love of learning shall be fame.'

[1] This poem was certainly written in 1757, but the reader has only to remember that Apollo is the god of Prophecy as well as of Poetry. *Mallet.*

TYBURN.

TO THE MARINE SOCIETY.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The design of the Marine Society is in itself so laudable, and has been pursued so successfully for the public good, that I thought it merited a public acknowledgment: but, to take off from the flatness of a direct compliment, I have, through the whole poem, loaded their Institution with such reproaches as will show, I hope, in the most striking manner, its real utility.

By authentic accounts it appears that, from the first rise of the Society to the present year, 1762, they have collected, clothed, and fitted out, for the sea-service, 5452 grown men, 4511 boys, in all 9963 persons; whom they have thus not only saved, in all probability, from perdition and infamy, but rendered them useful members of the community; at a time too when their country stood most in need of their assistance.

It has been (all examples show it)
The privilege of every poet,
From ancient down through modern time,
To bid dead matter live in Rhyme;
With wit enliven senseless rocks,
Draw repartee from wooden blocks;
Make buzzards senators of note,
And rooks harangue that geese may vote.
  These moral fictions, first design'd
To mend and mortify mankind,
Old Æsop, as our children know,
Taught twice ten hundred years ago.
His Fly upon the chariot-wheel
Could all a statesman's merit feel,

And, to its own importance just,
Exclaim, with Bufo, 'What a dust!'
His Horse-dung, when the flood ran high,
In Colon's air and accent cry,
While tumbling down the turbid stream,
'Lord love us, how we apples swim!'
  But farther instances to cite
Would tire the hearer's patience quite.
No; what their numbers and their worth,
How these admire while those hold forth,
From Hyde-Park on to Clerkenwell,
Let clubs, let coffee-houses tell,
Where England, through the world renown'd,
In all its wisdom may be found;
While I, for ornament and use,
An orator of wood produce.
  Why should the gentle reader stare?
Are wooden orators so rare?—
Saint Stephen's Chapel, Rufus' Hall,
That hears them in the pleader bawl,
That hears them in the patriot thunder,
Can tell if such things are a wonder:
So can St. Dunstan's in the West,
When good Romaine harangues his best,
And tells his staring congregation
That sober sense is sure damnation;
That Newton's guilt was worse than treason
For using, what God gave him, reason.
  'A pox of all this prefacing!'
(Smart Balbus cries) 'come, name the thing;
That such there are we all agree:
What is this wood?' Why—Tyburn-tree!
  Hear then this reverend oak harangue,
Who makes men do so, ere they hang.

Patibulum loquitur.

'Each thing whatever, when aggriev'd,
Of right complains to be reliev'd.
When rogues so rais'd the price of wheat
That few folks could afford to eat,
(Just as when doctors' fees run high
Few patients can afford to die)
The poor durst into murmurs break,
For losers must have leave to speak;
Then from reproaching fell to mauling
Each neighbour-rogue they found forestalling.
As these again, their knaves and setters,
Durst vent complaints against their betters,
Whose only crime was in defeating
Their schemes of growing rich by cheating;
So shall not I my wrongs relate,
An injur'd minister of state?
The finisher of care and pain
May sure with better grace complain,
For reasons no less strong and true,
Marine Society! of you;
Of you, as every carman knows,
My latest and most fatal foes.
'My property you basely steal,
Which ev'n a British Oak can feel;
Feel and resent:—what wonder then
It should be felt by British men,
When France, insulting, durst invade
Their clearest property of trade?
For which both nations at the bar
Of that supreme tribunal—War,
To show their reasons have agreed,
And lawyers by ten thousands fee'd,

Who now for legal quirks and puns
Plead with the rhetoric of great guns,
And each his client's cause maintains
By knocking out the' opponent's brains;
While Europe all—but we adjourn
This wise digression, and return.

'Your rules and statutes have undone me;
My surest cards begin to shun me:
My native subjects dare rebel,
Those who were born for me and hell;
And but for you, the scoundrel line
Had every mother's son died mine:
A race unnumber'd as unknown,
Whom town or suburb calls her own:
Of vagrant love the various spawn,
From rags and filth, from lace and lawn;
Sons of Fleet-Ditch, of bulks, of benches,
Where peer and porter meet their wenches;
For neither health nor shame can wean us
From mixing with the midnight Venus.

'Nor let my cits be here forgot;
They know to sin as well as sot.
When Night demure walks forth, array'd
In her thin negligée of shade,
Late-risen from their long regale
Of beef and beer, and bawdy-tale,
Abroad the Common-council sally,
To poach for game in lane or alley:
This gets a son, whose first essay
Will filch his father's till away;
A daughter that, who may retire,
Some few years hence, with her own sire;
And while his hand is on her locket
The filial virtue picks his pocket.

'Change-Alley, too, is grown so nice,
A broker dares refine on vice;
With lord-like scorn of marriage-vows,
In her own arms he cuckolds spouse;
For young and fresh while he would wish her,
His loose thought glows with Kitty Fisher;
Or after nobler quarry running,
Profanely paints her out a Gunning.
' Now these, of each degree and sort,
At Wapping dropp'd, perhaps at Court,
Bred up for me, to swear and lie,
To laugh at hell, and Heaven defy;
These, Tyburn's regimented train,
Who risk their necks to spread my reign,
From age to age, by right divine,
Hereditary rogues, were mine,
And each, by discipline severe,
Improv'd beyond all shame and fear,
From guilt to guilt advancing daily,
My constant friend, the good Old Bailey
To me made over, late or soon,
I think, at latest, once a moon;
But by your interloping care
Not one in ten shall be my share.
' Ere 'tis too late, your error see,
You foes to Britain and to me!
To me, agreed—but to the nation?—
I prove it thus by demonstration.
' First, that there is much good in ill
My great apostle Mandeville
Has made most clear. Read, if you please,
His moral Fable of " The Bees."
Our reverend clergy next will own—
Were all men good, their trade were gone;

That were it not for useful vice
Their learned pains would bear no price;
Nay, we should quickly bid defiance
To their demonstrated alliance.
'Next, kingdoms are compos'd, we know,
Of individuals, Jack and Joe:
Now these, our sovereign-lords—the rabble,
For ever prone to growl and squabble,
The monstrous many-headed beast,
Whom we must not offend, but feast,
Like Cerberus, should have their sup;
And what is that—but trussing up?
How happy were their hearts, and gay,
At each return of hanging-day!
To see Page [1] swinging they admire,
Beyond ev'n Madox [1] on his wire!
No baiting of a bull or bear
To Perry [1] dangling in the air!
And then the being drunk a week,
For joy some Sheppard [1] would not squeak!
But now that those good times are o'er,
How will they mutiny and roar!
Your scheme absurd of sober rules
Will sink the race of men to mules;
For ever drudging, sweating, broiling,
For ever for the public toiling:
Hard masters! who, just when they need 'em,
With a few thistles deign to feed 'em.
'Yet more—for it is seldom known
That fault or folly stands alone—

[1] As these are all persons of note, and well known to our readers, we think any more particular mention of them unnecessary. *Mallet.*

You next debauch their infant-mind
With fumes of honourable wind,
Which must beget, in heads untried,
That worst of human vices, pride.
All who my humble paths forsake
Will reckon each to be a Blake!
There on the deck, with arms a-kimbo,
Already struts the future Bembow!
By you bred up to take delight in
No earthly thing, but oaths and fighting.
These sturdy sons of blood and blows,
By pulling Monsieur by the nose,
By making kicks and cuffs the fashion,
Will put all Europe in a passion.
The grand alliance, now quadruple,
Will pay us home, *jusqu'au centuple;*
So the French king was heard to cry—
And can a king of Frenchmen lie?
'These and more mischiefs I foresee
From fondling brats of base degree.
As mushrooms that on dunghills rise
The kindred-weeds beneath despise,
So these their fellows will contemn,
Who in revenge will rage at them;
For through each rank what more offends
Than to behold the rise of friends?
Still, when our equals grow too great,
We may applaud, but we must hate;
Then will it be endur'd, when John
Has put my hempen ribbon on,
To see his ancient mess-mate Cloud,
By you made turbulent and proud,
And early taught my tree to bilk,
Pass in another—all of silk?

'Yet, one more mournful case to put;
A hundred mouths at once you shut!
Half Grub-Street, silenc'd in an hour,
Must curse your interposing pow'r.
If my lost sons no longer steal,
What son of her's can earn a meal?
You ruin many a gentle bard,
Who liv'd by heroes—that die hard!
Their brother-hawkers too, that sung
How great from world to world they swung,
And by sad sonnets, quaver'd loud,
Drew tears and halfpence from the crowd!
'Blind Fielding[2] too—a mischief on him!
I wish my sons would meet and stone him!
Sends his black squadrons up and down,
Who drive my best boys back to Town.
They find that travelling now abroad,
To ease rich rascals on the road,
Is grown a calling much unsafe,
That there are surer ways by half,
To which they have their equal claim
Of earning daily food and fame;
So down at home they sit and think—
How best to rob with pen and ink.
'Hence red-hot letters and essays
By the John Lilburn of these days,
Who guards his want of shame and sense
With shield of sevenfold impudence:
Hence cards on Pelham, cards on Pitt,
With much abuse and little wit;
Hence libels against Hardwicke penn'd,
That only hurt when they commend;
Hence oft ascrib'd to Fox, at least
All that defames his namesake beast;

[2] Sir John Fielding, the Bow-street magistrate

Hence Cloacina hourly views
Unnumber'd labours of the Muse,
That sink where myriads went before,
And sleep within the chaos hoar;
While her brown daughters, under ground,
Are fed with politics profound:
Each eager hand a fragment snaps,
More excrement than what it wraps.
'These, singly, contributions raise,
Of casual pudding and of praise:
Others again, who form a gang,
Yet take due measures not to hang,
In Magazines their forces join,
By legal methods to purloin;
Whose weekly or whose monthly feat is
First to decry, then steal your treatise:
So rogues in France perform their job,
Assassinating ere they rob.
'But, this long narrative to close,
They who would grievances expose,
In all good policy no less
Should show the methods to redress.
If commerce, sinking in one scale,
By fraud or hazard comes to fail,
The task is next, all statesmen know it,
To find another where to throw it,
That, rising there in due degree,
The public may no loser be.
Thus having heard how you invade,
And in one way destroy my trade,
That we at last may part good friends,
Hear how you still may make amends.
'O search this sinful Town with care;
What numbers, duly mine, are there!

The full-fed herd of money-jobbers,
Jews, Christians, rogues alike and robbers!
Who riot on the poor man's toils,
And fatten by a nation's spoils!
The crowd of little knaves in place,
Our age's envy and disgrace.
Secret and snug, by daily stealth
The busy vermin pick up wealth;
Then, without birth, controul the great,
Then, without talents, rule the state!

'Some ladies too—for some there are
With shame and decency at war,—
Who on a ground of pale threescore
Still spread the rose of twenty-four,
And bid a nut-brown bosom glow
With purer white than lilies know;
Who into vice intrepid rush,
Put modest whoring to the blush,
And with more front engage a trooper
Than Jenny Jones or Lucy Cooper.

'Send me each mischief-making nibbler,
'Tis equal senator or scribbler,
Who on the self-same spot of ground,
The self-same hearers staring round,
Abjure and join with, praise and blame,
Both men and measures still the same;
Or serve our foes with all their might,
By proving Britons dare not fight:
Slim, flimsy, fiddling, futile elves,
They paint the nation from themselves;
Less aiming to be wise than witty,
And mighty pert, and mighty pretty.

'Send me each string—save green and blue—
These, Brother Towerhill, wait for you.

But, Lollius, be not in the spleen;
'Tis only Arthur's Knights I mean—
Not those of old renown'd in fable,
Nor of the Round, but gaming, table,
Who every night, the waiters say,
Break every law they make by day;
Plunge deep our youth in all the vice
Attendant upon drink and dice,
And, mixing in nocturnal battles,
Devour each others' goods and chattles;
While from the mouth of magic-box,
With curses dire and dreadful knocks,
They fling whole tenements away,
Fling time, health, fame,—yet call it *Play!*
Till, by advice of special friends,
The titled dupe a sharper ends;
Or if some drop of noble blood
Remains, not quite defil'd to mud,
The wretch, unpitied and alone,
Leaps headlong to the world unknown!'

THE DISCOVERY:

UPON READING SOME VERSES WRITTEN BY A YOUNG LADY AT A BOARDING-SCHOOL, SEPTEMBER 1760.

Apollo lately sent to know
If he had any sons below;
For, by the trash he long had seen
In male and female Magazine,
A hundred quires not worth a groat,
The race must be extinct he thought.
  His messenger to court repairs,
Walks softly with the crowd up-stairs;

But when he had his errand told,
The courtiers sneer'd both young and old:
Augustus knit his royal brow,
And bade him let Apollo know it,
That, from his infancy till now,
He lov'd nor poetry nor poet.
  His next adventure was the Park,
When it grew fashionably dark:
There beauties, boobies, strumpets, rakes,
Talk'd much of commerce, whist, and stakes;
Who tips the wink, who drops the card,—
But not one word of verse or bard.
  The stage, Apollo's old domain,
Where his true sons were wont to reign,
His courier now past frowning by;—
Ye modern Durfeys tell us why.
  Slow to the City last he went;
There all was prose of *cent per cent.*
There alley-*omnium*, *scrip*, and *bonus*,
(Latin for which a Muse would stone us,
Yet honest Gideon's classic style)
Made our poor nuncio stare and smile.
  And now the clock had struck eleven,
The messenger must back to heaven;
But just as he his wings had tied,
Look'd up Queen-square, the north-east side,
A blooming creature there he found,
With pen and ink, and books around,
Alone, and writing by a taper;—
He read unseen, then stole her paper.
It much amus'd him on his way,
And reaching heaven by break of day,
He show'd Apollo what he stole;—
The god perus'd, and lik'd the whole;

Then calling for his pocket-book,
Some right celestial vellum took,
And what he with a sun-beam there
Writ down, the Muse thus copies fair:
'If I no men my sons must call,
'Here's one fair daughter worth them all:
'Mark then the sacred words that follow,
'Sophia's mine'—so sign'd APOLLO.

IMPROMPTU,

ON A LADY WHO HAD PASSED SOME TIME IN PLAYING WITH A VERY YOUNG CHILD.

'WHY on this least of little Misses
Did Celia waste so many kisses?'
Quoth Love, who stood behind, and smil'd,
'She kiss'd the father in the child.'

ON I. H. ESQ.

THE youth had wit himself, and could afford
A witty neighbour his good word.
Though scandal was his joy, he would not swear;
An oath had made the ladies stare:
At them he duly dress'd, but without passion;
His only mistress was the fashion.
His verse with fancy glitter'd, cold and faint;
His prose with sense correctly quaint.
Trifles he lov'd; he tasted arts:
At once a fribble and a man of parts.

INSCRIPTION FOR A PICTURE.

With no one talent that deserves applause;
With no one awkwardess that laughter draws;
Who thinks not, but just echoes what we say;
A clock at morn wound up to run a day;
His larum goes in one smooth simple strain;
He stops, and then we wind him up again:
Still hovering round the fair at fifty-four,
Unfit to love, unable to give o'er:
A flesh-fly, that just flutters on the wing,
Awake to buzz, but not alive to sting;
Brisk where he cannot, backward where he can,
The teasing ghost of the departed man.

EPIGRAM,

ON A CERTAIN LORD'S PASSION FOR A SINGER.

Nerina's angel voice delights;
Nerina's devil-face affrights;
How whimsical her Strephon's fate,
Condemn'd at once to like and hate!
But be she cruel, be she kind,
Love! strike her dumb, or make him blind.

A SIMILE IN PRIOR,

APPLIED TO THE SAME PERSON.

'Dear Thomas! didst thou never pop
Thy head into a tinman's shop?
There, Thomas! didst thou never see—
'Tis but by way of Simile—

A squirrel spend its little rage
In jumping round a rolling cage?
Mov'd in the orb, pleas'd with the chimes,
The foolish creature thinks it climbs;
But here or there, turn wood or wire,
It never gets two inches higher.'
So fares it with this little peer
So busy and so bustling here;
For ever flirting up and down,
And frisking round his cage, the Town.

EPIGRAM,

ON SEEING TWO PERSONS PASS BY IN VERY DIFFERENT EQUIPAGES.

In modern as in ancient days,
See what the Muses have to brag on;
The player—in his own post-chaise,
The poet—in a carrier's waggon!

EPIGRAM,

WRITTEN AT TUNBRIDGE-WELLS, 1760.

When Churchill led his legions on,
Success still follow'd where he shone,
And are those triumphs, with the dead,
All from his house for ever fled?
Not so; by softer surer arms,
They yet survive in beauty's charms;
For, look on blooming Pembroke's face,
Ev'n now he triumphs in his race.

VERSES

WRITTEN FOR, AND GIVEN IN PRINT TO, A BEGGAR.

O MERCY! Heaven's first attribute,
Whose care embraces man and brute,
Behold me, where I shivering stand;
Bid gentle Pity stretch her hand
To Want and Age, Disease and Pain,
That all in one sad object reign.
Still feeling bad, still fearing worse,
Existence is to me a curse:—
Yet how to close this weary eye?
By my own hand I dare not die;
And Death, the friend of human woes,
Who brings the last and sound repose,
Death does at dreadful distance keep,
And leaves one wretch to wake and weep.

A WINTER'S DAY.

WRITTEN IN A STATE OF MELANCHOLY.

Now, gloomy Soul! look out—now comes thy turn;
With thee behold all ravag'd Nature mourn.
Hail the dim empire of thy darling night, [light:
That spreads slow-shadowing o'er the vanquish'd
Look out with joy; the ruler of the day
Faint, as thy hopes, emits a glimmering ray;
Already exil'd to the utmost sky,
Hither, oblique, he turn'd his clouded eye.
Lo! from the limits of the wintry pole
Mountainous clouds in rude confusion roll;

In dismal pomp, now hovering on their way,
To a sick twilight they reduce the day.
And hark! imprison'd winds, broke loose, arise,
And roar their haughty triumph through the skies;
While the driv'n clouds, o'ercharg'd with floods of [rain,
And mingled lightning, burst upon the plain.
Now see sad earth—like thine her alter'd state,
Like thee she mourns her sad reverse of fate!
Her smile, her wanton looks—where are they now?
Faded her face, and wrapt in clouds her brow!
No more the' ungrateful verdure of the plain,
No more the wealth-crown'd labours of the swain:
These scenes of bliss no more upbraid my fate,
Torture my pining thought, and rouse my hate;
The leaf-clad forest and the tufted grove,
Erewhile the safe retreats of happy love,
Stripp'd of their honours, naked now appear;
This is—my Soul! the winter of their year:
The little noisy songsters of the wing,
All shivering on the bough, forget to sing.
Hail, reverend Silence! with thy awful brow,
Be Music's voice for ever mute—as now;
Let no intrusive joy my dead repose
Disturb—no pleasure disconcert my woes.
In this moss-cover'd cavern, hopeless laid,
On the cold cliff I'll lean my aching head,
And, pleas'd with winter's waste, unpitying see
All nature in an agony with me.
Rough rugged rocks, wet marshes, ruin'd tow'rs,
Bare trees, brown brakes, bleak heaths, and rushy
moors,
Dead floods, huge cataracts, to my pleas'd eyes—
(Now I can smile)—in wild disorder rise;

And now, the various dreadfulness combin'd,
Black Melancholy comes to doze my mind.
  See! Night's wish'd shades rise spreading through the air,
And the lone hollow gloom for me prepare!
Hail, solitary ruler of the grave!
Parent of terrors! from thy dreary cave
Let thy dumb silence midnight all the ground,
And spread a welcome horror wide around.—
But hark!—a sudden howl invades my ear!
The phantoms of the dreadful hour are near;
Shadows from each dark cavern now combine,
And stalk around, and mix their yells with mine.
  Stop, flying Time! repose thy restless wing;
Fix here—nor hasten to restore the Spring:
Fix'd my ill fate, so fix'd let Winter be—
Let never wanton Season laugh at me.

ON THE DEATH OF LADY ANSON.

ADDRESSED TO HER FATHER [1], 1761.

O! Crown'd with honour, bless'd with length of days,
Thou whom the wise revere, the worthy praise;
Just guardian of those laws thy voice explain'd,
And meriting all titles thou hast gain'd—
Though still the fairest from Heaven's bounty flow,
For 'good and great' no monarch can bestow;
Yet thus of health, of fame, of friends, possess'd,
No fortune, Hardwicke! is sincerely bless'd:

[1] Philip, first Earl of Hardwicke.

All human-kind are sons of sorrow born;
The great must suffer, and the good must mourn.
For say, can Wisdom's self, what late was thine,
Can Fortitude, without a sigh resign?
Ah! no: when Love, when Reason, hand in hand
O'er the cold urn consenting mourners stand,
The firmest heart dissolves to soften here,
And Piety applauds the falling tear.
Those sacred drops, by virtuous weakness shed,
Adorn the living while they grace the dead;
From tender thought their source unblam'd they draw,
By Heaven approv'd, and true to Nature's law.
When his lov'd child the Roman could not save,
Immortal Tully, from an early grave[2],
No common forms his home-felt passion kept,
The sage, the patriot, in the parent wept:
And, O! by grief allied, as join'd in fame,
The same thy loss, thy sorrows are the same.
She whom the Muses, whom the Loves, deplore,
Ev'n she thy pride and pleasure is no more;
In bloom of years, in all her virtue's bloom,
Lost to thy hopes, and silent in the tomb.
O season mark'd by mourning and despair!
Thy blasts how fatal to the young and fair!
For vernal freshness, for the balmy breeze,
Thy tainted winds came pregnant with disease;
Sick Nature sunk before the mortal breath,
That scatter'd fever, agony, and death.
What funerals have thy cruel ravage spread!
What eyes have flow'd! what noble bosoms bled!

[2] Tullia died about the age of two-and-thirty. She is celebrated for her filial piety, and for having added to the usual graces of her sex the more solid accomplishments of knowledge and polite letters. *Mallet.*

Here let Reflection fix her sober view;
O think who suffer and who sigh with you!
See rudely snatch'd, in all her pride of charms,
Bright Granby, from a youthful husband's arms!
In climes far distant see that husband mourn,
His arms revers'd, his recent laurel torn!
Behold again, at Fate's imperious call,
In one dread instant blooming Lincoln fall!
See her lov'd lord with speechless anguish bend!
And, mixing tears with his, thy noblest friend,
Thy Pelham, turn on Heaven his streaming eye;
Again in her he sees a brother die!
And he who, long unshaken and serene,
Had death in each dire form of terror seen,
Through worlds unknown o'er unknown oceans tost,
By love subdued, now weeps a consort lost;
Now sunk to fondness all the man appears,
His front dejected, and his soul in tears.
Yet more; nor thou the Muse's voice disdain,
Who fondly tries to soothe a father's pain—
Let thy calm eye survey the suffering ball,
See kingdoms round thee verging to their fall!
What spring had promis'd and what autumn yields,
The bread of thousands, ravish'd from their fields!
See youth and age, the' ignoble and the great,
Swept to one grave, in one promiscuous fate!
Hear Europe groan! hear all her nations mourn!
And be a private wound with patience borne.
Think too, and reason will confirm the thought;
Thy cares for her are to their period brought,
Yet, she, fair pattern to a failing age!
With wit chastis'd, with sprightly temper sage;
Whom each endearing name could recommend,
Whom all became, wife, sister, daughter, friend;

Unwarp'd by folly, and by vice unstain'd,
The prize of virtue has for ever gain'd!
From life escap'd, and safe on that calm shore
Where sin, and pain, and error, are no more;
She now no change, nor you no fear, can feel;
Death to her fame has fix'd the' eternal seal.

A FUNERAL HYMN.

Ye midnight shades! o'er Nature spread,
Dumb silence of the dreary hour;
In honour of the' approaching dead
Around your awful terrors pour.
Yes, pour around
On this pale ground,
Through all this deep surrounding gloom,
The sober thought,
The tear untaught,
Those meetest mourners at a tomb.

Lo! as the surplic'd train draw near
To this last mansion of mankind,
The slow sad bell, the sable bier,
In holy musings wrap the mind!
And while their beam,
With trembling stream,
Attending tapers faintly dart,
Each mouldering bone,
Each sculptur'd stone,
Strikes mute instruction to the heart.

Now let the sacred organ blow
With solemn pause and sounding slow;

Now let the voice due measure keep,
In strains that sigh and words that weep,
Till all the vocal current blended roll,
Not to depress, but lift the soaring soul :

To lift it in the Maker's praise!
Who first inform'd our frame with breath,
And, after some few stormy days,
Now gracious gives us o'er to death.
No king of fears
In him appears,
Who shuts the scene of human woes;
Beneath his shade
Securely laid,
The dead alone find true repose.

Then, while we mingle 'dust with dust,'
To One supremely good and wise
Raise hallelujahs !—God is just,
And man most happy—when he dies!
His winter past,
Fair Spring at last
Receives him on her flowery shore,
Where pleasure's rose
Immortal blows,
And sin and sorrow are no more.

EPITAPH

ON MR. AIKMAN AND HIS ONLY SON,

Who were both interred in the same Grave.

DEAR to the wise and good, disprais'd by none,
Here sleep in peace the father and the son;

By virtue, as by nature, close allied,
The painter's genius, but without the pride;
Worth unambitious, wit afraid to shine,
Honour's clear light, and Friendship's warmth divine.
The son, fair rising, knew too short a date;
But, oh! how more severe the parent's fate!
He saw him torn, untimely, from his side,
Felt all a father's anguish,—wept, and died!

EPITAPH

ON A YOUNG LADY.

This humble grave though no proud structures grace,
Yet truth and Goodness sanctify the place;
Yet blameless Virtue, that adorn'd thy bloom,
Lamented Maid! now weeps upon thy tomb.
O 'scap'd from life! O safe on that calm shore
Where sin, and pain, and passion, are no more!
What never wealth could buy, nor power decree,
Regard and Pity wait sincere on thee:
Lo! soft Remembrance drops a pious tear,
And holy Friendship stands a mourner here.

EPISTLES.

TO MR. POPE.

ON VERBAL CRITICISM.

ADVERTISEMENT.

As the design of the following Poem is to rally the abuse of Verbal Criticism, the Author could not, without manifest partiality, overlook the Editor of Milton, and the Restorer of Shakspeare. With regard to the latter, he has read over the many and ample specimens with which that Scholiast has already obliged the public; and of these, and these only, he pretends to give his opinion. But whatever he may think of the critic, not bearing the least ill-will to the man, he deferred printing these verses, though written several months ago, till he heard that the subscription for a new edition of Shakspeare was closed.

He begs leave to add likewise, that this Poem was undertaken and written entirely without the knowledge of the gentleman to whom it is addressed. Only as it is a public testimony of his inviolable esteem for Mr. Pope, on that account, particularly, he wishes it may not be judged to increase the number of mean performances with which the Town is almost daily pestered.

AMONG the numerous fools, by Fate design'd
Oft to disturb, and oft divert, mankind,
The reading Coxcomb is of special note,
By rule a poet, and a judge by rote;
Grave son of idle Industry and Pride,
Whom learning but perverts, and books misguide.

O fam'd for judging as for writing well,
That rarest science, where so few excel!
Whose life, severely scann'd, transcends thy lays,
For wit supreme is but thy second praise:
'Tis thine, O Pope! who choose the better part,
To tell how false, how vain, the scholiast's art,
Which nor to taste nor genius has pretence,
And, if 'tis learning, is not common sense.
In error obstinate, in wrangling loud,
For trifles eager, positive, and proud;
Deep in the darkness of dull authors bred,
With all their refuse lumber'd in his head,
What every dunce from every dunghill drew
Of literary offals, old or new,
Forth steps at last the self-applauding wight,
Of points and letters, chaff and straws, to write;
Sagely resolv'd to swell each bulky piece
With venerable toys from Rome and Greece:
How oft in Homer, Paris curl'd his hair?
If Aristotle's cap were round or square?
If in the cave where Dido first was sped,
To Tyre she turn'd her heels, to Troy her head?
Such the choice anecdotes, profound and vain,
That store a Bentley's and a Burman's brain:
Hence, Plato quoted, or the Stagyrite,
To prove that flame ascends, and snow is white;
Hence, much hard study without sense or breeding,
And all the grave impertinence of reading.
If Shakspeare says—the noon-day sun is bright,
His scholiast will remark, it then was light;
Turn Caxton, Wynkin, each old Goth and Hun,
To rectify the reading of a pun.
Thus nicely trifling, accurately dull,
How one may toil, and toil—to be a fool!

But is there then no honour due to age?
No reverence to great Shakspeare's noble page?
And he who half a life has read him o'er,
His mangled points and commas to restore,
Meets he such slight regard in nameless lays,
Whom Bufo treats, and Lady Wou'dbe pays?
Pride of his own, and wonder of this age,
Who first created and yet rules the stage;
Bold to design, all-powerful to express,
Shakspeare each passion drew, in every dress:
Great above rule, and imitating none,
Rich without borrowing, Nature was his own;
Yet is his sense debas'd by gross allay;
As gold in mines lies mix'd with dirt and clay,
Now, eagle-wing'd his Heav'nward flight he takes,
The big stage thunders, and the soul awakes;
Now, low on earth, a kindred reptile creeps,
Sad Hamlet quibbles, and the hearer sleeps.
Such was the Poet; next the scholiast view;
Faint though the colouring, yet the features true.
Condemn'd to dig and dung a barren soil,
Where hardly tares will grow with care and toil,
He with low industry goes gleaning on
From good, from bad, from mean, neglecting none;
His brother book-worm, so, in shelf or stall,
Will feed alike on Wool'ston and on Paul.
By living clients hopeless now of bread,
He pettyfogs a scrap from authors dead:
See him on Shakspeare pore, intent to steal
Poor farce, by fragments, for a third-day meal.
Such that grave bird in northern seas is found,
Whose name a Dutchman only knows to sound:
Where'er the king of fish moves on before,
This humble friend attends from shore to shore;

With eye still earnest, and with bill inclin'd,
He picks up what his patron drops behind,
With those choice cates his palate to regale,
And is the careful Tibbald of a whale [1].

Bless'd Genius! who bestows his oil and pains
On each dull passage each dull book contains;
The toil more grateful as the task more low:
So carrion is the quarry of a crow.
Where his fam'd author's page is flat and poor,
There most exact the reading to restore;
By dint of plodding and by sweat of face,
A bull to change, a blunder to replace;
Whate'er is refuse critically gleaning,
And mending nonsense into doubtful meaning.
For this dread Dennis, (and who can forbear,
Dunce or not dunce, relating it, to stare? [2])
His head though jealous, and his years fourscore,
Ev'n Dennis praises, who ne'er prais'd before [3]!
For this the Scholiast claims his share of fame,
And, modest, prints his own with Shakspeare's name:
How justly, Pope! in this short story view,
Which may be dull, and therefore should be true.

A Prelate, fam'd for clearing each dark text,
Who sense with sound and truth with rhetoric mixt,

[1] This remarkable bird is called the Strundt-Jager. Here you see how he purchases his food; and the same author, from whom this account is taken, tells us farther how he comes by his drink. 'You may see him (adds the Dutchman) 'frequently pursuing a sort of seamew, called Kulge-Gehef, whom he torments incessantly to make him void an excrement, which, being liquid, serves him, I imagine, for drink.' See A Collection of Voyages to the North.

[2] ——— Quis talia fando
Myrmidonum, Dolopumve, &c. VIRG.

[3] See The Dedication of his Remarks on the Dunciad to Mr. Lewis Theobald.

Once, as his moving theme to rapture warm'd,
Inspir'd himself, his happy hearers charm'd.
The sermon o'er, the crowd remain'd behind,
And freely man or woman spoke their mind:
All said they lik'd the lecture from their soul,
And each, remembering something, prais'd the whole.
At last an honest sexton join'd the throng,
(For as the theme was large their talk was long)
'Neighbours, (he cry'd) my conscience bids me tell,
Though 'twas the Doctor preach'd—I toll'd the bell.'
In this the critic's folly most is shown:
Is there a genius all unlike his own,
With learning elegant, with wit well-bred,
And, as in books, in men and manners read?
Himself, with poring erudition blind,
Unknowing, as unknown, of human-kind,
That writer he selects, with awkward aim,
His sense at once to mimic and to maim.
So Florio is a fop with half a nose;
So fat West-Indian planters dress as beaux;
Thus gay Petronius was a Dutchman's choice,
And Horace, strange to say! tun'd Bentley's voice.
Horace, whom all the Graces taught to please,
Mix'd mirth with morals, eloquence with ease;
His genius social as his judgment clear,
When frolic prudent, smiling when severe;
Secure each temper and each taste to hit,
His was the curious happiness of wit:
Skill'd in that noblest science how to live,
Which learning may direct, but Heav'n must give;
Grave with Agrippa, with Mecænas gay;
Among the fair but just as wise as they;
First in the friendships of the great enroll'd,
The St. Johns, Boyles, and Lytteltons, of old.

While Bentley, long to wrangling schools confin'd,
And but by books acquainted with mankind,
Dares, in the fulness of the pedant's pride,
Rhyme, though no genius; though no judge, decide;
Yet he, prime pattern of the captious art,
Out-tibbalding poor Tibbald, tops his part;
Holds high the scourge o'er each fam'd author's head,
Nor are their graves a refuge for the dead:
To Milton lending sense, to Horace wit,
He makes them write what never poet writ;
The Roman Muse arraigns his mangling pen,
And Paradise by him is lost again [4].
Such was his doom impos'd by Heaven's decree,
With ears that hear not, eyes that shall not see;
The low to swell, to level the sublime,
To blast all beauty, and beprose all rhyme.
Great eldest-born of Dulness! blind and bold,
Tyrant! more cruel than Procrustes old,
Who to his iron-bed by torture fits
Their nobler part, the souls of suffering wits.
Such is the man who heaps his head with bays,
And calls on human-kind to sound his praise
For points transplac'd with curious want of skill,
For flatten'd sounds, and sense amended ill.
So wise Caligula, in days of yore,
His helmet fill'd with pebbles on the shore,

[4] This sagacious scholiast is pleased to create an imaginary editor of Milton, who, he says, by his blunders, interpolations, and vile alterations, lost Paradise a second time. This is a postulatum which surely none of his readers can have the heart to deny him; because otherwise he would have wanted a fair opportunity of calling Milton himself, in the person of this phantom, fool, ignorant, idiot, and the like critical compellations, which he plentifully bestows on him. But though he had no taste in poetry, he was otherwise a man of very considerable abilities, and of great erudition.

Swore he had rifled ocean's richest spoils,
And claim'd a trophy for his martial toils.
  Yet be his merits with his faults confest;
Fair-dealing, as the plainest, is the best.
Long lay the critic's work with trifles stor'd,
Admir'd in Latin, but in Greek ador'd.
Men so well read, who confidently wrote,
Their readers could have sworn were men of note.
To pass upon the crowd for great or rare,
Aim not to make them knowing, make them stare.
For these blind votaries good Bentley griev'd,
Writ English notes—and mankind undeceiv'd;
In such clear light the serious folly plac'd,
Ev'n thou, Browne Willis! thou may'st see the jest.
  But what can cure our vanity of mind,
Deaf to reproof, and to discovery blind?
Let Cooke a brother-scholiast Shakspeare call,
Tibbald to Hesiod-Cooke returns the ball.
So runs the circle still: in this we see
The lackeys of the great and learn'd agree.
If Britain's nobles mix in high debate,
Whence Europe, in suspense, attends her fate,
In mimic session their grave footmen meet,
Reduce an army, or equip a fleet,
And, rivalling the critic's lofty style,
Mere Tom and Dick are Stanhope and Argyle.
  Yet those whom pride and dulness join to blind,
To narrow cares in narrow space confin'd,
Though with big titles each his fellow greets,
Are but to wits as scavengers to streets;
The humble blackguards of a Pope and Gay,
To brush off dust, and wipe their spots away.
  Or, if not trivial, harmful is their art;
Fume to the head, or poison to the heart.

Where ancient authors hint at things obscene,
The scholiast speaks out broadly what they mean.
Disclosing each dark vice, well lost to fame,
And adding fuel to redundant flame,
He, sober pimp to lechery, explains
What Capreæ's isles or V*'s alcove contains;
Why Paulus, for his sordid temper known,
Was lavish to his father's wife alone;
Why those fond female visits duly paid
To tuneful Incuba, and what her trade;
How modern love has made so many martyrs,
And which keeps oft'nest, Lady C* or Chartres.
  But who their various follies can explain?
The tale is infinite, the task were vain.
'Twere to read new-year odes in search of thought,
To sum the libels Prynne or Withers wrote;
To guess, ere one Epistle [5] saw the light,
How many dunces met and clubb'd their mite;
To vouch for truth what Welsted prints of Pope,
Or from the brother-boobies steal a trope.
That be the part of persevering Wasse [6],
With pen of lead; or, Arnal! thine of brass;
A text for Henley, or a gloss for Hearne,
Who loves to teach what no man cares to learn.
  How little knowledge reaps from toils like these!
Too doubtful to direct, too poor to please.

[5] See a poem published some time ago under that title, said to be the production of several ingenious and prolific heads; one contributing a simile, another a character, and a certain gentleman four shrewd lines wholly made up of asterisks.

[6] See the Preface to his edition of Sallust; and read, if you are able, the Scholia of sixteen annotators by him collected, besides his own.

Yet, Critics! would your tribe deserve a name,
And, fairly useful, rise to honest fame,
First from the head a load of lumber move,
And from the volume all yourselves approve:
For patch'd and pilfer'd fragments, give us sense;
Or learning clear from learn'd impertinence,
Where moral meaning or where taste presides,
And wit enlivens but what reason guides;
Great without swelling, without meanness plain,
Serious not silly, sportive but not vain;
On trifles slight, on things of use profound,
In quoting sober, and in judging sound.

TO MIRA.

FROM THE COUNTRY.

At this late hour the world lies hush'd below,
Nor is one breath of air awake to blow:
Now walks mute Midnight darkling o'er the plain,
Rest and soft-footed Silence in his train,
To bless the cottage, and renew the swain.
These all-asleep, me all-awake, they find;
Nor rest nor silence charm the lover's mind.
Already I a thousand torments prove,
The thousand torments of divided love:
The rolling thought, impatient in the breast,
The fluttering wish on wing, that will not rest;
Desire, whose kindled flames, undying, glow,
Knowledge of distant bliss and present woe;
Unhush'd, unsleeping all, with me they dwell,
Children of absence, and of loving well.

These pale the cheek and cloud the cheerless eye,
Swell the swift tear, and heave the frequent sigh;
These reach the heart, and bid the health decline;
And these, O Mira! these are truly mine. [grove,
She whose sweet smile would gladden all the
Whose mind is music, and whose looks are love;
She, gentle power! victorious softness!—she,
Mira! is far from hence, from love and me;
Yet in my every thought her form I find, [bin'd!
Her looks, her words—her world of charms com-
Sweetness is her's, and unaffected ease,
The native wit, that was not taught to please:
Whatever softly animates the face,
The eye's attemper'd fire, the winning grace,
The' unstudied smile, the blush that nature warms,
And all the graceful negligence of charms!
Ha! while I gaze a thousand ardours rise,
And my fir'd bosom flashes from my eyes.
Oh! melting mildness! miracle of charms!
Receive my soul within those folding arms;
On that dear bosom let my wishes rest—
Oh! softer than the turtle's downy breast!
And see! where Love himself is waiting near;
Here let me ever dwell—for heaven is here!

TO MR. THOMSON,

ON HIS PUBLISHING THE SECOND EDITION OF HIS POEM CALLED 'WINTER,' IN 1726.

CHARM'D and instructed by thy powerful song,
I have, unjust, withheld my thanks too long;
This debt of gratitude at length receive,
Warmly sincere,—'tis all thy friend can give.

Thy worth new lights the poet's darken'd name,
And shows it blazing in the brightest fame.
Through all thy various Winter, full are found
Magnificence of thought, and pomp of sound,
Clear depth of sense, expression's heightening grace,
And goodness, eminent in power and place.
For this the wise, the knowing few, commend
With zealous joy—for thou art Virtue's friend;
Ev'n age and truth severe, in reading thee,
That Heaven inspires the Muse convinc'd agree.
Thus I dare sing of merit, faintly known,
Friendless—supported by itself alone:
For those whose aided will could lift thee high
In fortune, see not with Discernment's eye.
Nor place nor power bestows the sight refin'd,
And wealth enlarges not the narrow mind.
How couldst thou think of such, and write so well?
Or hope reward, by daring to excel?
Unskilful of the age, untaught to gain
Those favours which the fawning base obtain,
A thousand shameful arts, to thee unknown,
Falsehood and flattery must be first thy own.
If thy lov'd country lingers in thy breast,
Thou must drive out the' unprofitable guest;
Extinguish each bright aim that kindles there,
And centre in thyself thy every care.
But hence that vileness—pleas'd to charm man-
Cast each low thought of interest far behind: [kind,
Neglected into noble scorn—away
From that worn path where vulgar poets stray;
Inglorious herd! profuse of venal lays,
And by the pride despis'd they stoop to praise;
Thou! careless of the statesman's smile or frown,
Tread that straight way that leads to fair renown.

By Virtue guided, and by Glory fir'd,
And by reluctant Envy slow admir'd,
Dare to do well, and in thy boundless mind
Embrace the general welfare of thy kind;
Enrich them with the treasures of thy thought,
What Heaven approves, and what the Muse has taught.
Where thy power fails, unable to go on,
Ambitious, greatly *will* the good undone:
So shall thy name through ages brightening shine,
And distant praise from worth unborn be thine;
So shalt thou, happy, merit Heaven's regard,
And find a glorious, though a late reward.

SONGS.

TO A SCOTCH TUNE, 'THE BIRKS OF ENDERMAY.'

THE smiling morn, the breathing spring,
Invite the tuneful birds to sing,
And while they warble from each spray,
Love melts the universal lay:
Let us, Amanda! timely wise,
Like them improve the hour that flies,
And in soft raptures waste the day
Among the shades of Endermay.

For soon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter, will appear;
At this thy living bloom must fade,
As that will strip the verdant shade:
Our taste of pleasure then is o'er!
The feather'd songsters love no more:
And when they droop, and we decay,
Adieu the shades of Endermay!

TO A SCOTCH TUNE, 'MARY SCOT.'

WHERE Thames, along the daisied meads,
His wave in lucid mazes leads,
Silent, slow, serenely flowing,
Wealth on either shore bestowing,
There in a safe though small retreat
Content and Love have fix'd their seat;
Love, that counts his duty pleasure,
Content, that knows and hugs his treasure.

From art, from jealousy, secure,
As faith unblam'd, as friendship pure,
Vain opinion nobly scorning,
Virtue aiding, life adorning;
Fair Thames, along thy flowery side,
May those whom truth and reason guide,
All their tender hours improving,
Live like us, belov'd and loving!

AN ODE

IN THE MASK OF ALFRED:

Sung by a shepherdess who has lost her lover in the wars

A YOUTH, adorn'd with every art
To warm and win the coldest heart,
In secret mine possess'd:
The morning bud that fairest blows,
The vernal oak that straitest grows,
His face and shape express'd.

In moving sounds he told his tale,
Soft as the sighings of the gale
That wakes the flowery year.
What wonder he could charm with ease,
Whom happy Nature taught to please,
Whom Honour made sincere?

At morn he left me—fought—and fell!
The fatal evening heard his knell,
And saw the tears I shed;
Tears that must ever, ever fall,
For, ah! no sighs the past recall;
No cries awake the dead!

PROLOGUES, &c.

TO THE SIEGE OF DAMASCUS.

Spoken by Lord Sandwich.

When arts and arms, beneath Eliza's smile,
Spread wide their influence o'er this happy isle,
A golden reign, uncurs'd with party-rage,
That foe to taste, and tyrant of our age;
Ere all our learning in a libel lay,
And all our talk in politics or play;
The statesman oft would soothe his toils with wit,
What Spenser sung, and Nature's Shakspeare writ;
Or to the laurell'd grove, at times, retire,
There woo the Muse, and wake the moving lyre.
As fair examples, like ascending Morn,
The world at once enlighten and adorn,
From them diffus'd, the gentle arts of peace
Shot brightening o'er the land with swift increase;
Rough nature soften'd into grace and ease,
Sense grew polite, and Science sought to please.
Reliev'd from yon rude scene of party-din,
Where open Baseness vies with secret Sin,
And safe embower'd in Woburn's [1] airy groves,
Let us recal the times our taste approves,
Awaken to our aid the mourning Muse,
Through every bosom tender thought infuse,
Melt angry Faction into moral sense,
And to his guests a Bedford's soul dispense.

[1] The Siege of Damascus was acted at Woburn by the Duke of Bedford, the Earl of Sandwich, and some other persons of distinction, in the month of May 1743.

And now, while Spring extends her smiling reign,
Green on the mountain, flowery in the plain;
While genial Nature breathes from hill and dale
Health, fragrance, gladness, in the living gale;
The various softness stealing through the heart,
Impressions sweetly social will impart.
When sad Eudocia pours her hopeless woe
The tear of pity will unbidden flow!
When erring Phocyas, whom wild passions blind,
Holds up himself a mirror for mankind,
An equal eye on our own hearts we turn,
Where frailties lurk, where fond affections burn;
And conscious Nature is in all the same,
We mourn the guilty, while the guilt we blame!

TO MR. THOMSON'S AGAMEMNON.

When this decisive night at length appears,
The night of every author's hopes and fears,
What shifts to bribe applause poor poets try!
In all the forms of wit they court and lie;
These meanly beg it as an alms; and those,
By boastful bluster, dazzle and impose.
Nor poorly fearful nor securely vain,
Ours would by honest ways that grace obtain;
Would as a free-born wit, be fairly tried,
And then—let candour, fairly too, decide.
He courts no friend who blindly comes to praise;
He dreads no foe—but whom his faults may raise.
Indulge a generous pride, that bids him own
He aims to please by noble means alone;
By what may win the judgment, wake the heart,
Inspiring nature, and directing art;

By scenes so wrought as may applause command
More from the judging head than thundering hand.
Important is the moral we would teach:
O! may this island practise what we preach—
Vice in its first approach with care to shun;
The wretch who once engages is undone.
Crimes lead to greater crimes, and link so straight,
What first was accident at last is fate:
Guilt's hapless servant sinks into a slave,
And Virtue's last sad strugglings cannot save.
'As such our fair attempt, we hope to see
Our judges—here at least—from influence free:
One place—unbiass'd yet by party rage—
Where only honour votes—the British stage!
We ask for justice, for indulgence sue;
Our last best licence must proceed from you.'

TO THE MASK OF BRITANNIA:

ACTED AFTER ZARA.

Spoken by Mr. Garrick [1], 1755, *in the character of a sailor fuddled, and talking to himself.*

He ENTERS *singing,*

'*How pleasant a sailor's life passes!*'——

WELL, if thou art, my boy, a little mellow,
A sailor, half-seas o'er—'s a pretty fellow.
What cheer, ho? Do I carry too much sail?
[*To the Pit.*
No—tight and trim—I scud before the gale—
[*He staggers forward, then stops.*
But softly though; the vessel seems to heel:
Steady, my boy,—she must not show her keel.

[1] Some of the lines too were written by him.

And now, thus ballasted—what course to steer?
Shall I again to sea—and bang Mounseer?
Or stay on shore, and toy with Sal and Sue—
Dost love 'em, Boy?—By this right hand I do.
A well-rigg'd girl is surely most inviting; [ing:
There's nothing better, faith—save flip and fight-
For shall we sons of beef and freedom stoop,
Or lower our flag to slavery and soup?
What! shall these *Parlyvous* make such a racket,
And we not lend a hand to lace their jacket?
Still shall Old England be your Frenchman's butt?
Whene'er he shuffles, we should always cut.
I'll to 'em, faith—Avast—before I go—
Have I not promis'd Sal to see the show?
[*Pulls out a play-bill.*
From this same paper we shall understand
What work's to night—I read your printed hand!
But, first refresh a bit—for faith I need it—
I'll take one sugar-plum—and then I'll read it.
[*Takes some tobacco.*

He reads the play-bill of Zara, which was acted that evening.—'At the The-atre Royal—Drury-Lane—will be presenta-ted a tragedy called——SARAH.'

I'm glad 'tis Sarah—Then our Sal may see
Her namesake's tragedy! and as for me,
I'll sleep as sound as if I were at sea.

'*To which will be added—a new Mask.*'

Zounds! why a Mask? We sailors hate grimaces:
Above-board all, we scorn to hide our faces.
But what is here, so very large and plain?
'Bri-tan-nia'—oh, Britannia!—good again—

Huzza, Boys! by the Royal George I swear,
Tom Coxen and the crew shall straight be there.
All free-born souls must take Bri-tan-nia's part,
And give her three round cheers, with hand and heart! [*Going off, he stops.*
I wish you landmen, though, would leave your tricks,
Your factions, parties, and damn'd politics;
And, like us honest tars, drink, fight, and sing,
True to yourselves, your country, and your king!

EPILOGUE TO THE BROTHERS.

A TRAGEDY BY DR. YOUNG.

To woman, sure, the most severe affliction
Is from these fellows, point blank contradiction.
Our Bard, without—I wish he would appear—
Ud! I would give it him—but you shall hear.—
Good Sir! quoth I—and curtsey'd as I spoke—
Our pit, you know, expects and loves a joke—
'Twere fit to humour them; for, right or wrong,
True Britons never like the same thing long.
To-day is fair—they strut, huff, swear, harangue—
To-morrow's foul—they sneak aside, and hang.
Is there a war—Peace! peace! is all their cry:
The peace is made—then, blood! they'll fight and die.
Gallants! in talking thus I meant no treason;
I would have brought, you see, the man to reason;
But with some folks 'tis labour lost to strive:
A reasoning mule will neither lead nor drive.
He humm'd and ha'd; then, waking from his dream,
Cried, I must preach to you his moral scheme.

A scheme, forsooth! to benefit the nation!
Some queer odd whim of pious propagation [1]!
Lord! talk so here—the man must be a widgeon—
Drury may propagate—but not Religion.
Yet, after all, to give the devil his due,
Our Author's scheme, though strange, is wholly new.—
Well, shall the novelty then recommend it?
If not from liking, from caprice befriend it.
For drums and routs make him a while your passion,
A little while let Virtue be the fashion;
And, spite of real or imagin'd blunders,
Ev'n let him live nine days, like other wonders.

[1] The profits arising from this play were intended to be given by the Author to the Society for propagating Christian Knowledge.

FINIS.

Whittingham and Rowland, Printers, Goswell Street, London.

LYTTELTON.

'Tis princely Petsworth's noble dame
'Tis Egremont — Go, tell it, Fame!

Virtue and Fame.

Painted by Rob.t Smirke R.A. *Engraved by P.W. Tomkins*

Published 1.st Jan.y 1809, by John Sharpe;
Piccadilly.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

GEORGE, LORD LYTTELTON.

COLLATED WITH THE BEST EDITIONS:

BY

THOMAS PARK, F.S.A.

LONDON:
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ENCOMIUMS ON LYTTELTON.

FROM THOMSON'S SPRING.

THESE are the sacred feelings of thy heart,
Thy heart inform'd by reason's purer ray,
O LYTTELTON, the friend!—thy passions thus
And meditations vary, as at large, [stray'st,
Courting the Muse, through Hagley-Park thou
Thy British Tempé.—Thence abstracted oft,
You wander through the philosophic world;
Where in bright train continual wonders rise,
Or to the curious or the pious eye.
And oft conducted by historic Truth,
You tread the long extent of backward time:
Planning, with warm benevolence of mind,
And honest zeal unwarp'd by party-rage,
Britannia's weal: how from the venal gulf
To raise her virtue and her arts revive.
Or, turning thence thy view, these graver thoughts
The Muses charm: while, with sure taste refin'd,
You draw the' inspiring breath of ancient song;
Till nobly rises, emulous, thy own.

FROM LOFFT'S PRAISES OF POETRY.

HIS faithful lyre no giddy passion mov'd,
Nor the light sallies of inconstant youth;
But conjugal affection unreprov'd,
Tribute to dear regret and holy truth!

Whose true politeness temper'd manly sense:
Whom Slander's poisonous arrows fear'd to strike,
Scatter'd at random o'er the world alike:
Whose chastest thought shun'd all unjust offence;
All wantonness of cruelty;
All wrong to honour, virtue, decency:
His eloquence not idly blaz'd,
Nor falsely dazzled, daringly amaz'd,
Champion of fraud and of impiety;
But lighten'd history; and nobly rose
True to his God and Saviour; dar'd oppose
An age profane, and impious raillery:
Whose life condemn'd, whose tranquil death
Gave witness, to his latest breath,
How impotent to his, their vain philosophy.
Bounteous he was; yet Avarice dar'd not blame:
Frugal; yet Folly could not call him mean:
Virtue he sought, and reap'd uncourted fame:
In ease not idle; and in storms serene.
All-honour'd Lyttelton! thy worth,
While any live true merit to revere,
Like a pure stream of light,
Left here behind in thy soul's parting flight [1],
Shall animate us here,
And shine for ever friendly to mankind.
Should every other breast e'en thee forget,
Yet never should the Muse:
Never could she thy memory quit;
Never to Virtue's call her aid refuse:
But still she should restore to fame
Thy much-lov'd image, and revive thy name.

[1] Written about Sept. 1773, on Lord Lyttelton's death.

BLENHEIM.

WRITTEN AT THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD,

1727.

PARENT of arts, whose skilful hand first taught
The towering pile to rise, and form'd the plan
With fair proportion, architect divine,
Minerva; thee to my adventurous lyre
Assistant I invoke, that means to sing
Blenheim, proud monument of British fame,
Thy glorious work! for thou the lofty towers
Didst to his virtue raise, whom oft thy shield
In peril guarded, and thy wisdom steer'd
Through all the storms of war.—Thee too I call,
Thalia, silvan Muse, who lov'st to rove
Along the shady paths and verdant bowers
Of Woodstock's happy grove: there tuning sweet
Thy rural pipe, while all the dryad-train
Attentive listen; let thy warbling song
Paint with melodious praise the pleasing scene,
And equal these to Pindus' honour'd shades.

When Europe freed, confess'd the saving power
Of Marlborough's hand; Britain, who sent him forth
Chief of confederate hosts, to fight the cause
Of Liberty and Justice, grateful rais'd
This palace, sacred to her leader's fame:

A trophy of success; with spoils adorn'd
Of conquer'd towns, and glorying in the name
Of that auspicious field, where Churchill's sword
Vanquish'd the might of Gallia, and chastis'd
Rebel Bavar.—Majestic in its strength,
Stands the proud dome, and speaks its great design.

Hail, happy chief, whose valour could deserve
Reward so glorious! grateful nation, hail,
Who paid'st his service with so rich a meed!
Which most shall I admire, which worthiest praise,
The hero or the people? Honour doubts,
And weighs their virtues in an equal scale.
Not thus Germania pays the' uncancel'd debt
Of gratitude to us.—Blush, Cæsar, blush,
When thou behold'st these towers; ingrate, to thee
A monument of shame! Canst thou forget
Whence they are nam'd, and what an English arm
Did for thy throne that day? But we disdain
Or to upbraid or imitate thy guilt.
Steel thy obdurate heart against the sense
Of obligation infinite; and know,
Britain, like Heaven, protects a thankless world
For her own glory, nor expects reward.

Pleas'd with the noble theme, her task the Muse
Pursues untir'd, and through the palace roves
With ever-new delight. The tapestry rich
With gold, and gay with all the beauteous paint
Of various-colour'd silks, dispos'd with skill,
Attracts her curious eye. Here Ister rolls
His purple wave: and there the Granic flood
With passing squadrons foams: here hardy Gaul
Flies from the sword of Britain; there to Greece

Effeminate Persia yields.—In arms oppos'd,
Marlborough and Alexander vie for fame
With glorious competition; equal both
In valour and in fortune: but their praise
Be different, for with different views they fought;
This to *subdue*, and that to *free* mankind.

Now, through the stately portals issuing forth,
The Muse to softer glories turns, and seeks
The woodland shade, delighted. Not the vale
Of Tempé fam'd in song, or Ida's grove,
Such beauty boasts. Amid the mazy gloom
Of this romantic wilderness once stood
The bower of Rosamonda, hapless fair,
Sacred to grief and love; the crystal fount
In which she us'd to bathe her beauteous limbs
Still warbling flows, pleas'd to reflect the face
Of Spenser, lovely maid, when tir'd she sits
Beside its flowery brink, and views those charms
Which only Rosamond could once excel.
But see where, flowing with a nobler stream,
A limpid lake of purest waters rolls
Beneath the wide-stretch'd arch, stupendous work,
Through which the Danube might collected pour
His spacious urn! Silent awhile and smooth
The current glides, till with an headlong force
Broke and disorder'd, down the steep it falls
In loud cascades; the silver-sparkling foam
Glitters relucent in the dancing ray.

In these retreats repos'd the mighty soul
Of Churchill, from the toils of war and state,
Splendidly private, and the tranquil joy
Of contemplation felt, while Blenheim's dome

Triumphal ever in his mind renew'd
The memory of his fame, and sooth'd his thoughts
With pleasing record of his glorious deeds:
So, by the rage of faction home recall'd,
Lucullus, while he wag'd successful war
Against the pride of Asia, and the power
Of Mithridates, whose aspiring mind
No losses could subdue, enrich'd with spoils
Of conquer'd nations, back return'd to Rome,
And in magnificent retirement pass'd
The evening of his life.—But not alone,
In the calm shades of honourable ease,
Great Marlborough peaceful dwelt: indulgent
Gave a companion to his softer hours, [Heaven
With whom conversing, he forgot all change
Of fortune, or of state, and in her mind
Found greatness equal to his own, and lov'd
Himself in her.—Thus each by each admir'd,
In mutual honour, mutual fondness join'd;
Like two fair stars, with intermingled light,
In friendly union they together shone,
Aiding each other's brightness, till the cloud
Of night eternal quench'd the beams of one.
Thee, Churchill, first the ruthless hand of death
Tore from thy consort's side, and call'd thee hence
To the sublimer seats of joy and love;
Where fate again shall join her soul to thine,
Who now, regardful of thy fame, erects
The column to thy praise, and soothes her woe
With pious honours to thy sacred name
Immortal. Lo! where, towering in the height
Of yon aërial pillar, proudly stands
Thy image, like a guardian-god, sublime,
And awes the subject plain: beneath his feet,

The German eagles spread their wings; his hand
Grasps victory, its slave. Such was thy brow
Majestic, such thy martial port, when Gaul
Fled from thy frown, and in the Danube sought
A refuge from thy sword.—There, where the field
Was deepest stain'd with gore, on Hochstet's plain,
The theatre' of thy glory, once was rais'd
A meaner trophy, by the' Imperial hand;
Extorted gratitude; which now the rage
Of malice impotent, beseeming ill
A regal breast, has levell'd to the ground:
Mean insult! This, with better auspices,
Shall stand on British earth, to tell the world
How Marlborough fought, for whom, and how
His services. Nor shall the constant love [repaid
Of her who rais'd this monument be lost
In dark oblivion: that shall be the theme
Of future bards in ages yet unborn,
Inspir'd with Chaucer's fire, who in these groves
First tun'd the British harp, and little deem'd
His humble dwelling should the neighbour be
Of Blenheim, house superb; to which the throng
Of travellers approaching shall not pass
His roof unnoted, but respectful hail
With reverence due. Such honour does the Muse
Obtain her favourites!—But the noble pile
(My theme) demands my voice.—O shade ador'd,
Marlborough! who now above the starry sphere
Dwell'st in the palaces of Heaven, enthron'd
Among the demi-gods, deign to defend
This thy abode, while present here below,
And sacred still to thy immortal fame,
With tutelary care. Preserve it safe
From Time's destroying hand, and cruel stroke

Of factious Envy's more relentless rage.
Here may, long ages hence, the British youth,
When Honour calls them to the field of war,
Behold the trophies which thy valour rais'd;
The proud reward of thy successful toils
For Europe's freedom, and Britannia's fame;
That, fir'd with generous envy, they may dare
To emulate thy deeds.—So shall thy name,
Dear to thy country, still inspire her sons
With martial virtue; and to high attempts
Excite their arms, till other battles won,
And nations sav'd, new monuments require,
And other Blenheims shall adorn the land.

SOLILOQUY

OF

A BEAUTY IN THE COUNTRY.

(WRITTEN AT ETON SCHOOL.)

'Twas night; and Flavia to her room retir'd,
With evening chat and sober reading tir'd;
There, melancholy, pensive, and alone,
She meditates on the forsaken town;
On her rais'd arm reclin'd her drooping head,
She sigh'd, and thus in plaintive accents said:

'Ah! what avails it to be young and fair,
To move with negligence, to dress with care?
What worth have all the charms our pride can [boast,
If all in envious solitude are lost?
Where none admire, 'tis useless to excel;
Where none are beaux, 'tis vain to be a belle:

Beauty, like wit, to judges should be shown;
Both most are valued where they best are known.
With every grace of nature or of art,
We cannot break one stubborn country heart:
The brutes, insensible, our power defy:
To love, exceeds a 'squire's capacity.
The town, the court, is beauty's proper sphere;
That is our heaven, and we are angels there:
In that gay circle thousand Cupids rove;
The court of Britain is the court of Love:
How has my conscious heart with triumph glow'd,
How have my sparkling eyes their transport show'd,
At each distinguish'd birth-night ball to see
The homage due to empire, paid to me!
When every eye was fix'd on me alone,
And dreaded mine more than the monarch's frown;
When rival statesmen for my favour strove,
Less jealous in their power than in their love.
Chang'd is the scene, and all my glories die,
Like flowers transplanted to a colder sky;
Lost is the dear delight of giving pain,
The tyrant joy of hearing slaves complain.
In stupid indolence my life is spent,
Supinely calm, and dully innocent:
Unbless'd I wear my useless time away,
Sleep, wretched maid! all night, and dream all day;
Go at set hours to dinner and to prayer,
For dulness ever must be regular:
Now with mamma at tedious whist I play,
Now without scandal drink insipid tea,
Or in the garden breathe the country air,
Secure from meeting any tempter there;
From books to work, from work to books I rove,
And am, alas! at leisure to improve.—

Is this the life a beauty ought to lead?
Were eyes so radiant only made to read?
These fingers, at whose touch ev'n age would glow,
Are these of use for nothing but to sew?
Sure erring Nature never could design
To form a housewife in a mould like mine?
O Venus! queen and guardian of the fair,
Attend propitious to thy votary's prayer;
Let me revisit the dear town again,
Let me be seen!—Could I that wish obtain,
All other wishes my own power would gain.'

THE PROGRESS OF LOVE.

IN FOUR ECLOGUES.

I.

UNCERTAINTY

TO MR. POPE.

Pope! to whose reed, beneath the beechen shade,
The nymphs of Thames a pleas'd attention paid,
While yet thy Muse, content with humbler praise,
Warbled in Windsor's grove her silvan lays,
Though now, sublimely borne on Homer's wing,
Of glorious wars and godlike chiefs she sing;
Wilt thou with me revisit once again
The crystal fountain and the flowery plain?
Wilt thou, indulgent, hear my verse relate
The various changes of a lover's state;
And while each turn of passion I pursue,
Ask thy own heart if what I tell be true?

To the green margin of a lonely wood,
Whose pendent shades o'erlook'd a silver flood,
Young Damon came, unknowing where he stray'd,
Full of the image of his beauteous maid;
His flock far off, unfed, untended, lay,
To every savage a defenceless prey;
No sense of interest could their master move,
And every care seem'd trifling now but love.
Awhile in pensive silence he remain'd,
But, though his voice was mute, his looks com-[plain'd;
At length the thoughts within his bosom pent
Forc'd his unwilling tongue to give them vent.

'Ye nymphs! (he cried) ye dryads! who so long
Have favour'd Damon, and inspir'd his song;
For whom retir'd I shun the gay resorts
Of sportful cities and of pompous courts,
In vain I bid the restless world adieu,
To seek tranquillity and peace with you.
Though wild Ambition and destructive Rage
No factions here can form, no wars can wage;
Though Envy frowns not on your humble shades,
Nor Calumny your innocence invades,
Yet cruel Love, that troubler of the breast,
Too often violates your boasted rest;
With inbred storms disturbs your calm retreat,
And taints with bitterness each rural sweet.

'Ah luckless day! when first with fond surprise
On Delia's face I fix'd my eager eyes!
Then in wild tumults all my soul was toss'd,
Then reason, liberty, at once were lost,
And every wish, and thought, and care was gone,
But what my heart employ'd on her alone.

Then too she smil'd; can smiles our peace destroy,
Those lovely children of Content and Joy?
How can soft pleasure and tormenting woe
From the same spring at the same moment flow?
Unhappy boy! these vain inquiries cease,
Thought could not guard, nor will restore thy peace;
Indulge the frenzy that thou must endure,
And soothe the pain thou know'st not how to cure,
Come, flattering Memory! and tell my heart
How kind she was, and with what pleasing art
She strove its fondest wishes to obtain;
Confirm her power, and faster bind my chain.
If on the green we danc'd, a mirthful band,
To me alone she gave her willing hand;
Her partial taste, if e'er I touch'd the lyre,
Still in my song found something to admire;
By none but her my crook with flowers was crown'd,
By none but her my brows with ivy bound;
The world that Damon was her choice believ'd,
The world, alas! like Damon was deceiv'd.
When last I saw her, and declar'd my fire
In words as soft as passion could inspire,
Coldly she heard, and full of scorn withdrew,
Without one pitying glance, one sweet adieu!
The frighted hind, who sees his ripen'd corn
Up from the roots by sudden tempests torn,
Whose fairest hopes destroyed and blasted lie,
Feels not so keen a pang of grief as I.
Ah! how have I deserv'd, inhuman maid!
To have my faithful service thus repaid?
Were all the marks of kindness I receiv'd
But dreams of joy that charm'd me and deceiv'd?
Or did you only nurse my growing love
That with more pain I might your hatred prove?

Sure guilty treachery no place could find
In such a gentle, such a generous mind:
A maid, brought up the woods and wilds among,
Could ne'er have learnt the arts of courts so young:
No; let me rather think her anger feign'd;
Still let me hope my Delia may be gain'd.
'Twas only modesty that seem'd disdain,
And her heart suffer'd when she gave me pain.'

Pleas'd with this flattering thought the lovesick [boy
Felt the faint dawning of a doubtful joy;
Back to his flock more cheerful he return'd,
When now the setting sun more fiercely burn'd,
Blue vapours rose along the mazy rills,
And light's last blushes ting'd the distant hills.

II.

HOPE.

TO MR. DODDINGTON, AFTERWARDS LORD MELCOMBE REGIS.

HEAR, Doddington! the notes that shepherds sing,
Like those that warbling hail the genial spring:
Nor Pan nor Phœbus tunes our artless reeds,
From Love alone their melody proceeds;
From Love, Theocritus on Enna's plains
Learnt the wild sweetness of his doric strains;
Young Maro, touch'd by his inspiring dart,
Could charm each ear, and soften every heart:
Me too his power has reach'd, and bids with thine
My rustic pipe in pleasing concert join [1].

[1] Mr. Doddington had written some very pretty love-verses which have never been published. *Lyttelton.*

Damon no longer sought the silent shade,
No more in unfrequented paths he stray'd:
But call'd the swains to hear his jocund song,
And told his joy to all the rural throng.

'Bless'd be the hour, (he said) that happy hour,
When first I own'd my Delia's gentle power!
Then gloomy discontent and pining care
Forsook my breast, and left soft wishes there;
Soft wishes there they left and gay desires,
Delightful languors and transporting fires.
Where yonder limes combine to form a shade,
These eyes first gaz'd upon the charming maid;
There she appear'd on that auspicious day
When swains their sportive rites to Bacchus pay:
She led the dance—Heavens! with what grace she mov'd!
Who could have seen her then, and not have lov'd?
I strove not to resist so sweet a flame,
But gloried in a happy captive's name;
Nor would I now, could Love permit, be free,
But leave to brutes their savage liberty.

'And art thou then, fond youth! secure of joy?
Can no reverse thy flattering bliss destroy?
Has treacherous Love no torment yet in store?
Or hast thou never prov'd his fatal power?
Whence flow'd those tears that late bedew'd thy cheek?
Why sigh'd thy heart as if it strove to break?
Why were the desert rocks invok'd to hear
The plaintive accent of thy sad despair?—
From Delia's rigour all those pains arose,
Delia! who now compassionates my woes;
Who bids me hope, and in that charming word
Has peace and transport to my soul restor'd.

'Begin, my pipe! begin the gladsome lay,
A kiss from Delia shall thy music pay:
A kiss obtain'd 'twixt struggling and consent,
Giv'n with forc'd anger and disguis'd content.
No laureate wreaths I ask to bind my brows,
Such as the muse on lofty bards bestows;
Let other swains to praise or fame aspire,
I from her lips my recompense require.

'Why stays my Delia in her secret bower?
Light gales have chas'd the late impending shower;
The' emerging sun more bright his beams extends;
Oppos'd, its beauteous arch the rainbow bends!
Glad youths and maidens turn the new-made hay;
The birds renew their songs on every spray!
Come forth, my love! thy shepherd's joys to crown:
All nature smiles—will only Delia frown?

'Hark how the bees with murmurs fill the plain,
While every flower of every sweet they drain:
See how beneath yon hillock's shady steep
The shelter'd herds on flowery couches sleep:
Nor bees, nor herds, are half so bless'd as I,
If with my fond desires my Love comply;
From Delia's lips a sweeter honey flows,
And on her bosom dwells more soft repose.

'Ah how, my dear! shall I deserve thy charms?
What gift can bribe thee to my longing arms?
A bird for thee in silken bands I hold,
Whose yellow plumage shines like polish'd gold;
From distant isles the lovely stranger came,
And bears the fortunate Canaries name;
In all our woods none boasts so sweet a note,
Not ev'n the nightingale's melodious throat:

Accept of this; and could I add beside
What wealth the rich Peruvian mountains hide;
If all the gems in eastern rocks were mine,
On thee alone their glittering pride should shine.
But if thy mind no gifts have power to move,
Phœbus himself shall leave the' Aönian grove;
The tuneful Nine, who never sue in vain, [swain.
Shall come sweet suppliants for their favourite
For him each blue-eyed naiad of the flood,
For him each green-hair'd sister of the wood,
Whom oft beneath fair Cynthia's gentle ray
His music calls to dance the night away.
And you, fair nymphs, companions of my love,
With whom she joys the cowslip meads to rove,
I beg you recommend my faithful flame,
And let her often hear her shepherd's name:
Shade all my faults from her inquiring sight,
And show my merits in the fairest light;
My pipe your kind assistance shall repay,
And every friend shall claim a different lay.

'But see! in yonder glade the heavenly fair
Enjoys the fragrance of the breezy air—
Ah! thither let me fly with eager feet:
Adieu, my pipe! I go my love to meet—
O may I find her as we parted last,
And may each future hour be like the past!
So shall the whitest lamb these pastures feed,
Propitious Venus! on thy altars bleed.'

III.

JEALOUSY.

TO MR. EDWARD WALPOLE.

THE gods, O Walpole, give no bliss sincere;
Wealth is disturb'd by care, and power by fear:
Of all the passions that employ the mind,
In gentle love the sweetest joys we find;
Yet e'en those joys dire Jealousy molests,
And blackens each fair image in our breasts.
O may the warmth of thy too tender heart
Ne'er feel the sharpness of his venom'd dart!
For thy own quiet think thy mistress just,
And wisely take thy happiness on trust.

Begin, my Muse! and Damon's woes rehearse
In wildest numbers and disorder'd verse.

On a romantic mountain's airy head
(While browsing goats at ease around him fed)
Anxious he lay, with jealous cares oppress'd,
Distrust and anger labouring in his breast—
The vale beneath a pleasing prospect yields
Of verdant meads and cultivated fields;
Through these a river rolls its winding flood,
Adorn'd with various tufts of rising wood;
Here, half-conceal'd in trees, a cottage stands,
A castle there the opening plain commands;
Beyond, a town with glittering spires is crown'd,
And distant hills the wide horizon bound:
So charming was the scene, awhile the swain
Beheld delighted, and forgot his pain;

But soon the stings infix'd within his heart
With cruel force renew'd their raging smart:
His flowery wreath, which long with pride he wore,
The gift of Delia, from his brows he tore,
Then cried, 'May all thy charms, ungrateful maid!
Like these neglected roses droop and fade!
May angry Heaven deform each guilty grace
That triumphs now in that deluding face!
Those alter'd looks may every shepherd fly,
And ev'n thy Daphnis hate thee worse than I!

'Say, thou inconstant! what has Damon done,
To lose the heart his tedious pains had won?
Tell me what charms you in my rival find
Against whose power no ties have strength to bind?
Has he, like me, with long obedience strove
To conquer your disdain, and merit love?
Has he with transport every smile ador'd,
And died with grief at each ungentle word?
Ah, no! the conquest was obtain'd with ease;
He pleas'd you by not studying to please;
His careless indolence your pride alarm'd;
And, had he lov'd you more, he less had charm'd.

'O pain to think! another shall possess
Those balmy lips which I was wont to press!
Another on her panting breast shall lie,
And catch sweet madness from her swimming eye!—
I saw their friendly flocks together feed,
I saw them hand in hand walk o'er the mead;
Would my clos'd eyes had sunk in endless night,
Ere I was doom'd to bear that hateful sight!
Where'er they pass'd be blasted every flower,
And hungry wolves their helpless flocks devour!—

Ah, wretched swain! could no examples move
Thy heedless heart to shun the rage of love?
Hast thou not heard how poor Menalcas[2] died,
A victim to Parthenia's fatal pride?
Dear was the youth to all the tuneful plain,
Lov'd by the nymphs, by Phœbus lov'd, in vain:
Around his tomb their tears the Muses paid,
And all things mourn'd, but the relentless maid.
Would I could die like him, and be at peace!
These torments in the quiet grave would cease;
There my vex'd thoughts a calm repose would find,
And rest as if my Delia still were kind.
No; let me live her falsehood to upbraid:
Some god perhaps my just revenge will aid.—
Alas! what aid, fond swain! wouldst thou receive?
Could thy heart bear to see its Delia grieve?
Protect her, Heaven! and let her never know
The slightest part of hapless Damon's woe:
I ask no vengeance from the powers above,
All I implore is never more to love.—
Let me this fondness from my bosom tear,
Let me forget that e'er I thought her fair.
Come, cool Indifference! and heal my breast,
Wearied at length I seek thy downy rest:
No turbulence of passion shall destroy
My future ease with flattering hopes of joy.
Hear, mighty Pan, and all ye Silvans, hear,
What by your guardian deities I swear;
No more my eyes shall view her fatal charms,
No more I'll court the Traitress to my arms;
Not all her arts my steady soul shall move,
And she shall find that reason conquers love!'

[2] See Mr. Gay's Dione.

Scarce had he spoke, when through the lawn
Alone he saw the beauteous Delia go; [below
At once transported he forgot his vow,
(Such perjuries the laughing gods allow!)
Down the steep hills with ardent haste he flew;
He found her kind, and soon believ'd her true.

IV.

POSSESSION.

TO LORD COBHAM.

COBHAM! to thee this rural lay I bring,
Whose guiding judgment gives me skill to sing;
Though far unequal to those polish'd strains
With which thy Congreve charm'd the listening
Yet shall its music please thy partial ear, [plains;
And soothe thy breast with thoughts that once
were dear;
Recal those years which time has thrown behind,
When smiling Love with Honour shar'd thy mind,
When all thy glorious days of prosperous fight
Delighted less than one successful night:
The sweet remembrance shall thy youth restore,
Fancy again shall run past pleasures o'er;
And while in Stowe's enchanting walks you stray,
This theme may help to cheat the summer's day.

Beneath the covert of a myrtle wood,
To Venus rais'd, a rustic altar stood;
To Venus and to Hymen, there combin'd
In friendly league to favour human kind.

With wanton Cupids in that happy shade
The gentle Virtues and mild Wisdom play'd;
Nor there, in sprightly Pleasure's genial train,
Lurk'd sick Disgust, or late-repenting Pain,
Nor Force, nor Interest join'd unwilling hands,
But Love consenting tied the blissful bands.
Thither, with glad devotion, Damon came,
To thank the powers who bless'd his faithful flame;
Two milk-white doves he on their altar laid,
And thus to both his grateful homage paid:
'Hail, bounteous God! before whose hallow'd [shrine
My Delia vow'd to be for ever mine,
While glowing in her cheeks, with tender love,
Sweet virgin modesty reluctant strove.
And hail to thee, fair queen of young desires!
Long shall my heart preserve thy pleasing fires,
Since Delia now can all its warmth return,
As fondly languish and as fiercely burn.

'O the dear gloom of last propitious night!
O shade more charming than the fairest light!
Then in my arms I clasp'd the melting maid,
Then all my pains one moment overpaid;
Then first the sweet excess of bliss I prov'd,
Which none can taste but who like me have lov'd.
Thou too, bright goddess! once in Ida's grove
Didst not disdain to meet a shepherd's love:
With him, while frisking lambs around you play'd,
Conceal'd, you sported in the secret shade:
Scarce could Anchises' raptures equal mine,
And Delia's beauties only yield to thine.

'What are you now, my once most valued joys?
Insipid trifles all, and childish toys—
Friendship itself ne'er knew a charm like this,
Nor Colin's talk could please like Delia's kiss.

'Ye Muses! skill'd in every winning art,
Teach me more deeply to engage her heart;
Ye nymphs! to her your freshest roses bring,
And crown her with the pride of all the Spring;
On all her days let health and peace attend!
May she ne'er want, nor ever lose, a friend!
May some new pleasure every hour employ,
But let her Damon be her highest joy!

'With thee, my love, for ever will I stay,
All night caress thee, and admire all day;
In the same field our mingled flocks we'll feed,
To the same spring our thirsty heifers lead;
Together will we share the harvest toils,
Together press the vine's autumnal spoils.
Delightful state! where peace and love combine
To bid our tranquil days unclouded shine!
Here limpid fountains roll through flowery meads,
Here rising forests lift their verdant heads,
Here let me wear my careless life away,
And in thy arms insensibly decay.

'When late old age our heads shall silver o'er,
And our slow pulses dance with joy no more;
When time no longer will thy beauties spare,
And only Damon's eye shall think thee fair;
Then may the gentle hand of welcome Death
At one soft stroke deprive us both of breath!
May we beneath one common stone be laid,
And the same cypress both our ashes shade!
Perhaps some friendly Muse, in tender verse,
Shall deign our faithful passion to rehearse;
And future ages, with just envy mov'd,
Be told how Damon and his Delia lov'd.'

ELEGY.

Tell me, my heart, fond slave of hopeless love,
And doom'd its woes, without its joys, to prove;
Canst thou endure thus calmly to erase
The dear, dear image of thy Delia's face?
Canst thou exclude that habitant divine,
To place some meaner idol in her shrine?
O task, for feeble reason too severe!
O lesson, nought could teach me but despair!
Must I forbid my eyes that heavenly sight
They've view'd so oft with languishing delight?
Must my ears shun that voice, whose charming sound
Seem'd to relieve, while it increas'd, my wound?

O Waller! Petrarch! you who tun'd the lyre
To the soft notes of elegant desire;
Though Sidney to a rival gave her charms,
Though Laura dying left her lover's arms,
Yet were your pains less exquisite than mine,
'Tis easier far to lose, than to resign!

ADVICE TO A LADY.

1731.

The counsels of a friend, Belinda, hear,
Too roughly kind to please a lady's ear,
Unlike the flatteries of a lover's pen,
Such truths as women seldom learn from men.
Nor think I praise you ill, when thus I show
What female vanity might fear to know:
Some merit's mine, to dare to be sincere;
But greater your's, sincerity to bear.

Hard is the fortune that your sex attends;
Women, like princes, find few real friends:
All who approach them their own ends pursue;
Lovers and ministers are seldom true.
Hence oft from Reason heedless Beauty strays,
And the most trusted guide the most betrays:
Hence, by fond dreams of fancied power amus'd,
When most you tyrannize, you're most abus'd.

What is your sex's earliest, latest care,
Your heart's supreme ambition?—To be fair!
For this, the toilet every thought employs,
Hence all the toils of dress, and all the joys:
For this, hands, lips, and eyes, are put to school,
And each instructed feature has its rule:
And yet how few have learnt, when this is given,
Not to disgrace the partial boon of Heaven!
How few with all their pride of form can move!
How few are lovely, that are made for love!
Do you, my fair, endeavour to possess
An elegance of mind as well as dress;
Be that your ornament, and know to please
By graceful Nature's unaffected ease.

Nor make to dangerous wit a vain pretence,
But wisely rest content with modest sense;
For wit, like wine, intoxicates the brain,
Too strong for feeble woman to sustain:
Of those who claim it more than half have none;
And half of those who have it are undone.

Be still superior to your sex's arts,
Nor think dishonesty a proof of parts:
For you, the plainest is the wisest rule:
A *cunning woman* is a *knavish fool*.

Be good yourself, nor think another's shame
Can raise your merit, or adorn your fame.
Prudes rail at whores, as statesmen in disgrace
At ministers, because they wish their place:
Virtue is amiable, mild, serene;
Without, all beauty; and all peace within.
The honour of a prude is rage and storm,
'Tis ugliness in its most frightful form:
Fiercely it stands, defying gods and men,
As fiery monsters guard a giant's den.

Seek to be good, but aim not to be great:
A woman's noblest station is retreat;
Her fairest virtues fly from public sight,
Domestic worth, that shuns too strong a light.

To rougher man Ambition's task resign,
'Tis ours in senates or in courts to shine,
To labour for a sunk corrupted state,
Or dare the rage of Envy, and be great.
One only care your gentle breasts should move,
The' important business of your life is love;
To this great point direct your constant aim,
This makes your happiness, and this your fame.

Be never cool reserve with passion join'd;
With caution choose, but then be fondly kind.
The selfish heart, that but by halves is given,
Shall find no place in Love's delightful heaven;
Here sweet extremes alone can truly bless:
The virtue of a lover is excess.

A maid unask'd may own a well-plac'd flame;
Not loving *first*, but loving *wrong*, is shame.

Contemn the little pride of giving pain,
Nor think that conquest justifies disdain.
Short is the period of insulting power:
Offended Cupid finds his vengeful hour;
Soon will resume the empire which he gave,
And soon the tyrant shall become the slave.

Bless'd is the maid, and worthy to be bless'd,
Whose soul, entire by him she loves possess'd,
Feels every vanity in fondness lost,
And asks no power, but that of pleasing most:
Her's is the bliss, in just return, to prove
The honest warmth of undissembled love;
For her, inconstant man might cease to range,
And gratitude forbid desire to change.

But, lest harsh care the lover's peace destroy,
And roughly blight the tender buds of joy,
Let Reason teach what Passion fain would hide,
That Hymen's bands by Prudence should be tied;
Venus in vain the wedded pair would crown,
If angry Fortune on their union frown:
Soon will the flattering dream of bliss be o'er,
And cloy'd Imagination cheat no more.
Then, waking to the sense of lasting pain,
With mutual tears the nuptial couch they stain;
And that fond love, which should afford relief,
Does but increase the anguish of their grief:
While both could easier their own sorrows bear,
Than the sad knowledge of each other's care.

Yet may you rather feel that virtuous pain,
Than sell your violated charms for gain;
Than wed the wretch whom you despise or hate,
For the vain glare of useless wealth or state.

The most abandon'd prostitutes are they,
Who not to love, but avarice, fall a prey:
Nor aught avails the specious name of wife;
A maid so wedded is—a whore for life.

E'en in the happiest choice, where favouring [Heaven
Has equal love and easy fortune given,
Think not, the husband gain'd, that all is done;
The prize of happiness must still be won:
And oft, the careless find it to their cost,
The lover in the husband may be lost;
The Graces might alone his heart allure;
They and the Virtues meeting must secure.

Let e'en your Prudence wear the pleasing dress
Of care for Him, and anxious tenderness.
From kind concern about his weal or woe,
Let each domestic duty seem to flow.
The household sceptre if he bids you bear,
Make it your pride his servant to appear:
Endearing thus the common acts of life,
The mistress still shall charm him in the wife;
And wrinkled age shall unobserv'd come on,
Before his eye perceives one beauty gone:
E'en o'er your cold, your ever-sacred urn,
His constant flame shall unextinguish'd burn.

Thus I, Belinda, would your charms improve,
And form your heart to all the arts of love.
The task were harder, to secure my own
Against the power of those already known:
For well you twist the secret chains that bind
With gentle force the captivated mind,
Skill'd every soft attraction to employ,
Each flattering hope, and each alluring joy;
I own your genius, and from you receive
The rules of pleasing, which to you I give.

WRITTEN AT

MR. POPE'S HOUSE AT TWICKENHAM,

WHICH HE HAD LENT TO MRS. GREVILLE,

IN AUGUST, 1735.

Go, Thames, and tell the busy town,
  Not all its wealth or pride,
Could tempt me from the charms that crown
  Thy rural flowery side.

Thy flowery side, where Pope has plac'd
  The Muses' green retreat,
With every smile of Nature grac'd,
  With every art complete.

But now, sweet bard, thy heavenly song
  Enchants us here no more!
Their darling glory lost too long
  Thy once-lov'd shades deplore.

Yet still, for beauteous Greville's sake,
  The Muses here remain;
Greville, whose eyes have power to make
  A Pope of every swain.

VIRTUE AND FAME.

TO THE COUNTESS OF EGREMONT.

VIRTUE and Fame, the other day,
Happen'd to cross each other's way;
Said Virtue, 'Hark ye! madam Fame,
Your ladyship is much to blame;

Jove bids you always wait on me,
And yet your face I seldom see:
The Paphian queen employs your trumpet;
And bids it praise some handsome strumpet;
Or, thundering through the ranks of war,
Ambition ties you to her car.'

Saith Fame, 'Dear madam, I protest,
I never find myself so bless'd
As when I humbly wait behind you!
But 'tis so mighty hard to find you!
In such obscure retreats you lurk!
To seek you, is an endless work.'

'Well, (answer'd Virtue) I allow
Your plea. But hear, and mark me now.
I know, (without offence to others)
I know the best of wives and mothers;
Who never pass'd an useless day
In scandal, gossiping, or play:
Whose modest wit, chastis'd by sense,
Is lively cheerful innocence;
Whose heart nor envy knows nor spite,
Whose duty is her sole delight;
Nor rul'd by whim, nor slave to fashion,
Her parents' joy, her husband's passion.'

Fame smil'd, and answer'd, 'On my life,
This is some country-parson's wife,
Who never saw the court nor town,
Whose face is homely as her gown:
Who banquets upon eggs and bacon—'

'No, madam, no—you're much mistaken—
I beg you'll let me set you right—
'Tis one with every beauty bright;

Adorn'd with every polish'd art
That rank or fortune can impart;
'Tis the most celebrated toast
That Britain's spacious isle can boast;
'Tis princely Petworth's noble dame;
'Tis Egremont—Go, tell it, Fame!'

ADDITION,

EXTEMPORE, BY THE EARL OF HARDWICKE.

FAME heard with pleasure—straight replied,
' First on my roll stands Wyndham's bride;
My trumpet oft I've rais'd, to sound
Her modest praise the world around;
But notes were wanting—Canst thou find
A Muse to sing her face, her mind?
Believe me, I can name but one,
A friend of yours—'tis Lyttelton.'

LETTER TO THE EARL OF HARDWICKE:

OCCASIONED BY THE FOREGOING VERSES.

MY LORD,

A THOUSAND thanks to your Lordship for your addition to my verses. If you can write such *extempore*, it is well for other poets that you chose to be Lord-Chancellor, rather than a Laureat. They explain to me a vision I had the night before.

Methought I saw before my feet,
With countenance serene and sweet,

The Muse, who in my youthful days
Had oft inspir'd my careless lays.
She smil'd, and said, 'Once more I see
My fugitive returns to me;
Long had I lost you from my bower,
You scorn'd to own my gentle power;
With me no more your genius sported,
The grave Historic Muse you courted;
Or, rais'd from earth, with straining eyes,
Pursued Urania through the skies;
But now, to my forsaken track,
Fair Egremont has brought you back:
Nor blush, by her and Virtue led,
That soft, that pleasing path, to tread;
For there, beneath to-morrow's ray,
E'en Wisdom's self shall deign to play.
Lo! to my flowery groves and springs
Her favourite son the goddess brings,
The council's and the senate's guide,
Law's oracle, the nation's pride:
He comes, he joys with thee to join,
In singing Wyndham's charms divine:
To thine he adds his nobler lays;
E'en thee, my friend, he deigns to praise.
Enjoy that praise, nor envy Pitt
His fame with burgess or with cit;
For sure one line from such a bard,
Virtue would think her best reward.'

ON READING

MISS CARTER'S POEMS

IN MANUSCRIPT.

SUCH were the notes that struck the wondering ear
Of silent Night, when, on the verdant banks
Of Siloë's hallow'd brook, celestial harps,
According to seraphic voices, sung
GLORY TO GOD ON HIGH, AND ON THE EARTH
PEACE AND GOOD-WILL TO MEN!—Resume the lyre,
Chantress divine, and every Briton call
Its melody to hear—so shall thy strains,
More powerful than the song of Orpheus, tame
The savage heart of brutal Vice, and bend
At pure Religion's shrine the stubborn knees
Of bold Impiety.—Greece shall no more
Of Lesbian Sappho boast, whose wanton Muse,
Like a false syren, while she charm'd, seduc'd
To guilt and ruin. For the sacred head
Of Britain's poetess, the Virtues twine
A nobler wreath, by them from Eden's grove
Unfading gather'd, and direct the hand
Of —— to fix it on her brows.

HYMEN TO ELIZA.

MADAM, before your feet I lay
This ode upon your wedding-day,
The first indeed I ever made,
For writing odes is not my trade:
My head is full of household cares,
And necessary dull affairs;

Besides that sometimes jealous frumps
Will put me into doleful dumps.
And then no clown beneath the sky
Was e'er more ungallant than I;
For you alone I now think fit
To turn a poet and a wit—
For you whose charms, I know not how,
Have power to smooth the wrinkled brow,
And make me, though by nature stupid,
As brisk and as alert as Cupid.
These obligations to repay,
Whene'er your happy nuptial day
Shall with the circling years return,
For you my torch shall brighter burn
Than when you first my power ador'd,
Nor will I call myself your lord,
But am (as witness this my hand)
Your humble servant at command.

HYMEN.

Dear child, let Hymen not beguile
You, who are such a judge of style,
To think that he these verses made,
Without an able penman's aid:
Observe them well, you'll plainly see,
That every line was writ by me.

CUPID.

MOUNT EDGECUMBE.

The gods, on thrones celestial seated,
By Jove with bowls of nectar heated,
All on Mount Edgecumbe turn'd their eyes.
'That place is mine,' great Neptune cries:
'Behold! how proud o'er all the main
Those stately turrets seem to reign!
No views so grand on earth you see!
The master too belongs to me:
I grant him my domain to share,
I bid his hand my trident bear.'
'The sea is yours, but mine the land;'
Pallas replies, 'by me were plann'd
Those towers, that hospital, those docks,
That fort, which crowns those island-rocks:
The lady too is of my choir,
I taught her hand to touch the lyre;
With every charm her mind I grac'd,
I gave her prudence, knowledge, taste.'
'Hold, madam,' interrupted Venus,
'The lady must be shar'd between us:
And surely mine is yonder grove,
So fine, so dark, so fit for love;
Trees, such as in the' Idalian glade,
Or Cyprian lawn, my palace shade.'
Then Oreads, Dryads, Naiads, came;
Each Nymph alledg'd her lawful claim.
But Jove, to finish the debate,
Thus spoke, and what he speaks is fate: –
'Nor god nor goddess, great or small,
That dwelling his or her's may call;
I made Mount Edgecumbe for you all.'

INVITATION

TO THE

DOWAGER DUTCHESS D'AIGUILLON.

When Peace shall, on her downy wing,
To France and England friendship bring,
Come, Aiguillon, and here receive
That homage we delight to give
To foreign talents, foreign charms,
To worth which Envy's self disarms
Of jealous hatred. Come, and love
That nation which you now approve.
So shall by France amends be made
(If such a debt can e'er be paid)
For having with seducing art
From Britain stol'n her Hervey's heart.

ON GOOD-HUMOUR.

(WRITTEN AT ETON SCHOOL, 1729.)

Tell me, ye sons of Phœbus, what is this
Which all admire, but few, too few, possess?
A virtue 'tis to ancient maids unknown
And prudes, who spy all faults except their own.
Lov'd and defended by the brave and wise,
Though knaves abuse it, and like fools despise.
Say, Wyndham, if 'tis possible to tell,
What is the thing in which you most excel?
Hard is the question, for in all you please;
Yet sure good-nature is your noblest praise;
Secur'd by this, your parts no envy move,
For none can envy him whom all must love.
This magic power can make e'en folly please,
This to Pitt's genius adds a brighter grace,
And sweetens every charm in Cælia's face.

INSCRIPTION

FOR

A BUST OF LADY SUFFOLK:

DESIGNED TO BE SET UP IN A WOOD AT STOWE, 1732.

HER wit and beauty for a court were made:
But truth and goodness fit her for a shade.

EPIGRAM.

NONE without hope e'er lov'd the brightest fair:
But Love can hope, where Reason would despair.

SONG.

WHEN Delia on the plain appears,
Aw'd by a thousand tender fears,
I would approach, but dare not move;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear
No other voice but her's can hear,
No other wit but her's approve:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

If she some other youth commend,
Though I was once his fondest friend,
His instant enemy I prove:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

When she is absent, I no more
Delight in all that pleas'd before,
The clearest spring, or shadiest grove:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

When, fond of power, of beauty vain,
Her nets she spread for every swain;
I strove to hate, but vainly strove:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

SONG.

Say, Myra, why is gentle Love
  A stranger to that mind,
Which Pity and Esteem can move;
  Which can be just and kind?

Is it, because you fear to share
  The ills that Love molest;
The jealous doubt, the tender care,
  That rack the amorous breast?

Alas! by some degree of woe
  We every bliss must gain:
The heart can ne'er a transport know,
  That never feels a pain.

SONG.

The heavy hours are almost pass'd
  That part my love and me:
My longing eyes may hope at last
  Their only wish to see.

But how, my Delia, will you meet
  The man you've lost so long?
Will love in all your pulses beat,
  And tremble on your tongue?

Will you in every look declare
  Your heart is still the same;
And heal each idly-anxious care
  Our fears in absence frame?

Thus, Delia, thus I paint the scene,
  When shortly we shall meet;
And try what yet remains between
  Of loitering time to cheat.

But, if the dream that soothes my mind
  Shall false and groundless prove;
If I am doom'd at length to find
  You have forgot to love:

All I of Venus ask, is this;
  No more to let us join:
But grant me here the flattering bliss,
  To die, and think you mine.

PROLOGUE

TO

THOMSON'S CORIOLANUS.

(SPOKEN BY MR. QUIN.)

I COME not here your candour to implore
For scenes, whose author is, alas! no more;
He wants no advocate his cause to plead;
You will yourselves be patrons of the dead.
No party his benevolence confin'd,
No sect—alike it flow'd to all mankind.
He lov'd his friends (forgive this gushing tear:
Alas! I feel, I am no actor here)

He lov'd his friends with such a warmth of heart,
So clear of interest, so devoid of art,
Such generous friendship, such unshaken zeal,
No words can speak it; but our tears may tell,—
O candid truth, O faith without a stain,
O manners gently firm, and nobly plain,
O sympathizing love of others' bliss,
Where will you find another breast like his?
Such was the man—the poet well you know:
Oft has he touch'd your hearts with tender woe:
Oft, in this crowded house, with just applause,
You heard him teach fair Virtue's purest laws;
For his chaste Muse employ'd her heaven-taught lyre
None but the noblest passions to inspire,
Not one immoral, one corrupted thought,
One line, which dying he could wish to blot.

Oh! may to-night your favourable doom
Another laurel add, to grace his tomb:
Whilst he, superior now to praise or blame,
Hears not the feeble voice of human fame.
Yet, if to those whom most on earth he lov'd,
From whom his pious care is now remov'd,
With whom his liberal hand, and bounteous heart,
Shar'd all his little fortune could impart,
If to those friends your kind regard shall give
What they no longer can from his receive;
That, that, ev'n now, above yon starry pole,
May touch with pleasure his immortal soul.

EPILOGUE

TO

LILLO'S ELMERIC.

You, who, supreme o'er every work of wit,
In judgment here, unaw'd, unbiass'd sit,
The Palatines and guardians of the pit;
If to your minds this merely modern play,
No useful sense, no generous warmth convey;
If fustian here, through each unnatural scene,
In strain'd conceits sound high, and nothing mean;
If lofty dullness for your vengeance call;
Like Elmeric judge, and let the guilty fall.
But if simplicity, with force and fire,
Unlabour'd thoughts and artless words inspire;
If, like the action which these scenes relate,
The whole appear irregularly great;
If master-strokes the nobler passions move:
Then, like the King, acquit us, and approve.

EPISTLES.

TO

THE REV. DR. AYSCOUGH[1],

AT OXFORD.

FROM PARIS—1728.

SAY, dearest friend, how roll thy hours away?
What pleasing study cheats the tedious day?
Dost thou the sacred volumes oft explore
Of wise Antiquity's immortal lore,
Where virtue, by the charms of wit refin'd,
At once exalts and polishes the mind?
How different from our modern guilty art,
Which pleases only to corrupt the heart;
Whose curs'd refinements odious vice adorn,
And teach to honour what we ought to scorn!
Dost thou in sage historians joy to see
How Roman greatness rose with liberty;
How the same hands, that tyrants durst control,
Their empire stretch'd from Atlas to the Pole;
Till wealth and conquest into slaves refin'd
The proud luxurious masters of mankind?
Dost thou in letter'd Greece each charm admire,
Each grace, each virtue, freedom could inspire;

[1] Dr. A. was his lordship's tutor at Oxford, and afterwards his brother-in law, by marrying his sister; and died Dean of Bristol, 1763.

Yet in her troubled state see all the woes,
And all the crimes, that giddy faction knows;
Till, rent by parties, by corruption sold,
Or weakly careless, or too rashly bold,
She sunk beneath a mitigated doom,
The slave and tutress of protecting Rome?

Does calm Philosophy her aid impart,
To guide the passions, and to mend the heart?
Taught by her precepts, hast thou learn'd the end
To which alone the wise their studies bend;
For which alone by nature were design'd
The powers of thought—to benefit mankind?
Not, like a cloister'd drone, to read and doze
In undeserving, undeserv'd, repose;
But Reason's influence to diffuse; to clear
The' enlighten'd world of every gloomy fear;
Dispel the mists of error, and unbind
Those pedant chains that clog the freeborn mind.
Happy who thus his leisure can employ!
He knows the purest hours of tranquil joy;
Nor vex'd with pangs that busier bosoms tear,
Nor lost to social virtue's pleasing care;
Safe in the port, yet labouring to sustain
Those who still float on the tempestuous main.

So Locke the days of studious quiet spent;
So Boyle in wisdom found divine content;
So Cambray, worthy of a happier doom,
The virtuous slave of Louis and of Rome.

Good Wor'ster [2] thus supports his drooping age,
Far from court-flattery, far from party-rage;

[2] Dr. Hough, Bishop of Worcester.

He, who in youth a tyrant's frown defied,
Firm and intrepid on his country's side,
Her boldest champion then, and now her mildest guide.
O generous warmth! O sanctity divine!
To emulate his worth, my friend, be thine:
Learn from his life the duties of the gown;
Learn, not to flatter nor insult the crown;
Nor, basely servile, court the guilty great,
Nor raise the church a rival to the state:
To error mild, to vice alone severe,
Seek not to spread the law of love—by fear.
The priest who plagues the world can never mend:
No foe to man was e'er to God a friend.
Let reason and let virtue faith maintain;
All force but theirs is impious, weak, and vain.

Me other cares in other climes engage,
Cares that become my birth, and suit my age;
In various knowledge to improve my youth,
And conquer prejudice, worst foe to truth;
By foreign arts domestic faults to mend,
Enlarge my notions, and my views extend;
The useful science of the world to know,
Which books can never teach, or pedants show.

A nation here I pity and admire,
Whom noblest sentiments of glory fire,
Yet taught, by custom's force, and bigot fear,
To serve with pride, and boast the yoke they bear:
Whose nobles, born to cringe and to command,
In courts a mean, in camps a generous band;
From each low tool of power, content receive
Those laws, their dreaded arms to Europe give.

Whose people (vain in want, in bondage bless'd;
Though plunder'd, gay; industrious, though op-
With happy follies rise above their fate, [press'd)
The jest and envy of each wiser state.

Yet here the Muses deign'd awhile to sport
In the short sunshine of a favouring court:
Here Boileau, strong in sense, and sharp in wit,
Who, from the ancients, like the ancients writ:
Permission gain'd inferior vice to blame,
By flattering incense to his master's fame.
Here Moliere, first of comic wits, excell'd
Whate'er Athenian theatres beheld;
By keen yet decent satire skill'd to please,
With morals mirth uniting, strength with ease.
Now, charm'd, I hear the bold Corneille inspire
Heroic thoughts, with Shakspeare's force and fire!
Now sweet Racine, with milder influence, move
The soften'd heart to pity and to love.

With mingled pain and pleasure, I survey
The pompous works of arbitrary sway;
Proud palaces, that drain'd the subjects' store,
Rais'd on the ruins of the' oppress'd and poor;
Where e'en mute walls are taught to flatter state,
And painted triumphs style ambition great[3].
With more delight those pleasing shades I view,
Where Condé from an envious court withdrew[4];
Where, sick of glory, faction, power, and pride,
(Sure judge how empty all, who all had tried!)
Beneath his palms the weary chief repos'd,
And life's great scene in quiet virtue clos'd.

3 The victories of Louis the Fourteenth, painted in the galleries of Versailles. 4 Chantilly.

With shame that other fam'd retreat I see,
Adorn'd by art, disgrac'd by luxury [5]:
Where Orleans wasted every vacant hour,
In the wild riot of unbounded power;
Where feverish debauch and impious love
Stain'd the mad table and the guilty grove.

With these amusements is thy friend detain'd,
Pleas'd and instructed in a foreign land;
Yet oft a tender wish recals my mind
From present joys to dearer left behind!
O native isle, fair Freedom's happiest seat!
At thought of thee, my bounding pulses beat;
At thought of thee, my heart impatient burns,
And all my country on my soul returns.
When shall I see thy fields, whose plenteous grain
No power can ravish from the' industrious swain?
When kiss, with pious love, the sacred earth
That gave a Burleigh or a Russel birth?
When, in the shade of laws, that long have stood
Prop'd by their care, or strengthen'd by their blood,
Of fearless independence wisely vain,
The proudest slave of Bourbon's race disdain?

Yet, oh! what doubt, what sad presaging voice,
Whispers within, and bids me not rejoice;
Bids me contemplate every state around,
From sultry Spain to Norway's icy bound;
Bids their lost rights, their ruin'd glories, see;
And tells me, these, like England, once were free!

5 St. Cloud.

TO MR. POYNTZ,

AMBASSADOR AT THE CONGRESS OF SOISSONS, IN 1728.

FROM PARIS.

O THOU, whose friendship is my joy and pride,
Whose virtues warm me, and whose precepts guide;
Thou, to whom greatness, rightly understood,
Is but a larger power of being good;
Say, Poyntz, amidst the toil of anxious state,
Does not thy secret soul desire retreat?
Dost thou not wish (the task of glory done)
Thy busy life at length might be thy own;
That, to thy lov'd philosophy resign'd,
No care might ruffle thy unbended mind?
Just is the wish. For sure the happiest meed,
To favour'd man by smiling Heaven decreed,
Is to reflect at ease on glorious pains,
And calmly to enjoy what virtue gains.

Not him I praise, who, from the world retir'd,
By no enlivening generous passion fir'd,
On flowery couches slumbers life away,
And gently bids his active powers decay:
Who fears bright Glory's awful face to see,
And shuns renown as much as infamy.
But bless'd is he, who, exercis'd in cares,
To private leisure public virtue bears;
Who tranquil ends the race he nobly run,
And decks repose with trophies Labour won.
Him Honour follows to the secret shade,
And crowns propitious his declining head;

In his retreats their harps the Muses string,
For him in lays unbought spontaneous sing!
Friendship and Truth on all his moments wait,
Pleas'd with retirement better than with state;
And round the bower, where humbly great he lies,
Fair olives bloom, or verdant laurels rise.

So when thy country shall no more demand
The needful aid of thy sustaining hand;
When Peace restor'd shall, on her downy wing,
Secure repose and careless leisure bring;
Then, to the shades of learned ease retir'd,
The world forgetting, by the world admir'd,
Among thy books and friends, thou shalt possess
Contemplative and quiet happiness:
Pleas'd to review a life in honour spent,
And painful merit paid with sweet content.
Yet, though thy hours unclog'd with sorrow roll,
Though Wisdom calm, and Science feed thy soul,
One dearer bliss remains to be possess'd,
That only can improve and crown the rest.—

Permit thy friend this secret to reveal,
Which thy own heart perhaps would better tell;
The point to which our sweetest passions move
Is, to be truly lov'd, and fondly love.
This is the charm that smoothes the troubled breast,
Friend of our health, and author of our rest:
Bids every gloomy vexing passion fly,
And tunes each jarring string to harmony.
E'en while I write, the name of Love inspires
More pleasing thoughts, and more enlivening fires;
Beneath his power my raptur'd fancy glows,
And every tender verse more sweetly flows.

Dull is the privilege of living free;
Our hearts were never form'd for liberty:
Some beauteous image, well imprinted there,
Can best defend them from consuming care,
In vain to groves and gardens we retire,
And Nature in her rural works admire;
Though grateful these, yet these but faintly charm;
They may delight us, but can never warm.
May some fair eyes, my friend, thy bosom fire
With pleasing pangs of ever-gay desire;
And teach thee that soft science, which alone
Still to thy searching mind rests slightly known!
Thy soul, though great, is tender and refin'd,
To friendship sensible, to love inclin'd,
And therefore long thou canst not arm thy breast
Against the entrance of so sweet a guest.
Hear what the' inspiring Muses bid me tell,
For heaven shall ratify what they reveal:

"A chosen bride shall in thy arms be plac'd,
With all the' attractive charms of beauty grac'd;
Whose wit and virtue shall thy own express,
Distinguish'd only by their softer dress:
Thy greatness she, or thy retreat, shall share;
Sweeten tranquillity, or soften care;
Her smiles the taste of every joy shall raise,
And add new pleasure to renown and praise;
Till charm'd you own the truth my verse would prove,
That happiness is near allied to love."

TO BE WRITTEN UNDER

A PICTURE OF MR. POYNTZ.

SUCH is thy form, O Poyntz, but who shall find
A hand, or colours, to express thy mind?
A mind unmov'd by every vulgar fear,
In a false world that dares to be sincere;
Wise without art; without ambition great;
Though firm, yet pliant; active, though sedate;
With all the richest stores of learning fraught,
Yet better still by native prudence taught;
That, fond the griefs of the distress'd to heal,
Can pity frailties it could never feel;
That, when Misfortune sued, ne'er sought to know
What sect, what party, whether friend or foe;
That, fix'd on equal Virtue's temperate laws,
Despises calumny, and shuns applause;
That, to its own perfections singly blind,
Would for another think this praise design'd.

TO MR. POPE.

FROM ROME, 1730.

IMMORTAL bard! for whom each Muse has wove
The fairest garlands of the' Aönian grove;
Preserv'd our drooping genius to restore,
When Addison and Congreve are no more;
After so many stars extinct in night,
The darken'd age's last remaining light!
To thee from Latian realms this verse is writ,
Inspir'd by memory of ancient wit;

For now no more these climes their influence boast,
Fall'n is their glory, and their virtue lost;
From tyrants, and from priests, the Muses fly,
Daughters of Reason and of Liberty!
Nor Baïæ now nor Umbria's plain they love,
Nor on the banks of Nar or Mincio rove;
To Thames's flowery borders they retire,
And kindle in thy breast the Roman fire.
So in the shades, where, cheer'd with summer-rays,
Melodious linnets warbled sprightly lays,
Soon as the faded, falling leaves complain
Of gloomy Winter's unauspicious reign,
No tuneful voice is heard of joy or love,
But mournful silence saddens all the grove.

Unhappy Italy! whose alter'd state
Has felt the worst severity of fate:
Not that barbarian hands her fasces broke,
And bow'd her haughty neck beneath their yoke;
Nor that her palaces to earth are thrown,
Her cities desert, and her fields unsown;
But that her ancient spirit is decay'd,
That sacred wisdom from her bounds is fled;
That there the source of science flows no more,
Whence its rich streams supplied the world before.

Illustrious names! that once in Latium shin'd,
Born to instruct and to command mankind;
Chiefs, by whose virtue mighty Rome was rais'd,
And poets, who those chiefs sublimely prais'd;
Oft I the traces you have left explore,
Your ashes visit, and your urns adore;
Oft kiss, with lips devout, some mouldering stone
With ivy's venerable shade o'ergrown;

Those horrid ruins better pleas'd to see,
Than all the pomp of modern luxury.

As late on Virgil's tomb fresh flowers I strow'd,
While with the' inspiring Muse my bosom glow'd,
Crown'd with eternal bays, my ravish'd eyes
Beheld the poet's awful form arise:

"Stranger," he said, "whose pious hand has paid
These grateful rites to my attentive shade,
When thou shalt breathe thy happy native air,
To Pope this message from his master bear:

"Great bard, whose numbers I myself inspire,
To whom I gave my own harmonious lyre,
If, high exalted on the throne of wit,
Near me and Homer thou aspire to sit,
No more let meaner satire dim the rays
That flow majestic from thy nobler bays;
In all the flowery paths of Pindus stray,
But shun that thorny, that unpleasing way;
Nor, when each soft engaging Muse is thine,
Address the least attractive of the Nine.

"Of thee more worthy were the task, to raise
A lasting column to thy country's praise;
To sing the land, which yet alone can boast
That liberty corrupted Rome has lost;
Where Science in the arms of Peace is laid,
And plants her palm beside the olive's shade.
Such was the theme for which my lyre I strung,
Such was the people whose exploits I sung;
Brave, yet refin'd, for arms and arts renown'd,
With different bays by Mars and Phœbus crown'd.

Dauntless opposers of tyrannic sway,
But pleas'd a mild Augustus to obey.

"If these commands submissive thou receive,
Immortal and unblam'd thy name shall live;
Envy to black Cocytus shall retire,
And howl with Furies in tormenting fire;
Approving Time shall consecrate thy lays,
And join the patriot's to the poet's praise."

TO LORD HERVEY.

FROM WORCESTERSHIRE, 1730.

Strenua nos exercet inertia: navibus atque
Quadrigis petimus bene vivere: quod petis, hic est;
Est Ulubris, animus si te non deficit æquus. HOR.

FAVOURITE of Venus and the tuneful Nine,
Pollio, by Nature form'd in courts to shine,
Wilt thou once more a kind attention lend,
To thy long absent and forgotten friend;
Who, after seas and mountains wander'd o'er,
Return'd at length to his own native shore;
From all that's gay retir'd, and all that's great,
Beneath the shades of his paternal seat,
Has found that happiness he sought in vain
On the fam'd banks of Tiber and of Seine?

'Tis not to view the well-proportion'd pile,
The charms of Titian's and of Raphael's style;
At soft Italian sounds to melt away;
Or in the fragrant groves of myrtle stray;
That lulls the tumults of the soul to rest,
Or makes the fond possessor truly bless'd.

In our own breasts the source of pleasure lies,
Still open, and still flowing to the wise;
Not forc'd by toilsome art and wild desire
Beyond the bounds of nature to aspire,
But, in its proper channels gliding fair,
A common benefit, which all may share.
Yet half mankind this easy good disdain,
Nor relish happiness unbought by pain;
False is their taste of bliss, and thence their search is vain.
So idle, yet so restless, are our minds,
We climb the Alps, and brave the raging winds;
Through various toils to seek Content we roam,
Which with but *thinking right* were ours at home.
For not the ceaseless change of shifted place
Can from the heart a settled grief erase,
Nor can the purer balm of foreign air
Heal the distemper'd mind of aching care.
The wretch, by wild impatience driven to rove,
Vex'd with the pangs of ill-requited love,
From pole to pole the fatal arrow bears,
Whose rooted point his bleeding bosom tears;
With equal pain each different clime he tries,
And is himself that torment which he flies.

For how should ills, which from our passions flow,
Be chang'd by Afric's heat, or Russia's snow;
Or how can aught but powerful reason cure
What from unthinking folly we endure?
Happy is he, and he alone, who knows
His heart's uneasy discord to compose;
In generous love of other's good, to find
The sweetest pleasures of the social mind;

To bound his wishes in their proper sphere;
To nourish pleasing hope, and conquer anxious [fear:—
This was the wisdom ancient sages taught,
This was the sovereign good they justly sought;
This to no place or climate is confin'd,
But the free native produce of the mind.

Nor think, my lord, that courts to you deny
The useful practice of philosophy;
Horace, the wisest of the tuneful choir,
Not always chose from greatness to retire;
But, in the palace of Augustus, knew
The same unerring maxims to pursue,
Which, in the Sabine or the Velian shade,
His study and his happiness he made.

May you, my friend, by his example taught,
View all the giddy scene with sober thought;
Undazzled, every glittering folly see,
And in the midst of slavish forms be free;
In its own centre keep your steady mind,
Let Prudence guide you, but let Honour bind:
In show, in manners, act the courtier's part;
But be a country gentleman at heart.

TO MR. GLOVER.

ON HIS POEM OF LEONIDAS. 1734.

Go on, my friend, the noble task pursue,
And think thy genius is thy country's due;
To vulgar wits inferior themes belong,
But Liberty and Virtue claim thy song.
Yet cease to hope, though grac'd with every charm,
The patriot verse will cold Britannia warm;

Vainly thou striv'st our languid hearts to raise,
By great examples, drawn from better days:
No longer we to Sparta's fame aspire,
What Sparta scorn'd, instructed to admire;
Nurs'd in the love of wealth, and form'd to bend
Our narrow thoughts to that inglorious end:
No generous purpose can enlarge the mind,
No social care, no labour for mankind,
Where mean self-interest every action guides,
In camps commands, in cabinets presides;
Where luxury consumes the guilty store,
And bids the villain be a slave for more.

Hence, wretched nation, all thy woes arise,
Avow'd corruption, licens'd perjuries,
Eternal taxes, treaties for a day,
Servants that rule, and senates that obey.

O people far unlike the Grecian race,
That deems a virtuous poverty disgrace,
That suffers public wrongs, and public shame,
In council insolent, in action tame!
Say, what is now the' ambition of the great?
Is it to raise their country's sinking state;
Her load of debt to ease by frugal care,
Her trade to guard, her harass'd poor to spare?
Is it, like honest Somers, to inspire
The love of laws, and freedom's sacred fire?
Is it, like wise Godolphin, to sustain
The balanc'd world, and boundless power restrain?
Or is the mighty aim of all their toil,
Only to aid the wreck, and share the spoil?
On each relation, friend, dependant, pour
With partial wantonness, the golden shower;

And, fenc'd by strong corruption, to despise
An injur'd nation's unavailing cries?
Rouse, Britons, rouse! if sense of shame be weak,
Let the loud voice of threatening danger speak.
Lo! France, as Persia once, o'er every land
Prepares to stretch her all-oppressing hand:
Shall England sit regardless and sedate,
A calm spectatress of the general fate;
Or call forth all her virtue, and oppose,
Like valiant Greece, her own and Europe's foes?
O let us seize the moment in our power,
Our follies now have reach'd the fatal hour;
No later term the angry gods ordain;
This crisis lost, we shall be wise in vain.

And thou, great poet, in whose nervous lines
The native majesty of freedom shines,
Accept this friendly praise, and let me prove
My heart not wholly void of public love;
Though not like thee I strike the sounding string
To notes which Sparta might have deign'd to sing,
But, idly sporting in the secret shade,
With tender trifles soothe some artless maid.

TO WILLIAM PITT, ESQ.

ON HIS LOSING HIS COMMISSION. 1736.

Long had thy virtues mark'd thee out for fame,
Far, far superior to a Cornet's name;
This generous Walpole saw, and griev'd to find
So mean a post disgrace that noble mind:
The servile standard from thy freeborn hand
He took, and bade thee lead the patriot-band.

TO MR. WEST AT WICKHAM.

1740.

FAIR Nature's sweet simplicity,
With elegance refin'd,
Well in thy seat, my friend, I see,
But better in thy mind:
To both, from courts and all their state,
Eager I fly, to prove
Joys far above a Courtier's fate,
Tranquillity and love.

TO COLONEL DRUMGOLD.

DRUMGOLD, whose ancestors from Albion's shore
Their conquering standards to Hibernia bore,
Though now thy valour, to thy country lost,
Shines in the foremost ranks of Gallia's host,
Think not that France shall borrow all thy fame—
From British sires deriv'd thy genius came:
Its force, its energy, to these it ow'd,
But the fair polish Gallia's clime bestow'd:
The Graces there each ruder thought refin'd,
And liveliest wit with soundest sense combin'd.
They taught in sportive Fancy's gay attire
To dress the gravest of the' Aönian choir,
And gave to sober Wisdom's wrinkled cheek
The smile that dwells in Hebe's dimple sleek.
Pay to each realm the debt that each may ask:
Be thine, and thine alone, the pleasing task,
In purest elegance of Gallic phrase
To clothe the spirit of the British lays.

Thus every flower which every Muse's hand
Has rais'd profuse in Britain's favourite land,
By thee transplanted to the banks of Seine,
Its sweetest native odours shall retain.
And when thy noble friend, with olive crown'd,
In Concord's golden chain has firmly bound
The rival nations, thou for both shalt raise
The grateful song to his immortal praise:
Albion shall think she hears her Prior sing;
And France, that Boileau strikes the tuneful string.
Then shalt thou tell what various talents join'd,
Adorn, embellish, and exalt his mind;
Learning and wit, with sweet politeness grac'd;
Wisdom by guile or cunning undebas'd;
By pride unsullied, genuine dignity;
A noble and sublime simplicity.
Such in thy verse shall Nivernois be shown:
France shall with joy the fair resemblance own;
And Albion sighing bid her sons aspire
To imitate the merit they admire.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

WITH THE TRAGEDY OF 'VENICE PRESERVED.'

In tender Otway's moving scenes we find
What power the gods have to your sex assign'd;
Venice was lost, if on the brink of fate
A woman had not prop'd her sinking state:
In the dark danger of that dreadful hour,
Vain was her senate's wisdom, vain its power;
But, sav'd by Belvidera's charming tears,
Still o'er the subject-main her towers she rears,

And stands a great example to mankind,
With what a boundless sway you rule the mind,
Skilful the worst or noblest ends to serve,
And strong alike to ruin or preserve.

In wretched Jaffier, we with pity view
A mind, to Honour false, to Virtue true :
In the wild storm of struggling passions tost,
Yet saving innocence, though fame was lost ;
Greatly forgetting what he ow'd his friend—
His country, which had wrong'd him, to defend.

But she, who urg'd him to that pious deed,
Who knew so well the patriot's cause to plead,
Whose conquering love her country's safety won,
Was, by that fatal love, herself undone.

May all the joys in Love and Fortune's power
Kindly combine to grace your nuptial hour!
On each glad day may plenty shower delight,
And warmest rapture bless each welcome night!
May heaven, that gave you Belvidera's charms,
Destine some happier Jaffier to your arms,
Whose bliss misfortune never may allay,
Whose fondness never may through care decay ;
Whose wealth may place you in the fairest light,
And force each modest beauty into sight!
So shall no anxious want your peace destroy,
No tempest crush the tender buds of joy ;
But all your hours in one gay circle move,
Nor Reason ever disagree with Love!

IMITATIONS.

DAMON AND DELIA.

IN IMITATION OF HORACE AND LYDIA.

DAMON.

Tell me, my Delia, tell me why
My kindest, fondest looks you fly?
What means this cloud upon your brow?
Have I offended? Tell me how!—
Some change has happen'd in your heart,
Some rival there has stol'n a part;
Reason these fears may disapprove:
But yet I fear, because I love.

DELIA.

First tell me, Damon, why to-day
At Belvidera's feet you lay?
Why with such warmth her charms you prais'd,
And every trifling beauty rais'd,
As if you meant to let me see
Your flattery is not all for me?
Alas! too well your sex I knew,
Nor was so weak to think you true.

DAMON.

Unkind! my falsehood to upbraid,
When your own orders I obey'd;
You bid me try, by this deceit,
The notice of the world to cheat,
And hide, beneath another name,
The secret of our mutual flame.

DELIA.

Damon, your prudence I confess,
But let me wish it had been less;
Too well the lover's part you play'd,
With too much art your court you made;
Had it been only art, your eyes
Would not have join'd in the disguise.

DAMON.

Ah! cease thus idly to molest
With groundless fears thy virgin breast:
While thus at fancied wrongs you grieve,
To me a real pain you give.

DELIA.

Though well I might your truth distrust,
My foolish heart believes you just:
Reason this faith may disapprove;
But I believe, because I love.

HORACE,

BOOK IV. ODE IV.

(Qualem ministrum fulminis alitem, &c.)

1725 [1].

As the wing'd minister of thundering Jove,
To whom he gave his dreadful bolts to bear;
Faithful [2] assistant of his master's love,
King of the wandering nations of the air,

[1] First printed in Mr. West's translation of Pindar.

[2] In the rape of Ganymede, who was carried up to Jupiter by an eagle, according to the poetical history.

When balmy breezes fann'd the vernal sky,
  On doubtful pinions left his parent nest,
In slight essays his growing force to try,
  While inborn courage fir'd his generous breast;

Then, darting with impetuous fury down,
  The flocks he slaughter'd, an unpractis'd foe;
Now his ripe valour to perfection grown
  The scaly snake and crested dragon know:

Or, as a lion's youthful progeny,
  Wean'd from his savage dam and milky food,
The grazing kid beholds with fearful eye,
  Doom'd first to stain his tender fangs in blood:

Such Drusus, young in arms, his foes beheld,
  The Alpine Rhæti, long unmatch'd in fight:
So were their hearts with abject terror quell'd;
  So sunk their haughty spirit at the sight.

Tam'd by a boy, the fierce barbarians find [flame,
  How guardian Prudence guides the youthful
And how great Cæsar's fond paternal mind
  Each generous Nero forms to early fame;

A valiant son springs from a valiant sire:
  Their race by mettle sprightly coursers prove;
Nor can the warlike eagle's active fire
  Degenerate, to form the timorous dove.

But education can the genius raise,
  And wise instructions native virtue aid,
Nobility without them is disgrace,
  And honour is by vice to shame betray'd.

Letred Metaurus, stain'd with Punic blood,
Let mighty Asdrubal subdued, confess
How much of empire, and of fame, is ow'd
By thee, O Rome, to the Neronian race.

Of this be witness that auspicious day,
Which, after a long black tempestuous night,
First smil'd on Latium with a milder ray, [light,
And cheer'd our drooping hearts with dawning

Since the dire African with wasteful ire
Rode o'er the ravag'd towns of Italy;
As through the pine-trees flies the raging fire,
Or Eurus o'er the vex'd Sicilian sea.

From this bright era, from this prosperous field,
The Roman glory dates her rising power; [wield,
From hence 'twas given her conquering sword to
Raise her fall'n gods, and ruin'd shrines restore.

Thus Hannibal at length despairing spoke:
'Like stags to ravenous wolves an easy prey,
Our feeble arms a valiant foe provoke,
Whom to elude and 'scape were victory:

'A dauntless nation, that from Trojan fires,
Hostile Ausonia, to thy destin'd shore
Her gods, her infant sons, and aged sires,
Through angry seas and adverse tempests bore:

'As on high Algidus the sturdy oak,
Whose spreading boughs the axe's sharpness feel,
Improves by loss, and, thriving with the stroke,
Draws health and vigour from the wounding steel.

'Not Hydra sprouting from her mangled head
So tir'd the baffled force of Hercules;
Nor Thebes, nor Colchis, such a monster bred,
Pregnant of ills, and fam'd for prodigies.

'Plunge her in ocean, like the morning sun,
Brighter she rises from the depths below:
To earth with unavailing ruin thrown,
Recruits her strength, and foils the wondering foe.

'No more of victory the joyful fame
Shall from my camp to haughty Carthage fly;
Lost, lost, are all the glories of her name!
With Asdrubal her hopes and fortune die!

'What shall the Claudian valour not perform,
Which Power Divine guards with propitious care,
Which Wisdom steers through all the dangerous storm,
Through all the rocks and shoals of doubtful war?'

PARTS OF

AN ELEGY OF TIBULLUS,

TRANSLATED, 1729-30.

(Divitias alius fulvo sibi congerat auro.)

LET others heap of wealth a shining store,
And, much possessing, labour still for more;
Let them, disquieted with dire alarms,
Aspire to win a dangerous fame in arms:
Me, tranquil poverty shall lull to rest,
Humbly secure, and indolently bless'd;
Warm'd by the blaze of my own cheerful hearth,
I'll waste the wintry hours in social mirth;
In summer pleas'd attend to harvest toils,
In autumn press the vineyard's purple spoils,
And oft to Delia in my bosom bear
Some kid, or lamb, that wants its mother's care.
With her I'll celebrate each gladsome day,
When swains their sportive rites to Bacchus pay;

With her new milk on Pales' altar pour,
And deck with ripen'd fruits Pomona's bower,
At night, how soothing would it be to hear,
Safe in her arms, the tempest howling near;
Or while the wintry clouds their deluge pour,
Slumber, assisted by the beating shower!
Ah! how much happier than the fool who braves,
In search of wealth, the black tempestuous waves!
While I, contented with my little store,
In tedious voyage seek no distant shore;
But, idly lolling on some shady seat,
Near cooling fountains shun the dog-star's heat:
For what reward so rich could Fortune give,
That I by absence should my Delia grieve?
Let great Messala shine in martial toils,
And grace his palace with triumphal spoils;
Me Beauty holds, in strong though gentle chains,
Far from tumultuous war and dusty plains.
With thee, my love, to pass my tranquil days,
How would I slight Ambition's painful praise;
How would I joy with thee, my love, to yoke
The ox, and feed my solitary flock!
On thy soft breast might I but lean my head,
How downy should I think the woodland-bed!
The wretch, who sleeps not by his fair-one's side,
Detests the gilded couch's useless pride,
Nor knows his weary, weeping eyes to close,
Though murmuring rills invite him to repose.
Hard were his heart, who thee, my fair, could leave
For all the honours prosperous war can give; [fame,
Though through the vanquish'd East he spread his
And Parthian tyrants trembled at his name; [bleed,
Though, bright in arms, while hosts around him
With martial pride he press'd his foaming steed,

No pomps like these my humble vows require;
With thee I'll live, and in thy arms expire.
Thee may my closing eyes in death behold!
Thee may my faltering hand yet strive to hold!
Then, Delia, then, thy heart will melt in woe,
Then o'er my breathless clay thy tears will flow;
Thy tears will flow, for gentle is thy mind,
Nor dost thou think it weakness to be kind.
But, ah! fair mourner, I conjure thee, spare
Thy heaving breasts and loose dishevel'd hair:
Wound not thy form; lest on the' Elysian coast
Thy anguish should disturb my peaceful ghost.
But now, nor death nor parting should employ
Our sprightly thoughts, or damp our bridal joy:
We'll live, my Delia; and from life remove
All care, all business, but delightful Love.
Old age in vain those pleasures would retrieve,
Which youth alone can taste, alone can give;
Then let us snatch the moment to be bless'd,
This hour is Love's—be Fortune's all the rest.

SULPICIA TO CERINTHUS.

IN HER SICKNESS. FROM TIBULLUS.

(Sent to a Friend, in a Lady's Name.)

Say, my Cerinthus, does thy tender breast
Feel the same feverish heats that mine molest?
Alas! I only wish for health again,
Because I think my lover shares my pain:
For what would health avail to wretched me,
If you could, unconcern'd, my illness see?

SULPICIA TO CERINTHUS.

I'M weary of this tedious dull deceit;
Myself I torture, while the world I cheat:
Though Prudence bids me strive to guard my fame,
Love sees the low hypocrisy with shame;
Love bids me all confess, and call thee mine,
Worthy my heart, as I am worthy thine:
Weakness for thee I will no longer hide;
Weakness for thee is woman's noblest pride.

CATO'S SPEECH TO LABIENUS.

IN THE NINTH BOOK OF LUCAN.

(Quid quæri, Labiene, jubes, &c.)

WHAT, Labienus, would thy fond desire
Of horned Jove's prophetic shrine inquire?
Whether to seek in arms a glorious doom,
Or basely live, and be a king in Rome?
If life be nothing more than death's delay;
If impious force can honest minds dismay,
Or Probity may Fortune's frown disdain;
If well to mean is all that Virtue can;
And right, dependant on itself alone,
Gains no addition from success?—'Tis known:
Fix'd in my heart these constant truths I bear,
And Ammon cannot write them deeper there.
Our souls, allied to God, within them feel
The secret dictates of the' Almighty will;
This is his voice, be this our oracle.

When first his breath the seeds of life instill'd,
All that we ought to know was then reveal'd.
Nor can we think the Omnipresent mind
Has truth to Libya's desert sands confin'd;
There, known to few, obscur'd and lost, to lie—
Is there a temple of the Deity,
Except earth, sea, and air, yon azure pole;
And chief his holiest shrine, the virtuous soul?
Where'er the eye can pierce, the feet can move,
This wide, this boundless universe is Jove.
Let abject minds, that doubt because they fear,
With pious awe to juggling priests repair;
I credit not what lying prophets tell—
Death is the only certain oracle!
Cowards and brave must die one destin'd hour—
This Jove has told: he needs not tell us more.

ODE,

IN IMITATION OF 'PASTOR FIDO.'

(O primavera gioventu del anno.)

WRITTEN ABROAD. 1729.

PARENT of blooming flowers and gay desires,
  Youth of the tender year, delightful Spring!
At whose approach, inspir'd with equal fires,
  The amorous Nightingale and Poet sing:

Again dost thou return, but not with thee
  Return the smiling hours I once possess'd;
Blessings thou bring'st to others, but to me
  The sad remembrance that I once was bless'd.

Thy faded charms, which Winter snatch'd away,
  Renew'd in all their former lustre shine;
But, ah! no more shall hapless I be gay,
  Or know the vernal joys that have been mine.

Though linnets sing, though flowers adorn the green,
  Though on their wings soft zephyrs fragrance bear;
Harsh is the music, joyless is the scene
  The odour faint: for Delia is not there!

Cheerless and cold I feel the genial sun,
  From thee while absent I in exile rove;
Thy lovely presence, fairest light, alone
  Can warm my heart to gladness and to love.

POEMS UPON HIS LADY.

TO MISS LUCY FORTESCUE.

Once, by the Muse alone inspir'd,
  I sung my amorous strains:
No serious love my bosom fir'd;
Yet every tender maid, deceiv'd,
The idly-mournful tale believ'd,
  And wept my fancied pains.

But Venus now, to punish me
  For having feign'd so well,
Has made my heart so fond of thee,
That not the whole Aönian choir
Can accents soft enough inspire,
  Its real flame to tell.

TO THE SAME;

WITH HAMMOND'S ELEGIES.

All that of Love can be express'd
  In these soft numbers see;
But, Lucy, would you know the rest,
  It must be read in me.

TO THE SAME.

To him who in an hour must die,
Not swifter seems that hour to fly,
Than slow the minutes seem to me,
Which keep me from the sight of thee.

Not more that trembling wretch would give
Another day or year to live;
Than I to shorten what remains
Of that long hour which thee detains.

Oh! come to my impatient arms,
Oh! come, with all thy heavenly charms,
At once to justify and pay
The pain I feel from this delay.

TO THE SAME.

To ease my troubled mind of anxious care,
  Last night the secret casket I explor'd,
Where all the letters of my absent fair
  (His richest treasure) careful Love had stor'd:

In every word a magic spell I found
  Of power to charm each busy thought to rest;
Though every word increas'd the tender wound
  Of fond desire still throbbing in my breast.

So to his hoarded gold the miser steals,
  And loses every sorrow at the sight;
Yet wishes still for more, nor ever feels
  Entire contentment, or secure delight.

Ah! should I lose thee, my too lovely maid,
  Couldst thou forget thy heart was ever mine,
Fear not thy letters should the change upbraid;
  My hand each dear memorial shall resign:

Not one kind word shall in my power remain,
  A painful witness of reproach to thee;
And lest my heart should still their sense retain,
  My heart shall break, to leave thee wholly free.

A PRAYER TO VENUS.

IN HER TEMPLE AT STOWE.

TO THE SAME.

Fair Venus, whose delightful shrine surveys
  Its front reflected in the silver lake,
These humble offerings, which thy servant pays,
  Fresh flowers, and myrtle-wreaths, propitious [take.

If less my love exceeds all other love,
  Than Lucy's charms all other charms excel;
Far from my breast each soothing hope remove,
  And there let sad Despair for ever dwell.

But if my soul is fill'd with her alone;
  No other wish, nor other object knows;
Oh! make her, goddess, make her all my own,
  And give my trembling heart secure repose!

No watchful spies I ask, to guard her charms,
  No walls of brass, no steel-defended door:
Place her but once within my circling arms,
  Love's surest fort, and I will doubt no more.

TO THE SAME;

ON HER PLEADING WANT OF TIME.

On Thames's bank, a gentle youth
For Lucy sigh'd, with matchless truth,
  E'en when he sigh'd in rhyme;
The lovely maid his flame return'd,
And would with equal warmth have burn'd,
  But that she had not time.

Oft he repair'd with eager feet
In secret shades his fair to meet,
  Beneath the' accustom'd lime:
She would have fondly met him there,
And heal'd with love each tender care,
  But that she had not time.

'It was not thus, inconstant maid,
You acted once,' the shepherd said,
  'When love was in its prime:'—
She griev'd to hear him thus complain;
And would have writ, to ease his pain,
  But that she had not time.

'How can you act so cold a part?
No crime of mine has chang'd your heart,
  If love be not a crime:—
We soon must part for months, for years'—
She would have answer'd with her tears,
  But that she had not time.

TO THE SAME.

YOUR shape, your lips, your eyes, are still the same,
Still the bright object of my constant flame;
But where is now the tender glance, that stole
With gentle sweetness my enchanted soul?
Kind fears, impatient wishes, soft desires,
Each melting charm that Love alone inspires?
These, these are lost; and I behold no more
The maid, my heart delighted to adore.
Yet, still unchang'd, still doting to excess,
I ought, but dare not, try to love you less;
Weakly I grieve, unpitied I complain;
But not unpunish'd shall your change remain;
For you, cold maid, whom no complaints can move,
Were far more bless'd, when you like me could love.

TO THE SAME.

WHEN I think on your truth, I doubt you no more,
I blame all the fears I gave way to before:
I say to my heart, 'Be at rest, and believe
That whom once she has chosen, she never will leave.'

But, ah! when I think on each ravishing grace
That plays in the smiles of that heavenly face;
My heart beats again; I again apprehend
Some fortunate rival in every friend.

These painful suspicions you cannot remove, [love;
Since you neither can lessen your charms nor my
But doubts caus'd by passion you never can blame;
For they are not ill-founded, or you feel the same.

TO THE SAME;

WITH A NEW WATCH.

With me while present, may thy lovely eyes
  Be never turn'd upon this golden toy:
Think every pleasing hour too swiftly flies;
  And measure time, by joy succeeding joy!
But when the cares that interrupt our bliss
  To me not always will thy sight allow;
Then oft with kind impatience look on this,
  Then every minute count—as I do now.

AN IRREGULAR ODE.

WRITTEN AT WICKHAM. 1746.

TO THE SAME.

Ye silvan scenes with artless beauty gay,
Ye gentle shades of Wickham, say,
What is the charm that each successive year,
  Which sees me with my Lucy here,
  Can thus to my transported heart
A sense of joy unfelt before impart?

Is it glad Summer's balmy breath, that blows
From the fair jasmine and the blushing rose?
Her balmy breath, and all her blooming store
  Of rural bliss, was here before:

Oft have I met her on the verdant side
Of Norwood-hill, and in the yellow meads
  Where Pan the dancing Graces leads,
  Array'd in all her flowery pride.

No sweeter fragrance now the gardens yield,
No brighter colours paint the' enamell'd field.

Is it to Love these new delights I owe?
  Four times has the revolving sun
His annual circle through the zodiac run;
  Since all that Love's indulgent power
  On favour'd mortals can bestow,
Was giv'n to me in this auspicious bower.

Here first my Lucy, sweet in virgin charms,
  Was yielded to my longing arms;
  And round our nuptial bed,
Hovering with purple wings, the' Idalian boy
Shook from his radiant torch the blissful fires
  Of innocent desires,
While Venus scatter'd myrtles o'er her head.
  Whence then this strange increase of joy?
He, only he, can tell, who, match'd like me,
(If such another happy man there be)
  Has by his own experience tried
How much *the wife* is dearer than *the bride*.

MONODY

TO THE

MEMORY OF LADY LYTTELTON.

1747.

Ipse cavâ solans ægrum testudine amorem,
Te dulcis conjux, te solo in littore secum,
Te veniente die, te decedente canebat.

At length escap'd from every human eye,
From every duty, every care,
That in my mournful thoughts might claim a share,
Or force my tears their flowing stream to dry;
Beneath the gloom of this embowering shade,
This lone retreat, for tender sorrow made,
I now may give my burden'd heart relief,
  And pour forth all my stores of grief;
Of grief surpassing every other woe,
Far as the purest bliss, the happiest love
  Can on the' ennobled mind bestow,
  Exceeds the vulgar joys that move
Our gross desires, inelegant and low.

Ye tufted groves, ye gently-falling rills,
    Ye high o'ershadowing hills,
Ye lawns gay-smiling with eternal green,
    Oft have you my Lucy seen;

But never shall you now behold her more!
Nor will she now with fond delight,
And taste refin'd, your rural charms explore.
Clos'd are those beauteous eyes in endless night,
Those beauteous eyes where beaming us'd to shine
Reason's pure light, and Virtue's spark divine.

Oft would the Dryads of these woods rejoice
To hear her heavenly voice;
For her despising, when she deign'd to sing,
The sweetest songsters of the spring:
The woodlark and the linnet pleas'd no more;
The nightingale was mute,
And every shepherd's flute
Was cast in silent scorn away,
While all attended to her sweeter lay.
Ye larks and linnets, now resume your song:
And thou, melodious Philomel,
Again thy plaintive story tell;
For Death has stopp'd that tuneful tongue,
Whose music could alone your warbling notes excel.

In vain I look around
O'er all the well-known ground,
My Lucy's wonted footsteps to descry!
Where oft we us'd to walk,
Where oft in tender talk
We saw the summer-sun go down the sky;
Nor by yon fountain's side,
Nor where its waters glide
Along the valley, can she now be found:
In all the wide-stretch'd prospect's ample bound
No more my mournful eye
Can aught of her espy,
But the sad sacred earth where her dear relics lie.

O shades of Hagley! where is now your boast?
Your bright inhabitant is lost.
You she preferr'd to all the gay resorts
Where female vanity might wish to shine,
The pomp of cities, and the pride of courts.
Her modest beauties shunn'd the public eye:
To your sequester'd dales
And flower-embroider'd vales
From an admiring world she chose to fly:
With Nature there retir'd, and Nature's God,
The silent paths of wisdom trod,
And banish'd every passion from her breast,
But those, the gentlest and the best,
Whose holy flames with energy divine
The virtuous heart enliven and improve,
The conjugal and the maternal love.

Sweet babes, who, like the little playful fawns,
Were wont to trip along these verdant lawns
By your delighted mother's side,
Who now your infant steps shall guide?
Ah! where is now the hand whose tender care
To every virtue would have form'd your youth,
And strew'd with flowers the thorny ways of truth?
O loss beyond repair!
O wretched father! left alone,
To weep their dire misfortune, and thy own!
How shall thy weaken'd mind, oppress'd with woe,
And drooping o'er thy Lucy's grave,
Perform the duties that you doubly owe!
Now she, alas! is gone,
From folly and from vice their helpless age to save?

Where were ye, Muses, when relentless Fate
From these fond arms your fair disciple tore;
From these fond arms, that vainly strove
With hapless ineffectual love
To guard her bosom from the mortal blow?
Could not your favouring power, Aönian maids,
Could not, alas! your power prolong her date,
For whom so oft in these inspiring shades,
Or under Campden's moss-clad mountains hoar,
You open'd all your sacred store,
Whate'er your ancient sages taught,
Your ancient bards sublimely thought, [glow?
And bade her raptur'd breast with all your spirit

Nor then did Pindus or Castalia's plain,
Or Aganippe's fount, your steps detain,
Nor in the Thespian valleys did you play;
Nor then on Mincio's[1] bank
Beset with osiers dank,
Nor where Clitumnus[2] rolls his gentle stream,
Nor where, through hanging woods,
Steep Anio[3] pours his floods;
Nor yet where Meles[4] or Ilissus[5] stray.
Ill does it now beseem,
That, of your guardian care bereft,
To dire disease and death your darling should be left.

[1] The Mincio runs by Mantua, the birth-place of Virgil.

[2] The Clitumnus is a river of Umbria, the residence of Propertius.

[3] The Anio runs through Tibur or Tivoli, where Horace had a villa.

[4] The Meles is a river of Ionia, from whence Homer, supposed to be born on its banks, is called Melesigenes.

[5] The Ilissus is a river at Athens.

Now what avails it that in early bloom,
When light fantastic toys
Are all her sex's joys,
With you she search'd the wit of Greece and Rome;
And all that in her latter days,
To emulate her ancient praise,
Italia's happy genius could produce;
Or what the Gallic fire
Bright sparkling could inspire,
By all the Graces temper'd and refin'd;
Or what in Britain's isle,
Most favour'd with your smile,
The powers of Reason and of Fancy join'd
To full perfection have conspir'd to raise?
Ah! what is now the use
Of all these treasures that enrich'd her mind,
To black Oblivion's gloom for ever now consign'd?

At least, ye Nine, her spotless name
'Tis yours from death to save,
And in the temple of immortal Fame
With golden characters her worth engrave.
Come then, ye virgin-sisters, come, [tomb:
And strew with choicest flowers her hallow'd
But foremost thou, in sable vestment clad,
With accents sweet and sad,
Thou, plaintive Muse, whom o'er his Laura's urn
Unhappy Petrarch call'd to mourn;
O come, and to this fairer Laura pay
A more impassion'd tear, a more pathetic lay.

Tell how each beauty of her mind and face
Was brighten'd by some sweet peculiar grace!

How eloquent in every look
Through her expressive eyes her soul distinctly spoke!
Tell how her manners, by the world refin'd,
Left all the taint of modish vice behind,
And made each charm of polish'd courts agree
With candid Truth's simplicity,
And uncorrupted Innocence!
Tell how to more than manly sense
She join'd the softening influence
Of more than female tenderness:
How, in the thoughtless days of wealth and joy,
Which oft the care of others' good destroy,
Her kindly-melting heart,
To every want and every woe,
To Guilt itself when in distress,
The balm of pity would impart,
And all relief that bounty could bestow!
E'en for the kid or lamb that pour'd its life
Beneath the bloody knife,
Her gentle tears would fall,
Tears from sweet Virtue's source, benevolent to all.

Not only good and kind,
But strong and elevated was her mind;
A spirit that with noble pride
Could look superior down
On Fortune's smile or frown;
That could without regret or pain
To Virtue's lowest duty sacrifice
Or Interest or Ambition's highest prize;
That, injur'd or offended, never tried
Its dignity by vengeance to maintain,
But by magnanimous disdain:

A wit that, temperately bright,
With inoffensive light
All pleasing shone; nor ever pass'd
The decent bounds that Wisdom's sober hand,
And sweet Benevolence's mild command,
And bashful Modesty, before it cast.
A prudence undeceiving, undeceiv'd,
That nor too little nor too much believ'd,
That scorn'd unjust Suspicion's coward-fear,
And without weakness knew to be sincere.
Such Lucy was, when, in her fairest days,
Amidst the' acclaim of universal praise,
In life's and glory's freshest bloom,
Death came remorseless on, and sunk her to the tomb.

So, where the silent streams of Liris glide,
In the soft bosom of Campania's vale,
When now the wintry tempests all are fled,
And genial Summer breathes her gentle gale,
The verdant orange lifts its beauteous head:
From every branch the balmy flowerets rise,
On every bough the golden fruits are seen;
With odours sweet it fills the smiling skies,
The wood-nymphs tend it, and the' Idalian queen.
But, in the midst of all its blooming pride,
A sudden blast from Apenninus blows,
Cold with perpetual snows:
The tender blighted plant shrinks up its leaves, and [dies.

Arise, O Petrarch, from the' Elysian bowers,
With never-fading myrtles twin'd,
And fragrant with ambrosial flowers,
Where to thy Laura thou again art join'd,

Arise, and hither bring the silver lyre,
  Tun'd by the skilful hand
To the soft notes of elegant desire,
  With which o'er many a land
Was spread the fame of thy disastrous love;
  To me resign the vocal shell,
  And teach my sorrows to relate
  Their melancholy tale so well,
  As may e'en things inanimate,
Rough mountain oaks and desert rocks, to pity move.

What were, alas! thy woes compar'd to mine?
To thee thy mistress in the blissful band
  Of Hymen never gave her hand;
The joys of wedded love were never thine.
  In thy domestic care
  She never bore a share,
  Nor with endearing art
  Would heal thy wounded heart
Of every secret grief that fester'd there:
Nor did her fond affection on the bed
Of sickness watch thee, and thy languid head
Whole nights on her unwearied arm sustain,
  And charm away the sense of pain:
  Nor did she crown your mutual flame
With pledges dear, and with a father's tender name.

O best of wives! O dearer far to me
  Than when thy virgin charms
  Were yielded to my arms,
How can my soul endure the loss of thee?
How in the world, to me a desert grown,
  Abandon'd and alone,

Without my sweet companion can I live?
Without thy lovely smile,
The dear reward of every virtuous toil,
What pleasures now can pall'd Ambition give?
E'en the delightful sense of well-earn'd praise,
Unshar'd by thee, no more my lifeless thoughts could raise.

For my distracted mind
What succour can I find?
On whom for consolation shall I call?
Support me, every friend;
Your kind assistance lend,
To bear the weight of this oppressive woe.
Alas! each friend of mine,
My dear departed love, so much was thine,
That none has any comfort to bestow.
My books, the best relief
In every other grief,
Are now with your idea sadden'd all:
Each favourite author we together read
My tortur'd memory wounds, and speaks of Lucy dead.

We were the happiest pair of human-kind:
The rolling year its varying course perform'd,
And back return'd again;
Another and another smiling came,
And saw our happiness unchang'd remain:
Still in her golden chain
Harmonious Concord did our wishes bind:
Our studies, pleasures, taste, the same.

O fatal, fatal stroke,
That all this pleasing fabric Love had rais'd
Of rare felicity,
On which e'en wanton Vice with envy gaz'd,
And every scheme of bliss our hearts had form'd,
With soothing hope, for many a future day,
In one sad moment broke!—
Yet, O my soul, thy rising murmurs stay;
Nor dare the' all-wise Disposer to arraign,
Or against his supreme decree
With impious grief complain,
That all thy full-blown joys at once should fade,
Was his most righteous will—and be that will obey'd!

Would thy fond love his grace to her control,
And in these low abodes of sin and pain
Her pure exalted soul
Unjustly for thy partial good detain?
No—rather strive thy grovelling mind to raise
Up to that unclouded blaze,
That heavenly radiance of eternal light,
In which enthron'd she now with pity sees
How frail, how insecure, how slight,
Is every mortal bliss;
E'en Love itself, if rising by degrees
Beyond the bounds of this imperfect state,
Whose fleeting joys so soon must end,
It does not to its sovereign good ascend.
Rise then, my soul, with hope elate,
And seek those regions of serene delight,
Whose peaceful path and ever-open gate
No feet but those of harden'd Guilt shall miss:
There Death himself thy Lucy shall restore,
There yield up all his power, ne'er to divide you more!

EPITAPH ON THE SAME LADY.

To the Memory of Lucy Lyttelton,
Daughter of Hugh Fortescue, of Filleigh, in the
County of Devon, Esq. &c.
Who departed this life the 19th of January, 1746-7, aged 29;
Having employed the short time assigned to her here
In the uniform practice of Religion and Virtue.

MADE to engage all hearts, and charm all eyes;
Though meek, magnanimous; though witty, wise;
Polite, as all her life in courts had been;
Yet good, as she the world had never seen;
The noble fire of an exalted mind,
With gentle female tenderness combin'd.
Her speech was the melodious voice of Love,
Her song the warbling of the vernal grove;
Her eloquence was sweeter than her song,
Soft as her heart, and as her reason strong;
Her form each beauty of her mind express'd,
Her mind was Virtue by the Graces dress'd.

EPITAPH ON CAPTAIN CORNWALL,

SLAIN OFF TOULON, 1743.

THOUGH Britain's Genius hung her drooping head,
And mourn'd her ancient naval glory fled,
On that fam'd day when France combin'd with Spain
Strove for the wide dominion of the main,
Yet, Cornwall! all with general voice agree,
To pay the tribute of applause to thee.

When his bold chief in thickest fight engag'd,
Unequal war with Spain's proud leader wag'd,
With indignation mov'd he timely came
To rescue from reproach his country's name;
Success too dearly did his valour crown,
He sav'd his leader's life, but lost his own.

EPITAPH ON CAPTAIN GRENVILLE;

KILLED IN LORD ANSON'S ENGAGEMENT IN 1747.

Ye weeping Muses, Graces, Virtues, tell
If, since your all-accomplish'd Sidney fell,
You, or afflicted Britain, e'er deplor'd
A loss like that these plaintive lays record!
Such spotless honour; such ingenuous truth!
Such ripen'd wisdom in the bloom of youth!
So mild, so gentle, so compos'd a mind,
To such heroic warmth and courage join'd;
He, too, like Sidney, nurs'd in Learning's arms,
For nobler war forsook her softer charms:
Like him, possess'd of every pleasant art,
The secret wish of every female's heart:
Like him, cut off in youthful glory's pride,
He, unrepining, for his country died.

FINIS.

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